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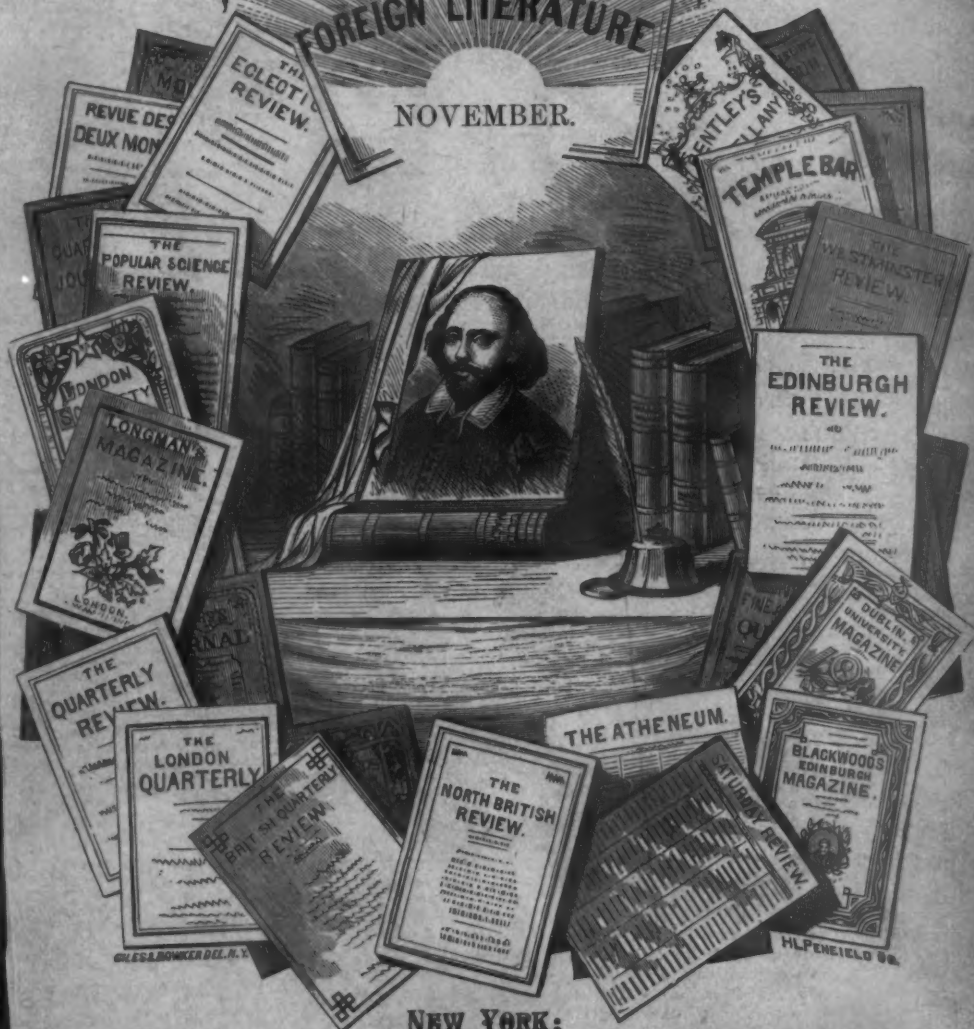
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RUSSIA AND ENGLAND; BATOUM AND CYPRUS.

BY SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER AND ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

THE strength of England depends upon the strength of the whole empire. Those who proudly boast that the sun never sets upon her dominion, may reflect that England, surrounded by her colonies, is independent of the outer world for all that constitutes the necessities of life, and that in the event of a general war, our thirty-five millions of inhabitants would be fed and clothed by the raw productions of our world-wide possessions, even should the ports of the whole globe be closed against us. The reciprocity of commercial interests would bring about the desired result; England would receive the raw commodities, while she would return to the colonies her manufactures. This fusion of interests should link the mother-country with her offspring in a mutual bond of confederation that would establish a world within a world, and consolidate our power throughout.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XLIV., No. 5

In another century one-half the world may be English-speaking, and therefore the chief question for us to-day is, How can the communication between England and her colonies be best secured?

This is a subject of the gravest importance. Common sense insists that a practical organization for the defence of our colonies should be determined that would render all commercial routes secure.

A reference to the map shows the immense advantages which Great Britain at present possesses in the occupation of various positions which, in time of war, would constitute links in a chain of coaling stations, without which it would be impossible for the commerce of the world to be continued. It is, fortunately, so long since England was at war with a great maritime Power that we are apt to ignore the vital impor-

tance of such a question as the necessity for an uninterrupted line of coaling depôts. The fact must be faced that the power of a fleet depends entirely upon its supply of coal, and that, as the commerce of Great Britain is almost entirely dependent upon steam, our coaling stations must be, if possible, at five days' interval from each other, and certainly should not exceed eight.

In 1869 the Suez Canal was opened as the new commercial highway toward the East. The dangerous navigation of the Red Sea prohibits the employment of sailing vessels, therefore the entire commerce of that route is dependent upon steam. It is evident that in time of war that route would become impossible unless the coal supply could be assured. At the present moment England possesses Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, and is in occupation of Egypt. Upon the western side of the Suez isthmus she is therefore safe. On the east she holds Perim, Aden, Ceylon, Bombay. South of the equator, near Madagascar, Port Louis in Mauritius is an invaluable station. Madras and Calcutta, in the Bay of Bengal; Penang and Singapore, in the Straits of Malacca, Hong Kong, on the route to Canton and Shanghai, are all very worthful; Port Hamilton, which has recently been occupied, completes the chain from China to Japan.

We thus see a series of coaling stations from England to Japan, *via* the Suez Canal, which would in a general European war give us the control of the Eastern route.

To appreciate the importance of these positions we must invert our status, and consider that we are an enemy of England; let us say France.

The recent acquisition of Madagascar by France will enable her to form a coaling depôt, but she will have no chain; she would positively be unable to reach that point should she be engaged in a war with us. The Mediterranean would be occupied by a British fleet supported by the line of stations from Gibraltar; Egypt is under British influence and occupation, to ensure the security of the canal passage; therefore from Plymouth to Port Said, and from Port Said to Yokohama, there would be a continuous and unbroken chain of stations upon which our fleets, whether naval or mer-

cantile, could depend for a supply of coal.

There are a few persons of considerable experience who have astonished me by advocating the Cape route in time of war in preference to that by the Suez Canal. There is no reason why both these routes should not be adopted at the option of all vessels outward bound; but it must be remembered that the Cape route is impossible to vessels homeward bound, owing to the strong westerly gales of southern latitudes.

The postal authorities, too, are compelled to prefer the shortest route; that is unquestionably the Suez Canal. In case of emergency the Government would naturally be compelled to select the quickest route for transport of troops to India, which would be the Suez Canal; therefore in time of war there can be no doubt that without any abandonment of the long sea route by the Cape of Good Hope, the Isthmus of Suez would be preferred as the direct course toward our Eastern possessions. It becomes under the circumstances an absolute necessity that the route from England *via* the Mediterranean to the East should be rendered independent, and that the coaling stations should be practically impregnable.

There are advantages upon the Atlantic line which cannot be denied; we have St. Helena and Ascension, without which it would be impossible for a war vessel to steam at full speed from Brest or Toulon to the Cape of Good Hope. No enemy's steam cruiser could venture into those Southern seas in the total absence of coaling stations, therefore it is argued that our commercial fleet would be safer by that route than by the Mediterranean; but I argue that the power of Great Britain must be undeniably paramount in the Mediterranean to ensure the direct and rapid passage *via* the Suez Canal to India. If we cannot ensure that, our stations at Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus are but exposed positions, requiring defence, instead of strongholds to protect British interests, and the sooner we evacuate them the better.

I am not one of those peace-at-any-price politicians who would give up territory for the whim of an idea, whether it be Ireland at our own doors or Cyprus

at the extremity of the Mediterranean. The argument put forward by some persons (who claim to be intelligent Englishmen) that England would be stronger without her colonies or India, is simply based upon an absurd acknowledgment of incapacity. It might as well be argued that a rich man would be happier, and could exist more frugally, if he exchanged his mansion for a four-roomed cottage. I have reasonably taken for granted that England can be rendered independent of the whole world for a supply of the necessities of life by her own colonies should a general coalition against her close all foreign ports; we shall therefore be dependent upon our colonies should the Great Powers be united as our enemies.

It will accordingly be admitted that our chain of coaling stations must not only be continuous along our maritime commercial routes, but they must be strongly fortified, as they would become the salient points of attack. In addition to this necessity will be the establishment at convenient intervals of dockyards for the repair of ironclad vessels. At the present moment the greater number of our coaling stations are defenceless, and there is no dockyard where a first-rate man-of-war can be repaired between Malta and Hong Kong. When I visited the latter station in 1881 it would have been entirely at the mercy of a Russian squadron should war have been suddenly declared.

There must be a general reform in this apathetic indifference to facts, unless we are resolved to succumb to some unforeseen disaster. For some years lately the British Administration has declined to regard the actual danger face to face, and has endeavored to avert its gaze from the inevitable; we have been so absorbed with the home struggles of political parties that the true aspect of foreign affairs has been unheeded by the public. A bombardment of Alexandria and the wanton destruction of a city through utter carelessness, was followed by an immediate advance on Cairo without a policy. This display of political fireworks was the commencement of well-known complications which lost the Soudan to Egypt and brought disgrace upon our reputation. We declared to the Sultan, to the

Khedive, and to the world, that we had no intention of remaining in Egypt for a longer term than six months; that our object was to restore the authority of the Khedive and to reform the Administration; after which, as the political family doctor, we should retire, without a fee. This was three years ago, and we are in Egypt still.

In front of Egypt, only sixteen hours distant, lies Cyprus; we are there also. *And there we must remain if the uninterrupted passage to the East is to be assured.*

An important question to the British public in this connection is, "Who is to be our enemy?" From what quarter is the impending danger? The answer is unquestionably, Russia. There may be occasional jealousies on the part of France, but she has too much to lose, too much to fear, to lightly incur the responsibility of another war in Europe so long as a Bismarck exists upon her frontier; but Russia is a giant from whom the wrestling match of war could wring no prizes. There can be no doubt that the interests of Great Britain and Russia will always clash, not only in Eastern Europe, but in Asia. It may be said that the interests of Great Britain and of France clash in Egypt; but to the French, the policy in Egypt is one solely of sentiment. We may therefore assume that Russia is our real antagonist, while France is a possible adversary that may form a hostile alliance against us with the Northern power. This is the contingency of the future for which England must be prepared. Let us, then, regard our position and consider the probabilities of a war with Russia.

The late Lord Beaconsfield acquired Cyprus as a *place d'armes*. This acquisition was a set-off against the action of Russia which had secured the occupation of Batoum, Kars, and Ardahan in Asia Minor. The position of Batoum, at the south-east corner of the Black Sea, forms a close communication with the harbor of Sebastopol in the Crimea; thus a powerful Russian fleet would possess four secure bases of operations in those land-locked waters—Odessa, Nikolaev, Sebastopol, and Batoum, embracing the coasts of north, east, and south. The line of fortified positions from Batoum inland, Ardahan, and

Kars, would be supplied from Batoum as the base, should a Russian army advance into Asia Minor.

The roadsteads on the west shore of the Black Sea are notoriously dangerous, as there is no adequate protection from the north-easterly gales; Varna, Bourgas, and Kustendjé could not be relied upon during eight months of the year. Although it might be difficult for a Russian fleet to force the passage of the Bosphorus, there can be no question of her authority in the Black Sea, and the Turkish positions Trebizond and Sinopé upon the south coast lie at her mercy, together with those already named upon the west. Russia is therefore absolute in the Black Sea, and could close the entrance to the Bosphorus.

I cannot conceive the reason for so great an increase in the Russian naval force of the Black Sea unless this object has been held in view. The stoppage of the Bosphorus mouth would completely paralyze the entire trade of the Danube, and would act as a blockade of the long line of Turkish shore, while Russia would be free to pour in supplies and troops for an invasion of Asia Minor from Batoum.

Such a movement would check the natural operation of an Anglo-Turkish force should we be in alliance with the Sultan. Russia would advance on Afghanistan upon the first favorable opportunity, when the death of the present Ameer, or some other cause, should have been followed by rebellion. Already a pretext has arisen, and a border quarrel may at any time become the signal for a general conflagration. Should Russia advance upon Afghanistan and be encountered by a British-Indian army, the first counter-movement should be an Anglo-Turkish advance across the Caucasus to interrupt her communications with her rear. Had Kars, Ardahan, and Batoum remained in the hands of Turkey, a magnificent base for such an operation would have existed, the fact of which would have imperilled a Russian direct advance toward India. No unprejudiced observer of the past thirty years can have hesitated to admire the unflinching persistence of Russia in planning and gradually carrying into execution a carefully prepared scheme for this advance; while a certain set

of English politicians have steadfastly closed their eyes to an intention that has been manifest to the whole world except themselves.

In 1877 Louis Kossuth wrote, "The Eastern question is a question of Russian power. 'Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.' This is the summary of European interests considered from the European point of view. Every policy is either a cheat or a fallacy which does not take this fact as a starting-point." In 1873 General Valentine Baker Pasha, then Colonel of the 10th Hussars, accompanied by Lieutenant Gill, R.E. (since murdered together with Charrington and Palmer by the Arabs), organized an expedition at his own cost to survey the line of approach to Merv, which was then considered the objective point of a Russian advance. The result of this expedition was published in 1876 (*Clouds in the East*), and, as usual, the importance of the information, since verified by events, was totally unappreciated by the British Foreign Office. It will be interesting to consider some facts therein stated, and to reflect upon the rapid fulfilment of the Russian policy then prophesied by the author. He takes it for granted that the Caspian must be accepted as the base of a Russian advance on India and says:—

"We know that Russia is now planning expeditions against the Tekés, who were not in contact with her at Khiva, and who occupy a part of the old Persian frontier, and that fertile and well-watered territory which forms the main road for the march of an army from the Caspian to Herat. . . .

"A most important question still remains for review, viz., the influence which future railways will have, both strategically and politically, upon the country now under consideration. This again becomes a great question of policy, for here a passive line of action is sure to succumb to the active. We may consider that it would be advantageous for us not to increase the facility of land communication between Europe and India. But, if Russia takes the contrary view, not only will railways in course of time connect the east and the west, but all those railways will be constructed in Russian interests, and for Russia's strategic advantage. . . . Railways would completely obviate those difficulties of transport, supply, and want of water upon which the security of India from attack now depends. For the concentration and supply of large bodies of men, a plentiful rolling stock is absolutely requisite, and a break of gauge at once neutralizes this supply. Russia, and Russia only, has foreseen this difficulty. On her west-

ern frontier she has considered the difference which railways would make in any future invasion from the German or Austrian side, aided by all the rolling stock of either of those two countries, and she has broken her gauge at her proper frontier. Thus, by withdrawing her rolling stock she renders her railways practically useless to an invader. In the great strategical system of railways which she has inaugurated since the Crimean war, this object has never been lost sight of. Uniformity of gauge within her own territory, and a different gauge from other countries that border on her, has been carefully maintained."

Since the above was written, in 1876, the strides of Russia have been unceasing. What was then foreshadowed has already come to pass. The Teké Turkomans have been not only conquered, but they have become the allies of the conquerors. A Russian railway has actually been completed to Merv, and a British Commission is now engaged with the Russian authorities in marking a boundary on the confines of Afghanistan! Within the last few weeks Russia has defied the terms of the Berlin Treaty, by declaring Batoum to be no longer a free port!

The Black Sea has thus become a Russian lake.

If we contrast the activity of Russia with the apathy of England, there is nothing to surprise us in the present positions of the two rival powers. In 1876 General Valentine Baker endeavored to impress upon the public the extreme importance of the question in these words. Speaking of Afghanistan he said: "Russia is now approaching so near that we cannot afford to leave this important outwork of India in a chronic state of anarchy. The difficulty must be met, and it should be met boldly. The first most important step in the pacification of this country would be the construction of a railway through the Bolan to Quettah, which should be carried on from there to Herat, and with a branch from Candahar to Cabul. Such a line would bring the whole trade from this part of Asia to Kurrachee, and its strategical importance would be immense. It would to a great extent neutralize the projected Russian line to Tabreez, by bringing trade from the south instead of through Persia to Russia; and (should it become necessary to preserve Afghan independence) it would enable us immediately to concen-

trate a force at Herat long before Russia could hope to occupy that all-important position by a march from the Oxus. But at present Russia, even at Samarcand, is nearer to Herat than we are at Shikapoor. In a strategical point of view this is of vital importance."

It must be remembered that Merv is only 240 miles from Herat, key to India. And Russia, now mistress of the Black Sea, has railway communication from the Caspian to Merv, and her base is thoroughly protected by the possession of a fortified Batoum. Russia has thus arrived at a position that will enable her at any opportunity to assume the initiative. Is it possible that England will remain inactive with these astounding proofs of Russia's determination?

Great empires built up by energy and conquest cannot be held and governed on narrow views. The conditions of war are not now what they once were; campaigns are now decided in a few short weeks, and victory lies with those who have made the most careful preparation. To trust to hastily-organized levies when the emergency arises, is to court defeat, for armies are only consolidated by patient care and skilful forethought. Yet we still trust with blind confidence to that "silver streak" which only protects our own home, and we seem content to leave the safety of the greatest empire that the world has ever seen to the hazards of chance or the mercy of our enemies. If England is at length awakened to the danger, the question arises, "What is she to do?" By vacillation and delay England has allowed Russia to become the mistress of the Black Sea, and to create and render secure her line of communication to the Afghan frontier. Plainly, then, we must now meet any Russian aggression upon India in Afghanistan, and so this part of the question may be dismissed. But the position now occupied by Russia in the Black Sea enables her to threaten our shortest line of communication with North-west India, and so we must at once set about strengthening that line at the endangered point, which lies anywhere between Malta and the entrance to the Suez Canal. This must have been a foreseen necessity when a secret agreement between Turkey and

England was arranged for the British occupation of Cyprus.

When the British troops disembarked upon that seldom-visited island, in 1878, a chorus of indignation was raised by Mr. Gladstone and his party against Lord Beaconsfield, and Cyprus was declared to be a ridiculous acquisition that would be a useless incumbrance and a costly addition to our already too numerous settlements. The unswept filth of ages blocked the narrow thoroughfares of the Cypriote cities, and an exceptionally bad season prostrated the British force with sickness. Cyprus was accordingly branded with the reputation of a pestilent place, that would be the grave of Europeans. The unused harbor of Famagousta was declared to be silted up, and accordingly unserviceable, which fact having been assumed, afforded a corresponding satisfaction to all those political pessimists who had condemned the acquisition of the island.

Lord Wolseley, then Sir Garnet Wolseley, was appointed High Commissioner. The towns were cleansed; a sanatorium was established upon Mount Troodos; Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby entered the harbor of Famagousta, and anchored there the Mediterranean fleet of first-rate ironclads; the roadsteads of Lanarca and Limasol were found to be excellent; the troops recovered their health; the island has paid its way in spite of the Turkish tribute of £96,000, and there is no public debt. *Cyprus is now the healthiest station belonging to Great Britain.* The pessimists were wrong; Cyprus has been a success. The best witness to this fact is Sir Robert Biddulph, G.C.B., who has recently retired from the command which he has so ably conducted, and to whose wise administration the prosperity of the settlement is mainly due. We have now to regard Cyprus as a *place d'armes*, for which purpose it was occupied by the British force of ten thousand men in 1878, at a time when war with Russia was imminent, and as a fortified post or link in the chain of communication which unites England to India. An examination of Cyprus as a strategical position will induce a wide consideration of our actual position.

In my opinion, the whole Eastern

Question, and with it the question of Cyprus, depends, so far as England is concerned, upon the integrity of Turkey as our ally; we have done little for her, and we may expect too much. We have assumed the enormous responsibility of the Protectorate of Asia Minor under conditions which we must know would never be fulfilled. Turkey promised to reform the abuses of her internal administration, etc., etc. Anybody who knows Turkey must have been aware that such a reform was impossible. Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? Honest administrative material does not exist in the Ottoman Empire, and the value of the promises of the Porte have been exemplified since the Crimean war. Under these circumstances, the Anglo-Turkish Convention is in a questionable position. We have assumed the Protectorate of Asia Minor conditionally; we occupy Cyprus conditionally; and should Turkey fail to perform her promises in the government of her Asiatic provinces, we have a back door for an escape from our onerous engagement. Unfortunately, English diplomacy is celebrated for back doors. In the Berlin Treaty we entered Cyprus through a back door, and we may possibly retire through the same exit. Notwithstanding our professed sincerity, the Turk has become an unbeliever in the faith of treaties and political engagements; he believes most thoroughly that "should British interests require the sacrifice of honor, England will somehow or other manage to slip through the Ottoman fingers, and escape from her alliance when called upon to meet Russia in the field."

The position of European Turkey is that of a dislocated and dismembered empire, which upon the next explosion will be reduced to the small piece of land on the Bosphorus between Constantinople and the lines of Tchataldja. Turkey will cease to be a European Power, and upon the outbreak of the next Russian war she will be discovered as represented by Asia Minor, in the vital points of which—Batoum, Ardahan, and Kars—the claws of the eagle are already fixed. A Russian advance from these positions will, according to the terms of the alliance, compel Great Britain to exhibit herself as the cham-

pion of Turkish rights in armed defence of Asia Minor.

Under all the circumstances of the risk and responsibility assumed by England in a defensive alliance with Turkey under the title of a protectorate of Asia Minor, the Cyprus Convention is highly unfavorable in its conditions. The island should have been conveyed from Turkey and transferred as a free gift to England, as a position necessary for her occupation under the probable contingencies of the Anglo-Turkish alliance, and it should have at once become an integral portion of the British Empire.

These were the opinions which I expressed when I studied the question in Cyprus during 1879. Since that time there has been war between Servia and Bulgaria. The latter State has amalgamated with Roumelia, and Greece has only been restrained from war by the blockade of her coasts by the combined fleets of Europe. Russia has defied the Berlin Treaty, and declared Batoum to be no longer a free port. My forecast of the future, expressed eight years ago, has been sufficiently verified to induce us to examine the precise terms of our engagement :—

"If Batoum, Ardahan, Kars, or any of them shall be retained by Russia, and if any further attempt shall be made at any future time by Russia to take possession of any further territories of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan in Asia, as fixed by the definitive treaty of peace, England engages to join his Imperial Majesty the Sultan in defending them by force of arms."

There is the agreement, which admits of no doubt whatever. England further bound herself by these conditions :—

"That if Russia restores to Turkey, Kars, and the other conquests made by her in Armenia during the last war, the island of Cyprus will be evacuated by England, and the Convention of the 4th of June, 1878, will be at an end."

Instead of restoring Kars, Russia rivets her hold upon Batoum, which means that she never intends to restore either Ardahan or Kars. England is thus forced to make a counter-move, and incorporate Cyprus with the British Empire. Cyprus should become our possession absolutely, and should be fortified by us as an advanced post.

Although at first sight it would appear that Cyprus is beyond the sphere of military operations in Asia Minor, it must be remembered that Alexandretta and other places upon the mainland are most unhealthy ; therefore, in case of war with Russia, Cyprus would not only be valuable as a coaling-station, but it would form the required *place d'armes* for the concentration of troops, and it would become the strategical base of operation for all movements, both by land and sea. If England is the ally of Turkey, and she can depend upon the integrity of that alliance against Russia, there is not so much need for such a station, as all the Turkish ports, even through the Dardanelles, would be open to our ships. The occupation of Cyprus would therefore suggest that a far-seeing Government had considered the possibility of a Russo-Turkish alliance, and had therefore determined to secure a *pied-à-terre* in a strategical position that would entirely dominate the east coast of the Mediterranean, while our fleet should blockade the entrance to the Bosphorus.

These views which I entertained after a careful examination of the physical geography of Cyprus, coupled with a personal knowledge of the west coasts of the Black Sea, and a limited acquaintance with the Crimea, have remained not only unchanged, but have been strengthened by the current of events. The time has arrived when England must act with resolution upon some thoroughly determined policy that will ensure the confidence of Turkey. It is ridiculous to suppose that with our small army we can resist the advance of Russia unaided by allies ; Turkey is our natural ally, and without her material assistance England would be impotent in Asia Minor. Should Russia advance on Afghanistan (which means India) the counter-movement would be an attack upon the Crimea, and upon her positions, Kars, Ardahan, and Batoum. This would be an undertaking of the first magnitude, and should Russia seize the opportunity and occupy the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus entrance from the Black Sea, that passage might be closed to a British fleet, and it would be hardly possible to interrupt the Russian communications.

Even if Austria and Hungary were our allies, they would be powerless to operate against Russia in the Black Sea should the mouth of the Bosphorus be closed. It is evidently the game of Russia to obtain possession of the Asiatic shore from Batoum to the Bosphorus entrance, which would not only give her the command of the passage, but would open the route for an advance upon Constantinople from the East.

If such be the policy of Russia—and after the events of the last few days who can doubt that it is?—a powerful combination against her would be necessary, and England should lose no time in preparing for the struggle. A Russian advance toward India must be met by a counter attack in Asia Minor and the Caspian. A coalition of the States of Eastern Europe—Austria, Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, and Turkey—in addition to England, should operate in the Crimea and in Asia Minor. The importance to Russia of Batoum, Ardahan, and Kars would then be thoroughly appreciated by herself and by her adversaries, who have foolishly permitted her to occupy strongholds that will at any rate delay, if not prevent, the advance of an army toward the Caspian.

The time has arrived when every patriotic Englishman should awaken to the necessity of preparation. The facts are patent: Russia is ready to make use of the first favorable pretext for renewing the Eastern question; this time she has the advantage of fixed positions within the heart of Asia Minor, and a railway terminus at Merv that will serve as a base for an advance upon Herat. England is unready; torn by conflicting factions, wearied by party struggles which have demoralized the country, we have lost heart at home and reputation among foreign States. The weakness of England is the signal for a forward stride by Russia; the announcement is therefore made that "Batoum is no longer a free port."

The advent of a Salisbury ministry supported by Lord Hartington will once more restore a prestige that caused the voice of England to be respected in days gone by, but unless the people of England unanimously support that Government with the determination to uphold the interests and the honor of their

country, the voice of England in the affairs of Europe will soon be "*vox et præterea nihil*."

THE quickness and adroitness with which Russia is gliding down the eastern coast of the Black Sea, must certainly strike all those who consider the length of time and the heavy sacrifices employed by her statesmen in bygone times in the similar advance on the Caspian Sea. From the time when Ivan the Terrible wrested the important town of Astrakhan from the hands of the Tartar Khan, up to the recent date of the capture of Tchekishlar, nearly three hundred years had to elapse; while the advance on the Black Sea scarcely necessitated half the time. Russia accomplishes her work in a much smoother way than England does in spite of all the perfect means of information at the disposal of England, and the superior diplomacy which Englishmen like so much to boast of. It is very natural that Russia, having succeeded a long time ago in converting the Caspian into an exclusively Russian water, should strive to gain a similar position on the Euxine. The start was made on the Crimean shores, then followed annexation of the apparently unimportant Circassian ports, at the occupation of which English statesmen grumbled a little, while the other European powers were in part indifferent to the Czar's schemes in this part of the world, in part delighted with the humanitarian work of Russia, who was said to have put down the abominable traffic in Circassian slaves and to have established order among the incessantly-fighting mountaineers of the Caucasus. Unchecked and unopposed, Russia had therefore full leisure to proceed southward, and although the acquisition of Batoum was deemed by the *enragés* of the Muscovite press a very poor compensation for the heavy costs of the late Russo-Turkish war, the cabinet of St. Petersburg was well aware of the great value of the tit-bit they were allowed to swallow, notwithstanding all the opposition of the late Lord Beaconsfield.

A friend of mine, who happened to take an active part in the late Berlin Congress, related to me how surprised the representatives of other European powers were on witnessing the efforts

made by the English delegates to preserve this small unimportant place from the grasp of Russia; they could not discover any motive at all for the opposition of Lord Beaconsfield, and it was taken for a simple freak of the English diplomatist. Well, Russia thoroughly understood what she was aiming at; she was fully aware of the fact, that Batoum is the deepest and safest harbor on the eastern shore of the Black Sea, measuring close in shore from thirty to fifty fathoms, that it is sheltered from the most violent storms, and that in former times the Turks themselves always used this place as the starting-point for their expeditions to the interior of Circassia and of the Caucasus in general. I can well imagine how old Gortchakoff and the polite, but astute Schouvaloff, must have smiled on seeing the restriction put upon Russia in the so-called free-port clause, for they knew beforehand that stipulations can never bind the hands of Russia, and really, the ink with which the treaty was signed by the Russian plenipotentiaries was hardly dry, when measures contrary to the obligations accepted in Berlin were taken and sanctioned in St. Petersburg. I shall not speak of the great hurry with which the construction of the railway toward Tiflis was inaugurated and finished; a railway by which the northern line running from Poti was suddenly made useless, and the many millions spent upon the harbor of the last-named place literally thrown into the sea. For this Russia may have had a valid excuse in the notoriously unhealthy climate of Poti, although Batoum itself is not entirely free from fever—but how can we explain the excessively hard, nay, cruel measures, adopted against the newly subdued Mohammedan inhabitants of Batoum, measures quite exceptional with Russia in her contact with newly conquered Mohammedans? It must be borne in mind that the great majority of the population of Batoum and its environs was Mohammedan and belonged to the nationality of *Lazes*, a hardy race, which has furnished at all times the best sailors to the Ottoman navy. Their unshakeable faithfulness and fervent zeal for the Islam have always been remarked even among the most fanatical Mohammedans. Of course such a population

could not be quite welcome in a place destined to become a future *place d'armes*, and no sooner had the Russians taken over the reins of government, than the Lazes, otherwise a free and independent people, were subjected to such vexatious rules and unbearable exactions, that nearly two-thirds of them left their ancestral home, and without being able to sell their property, migrated to Asia Minor. A migration to Asia Minor being equal to starvation and hopeless perishing, we may well guess what has become of the poor Lazes driven from their homes; but even this hard lot did not frighten the remaining portion into patient submission to the Russian yoke, as the emigration to Turkey is still going on.

The place of the Lazes having been filled up by Armenians and Russians, the politicians at St. Petersburg have pretty well attained the goal of their desires. The majority of the Batoum population is now Christian; the old Moslem town has nearly entirely disappeared, new streets have sprung up, and a formerly Mohammedan town has been turned suddenly into a Christian one. While this metamorphosis was going on under the shelter of the title of a free commercial port, the military authorities of the place were indefatigable in carrying out orders from St. Petersburg, which were totally contrary to the spirit of the Article of the Berlin Treaty, expressly framed to prevent Russia from converting Batoum into a naval stronghold.

The fortifications, consisting of three huge earthworks lined in the interior with stone walls, and provided with roofed cannon-stands and port-holes, had been begun shortly after the conclusion of peace with Turkey, and soon after the ratification of the Berlin Treaty. As a proper illustration of the good faith of Russia, we may quote the fact that a foreign consul residing at Batoum having privately asked a Russian officer how it came that they were in such a hurry to act against the obligations entered into at Berlin, got the answer, "You are mistaken, sir; we do not build, we rather destroy the fortifications left by the Turks." Of course this novel method of destruction went unremittingly on until the *soi-disant*

future Marseilles of the Black Sea was turned into a Kronstadt; and as by that time the strong inimical Mohammedan element, too, was happily put out of the way, Russia had only to wait for the proper moment to take off the mask, and declare Batoum to be no more a free commercial port. This she has now done.

The reason for having found the present a favorable moment is a two-fold one. As most important we must consider first the feverish zeal shown by Russia in the completion of her great line of communication, running from South Russia across the Caucasus, and along the northern frontier of Persia to Merv, and finally to Bokhara and Samarkand. In this gigantic line, the Turcoman portion of which is far from being finished, Baku and Batoum play a decidedly pre-eminent part; and we can easily understand that Russia, laying a particular stress upon the last-named place, was anxious to discard every possibility of interference with her future schemes in Central Asia. It is scarcely fifteen months since—the relations between England and Russia growing daily more threatening—Batoum was loudly proclaimed to be the place from which the English would try to enter the Caucasus, and from which the Turks would try to stir the Mohammedan mountaineers to revolt. Considering England's strong optimism, and the still stronger sluggishness of the poor Turks, this rumor was certainly one of the most fantastic ever invented by coffee-house politicians; but it found, nevertheless, believers in official Russia, and even at that time the ultimate repudiation of the Article of the Berlin Treaty was already foreshadowed. We were told by a semi-official paper published in the Caucasus, that Russian trade suffered greatly through the free competition of foreign merchants, and that the custom-house line erected behind Batoum was too expensive for the government, etc., etc.—pretexts which have been quite recently repeated in the official press of St. Petersburg, but which were by no means effective enough to hide the real intention of Russia, which is, *the creation of an uninterrupted and in all respects safe line of communication from*

South Russia across the Caucasus to Central Asia, the future camping ground of the Czar's army against India.

In her effort to glide stealthily along the eastern coast of the Black Sea, Russia has besides had in view the extension of her commercial and political influence over Armenia and Anatolia, as well as the future grasp of the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. Whatever may have been the result of the recent annexation of Kars, Ardahan and the environs, Batoum is, up to the present, simply a military outpost, for the commercial influence over Armenia is still greatly in the hands of other European nations, who will be driven from the market only when Russia will be able to close the ports on the eastern coast of the Black Sea. The annexation of Batoum will soon be followed by that of Trebizond, Samsun, etc., just as the occupation of Batoum was preceded by the seizure of Anapa, Sukhum-Kaleh, etc., for the government of St. Petersburg has never swerved from its quietly-conceived and well-digested original plans, and still less can they be deterred by harmless threats and diplomatic remonstrances. This policy of Russia on the eastern coast of the Black Sea corresponds entirely with that adopted by former conquerors in this region, for, beginning from the mythical times of the Argonauts, up to the conquests of the Turks, it was always pre-eminently the eastern and not the western coast of the Black Sea toward which the main attention has been directed, and from the possession of which the sway over the northern and western coasts has been easily secured. However fantastic it may seem, there is no doubt that Russia's recent move in Batoum is in strict connection with her policy in Bulgaria and with her future schemes on the Danube. The larger her possessions on the east coast of the Black Sea, the larger and the more extensive will become her influence over Varna and the Danube embouchures; and our statesmen can rest assured that the growl uttered at Batoum does not only refer to Central Asia, and does not designate England as the sole enemy of Holy Russia, but it originates also from the pain of the wound lately inflicted at Sofia, and now revenged.

There ought not to be any doubt on that point, and the recent utterances of the German press, referring to the exclusively English interest in Batoum, is utterly erroneous and dangerous. It is just the very thing Russia wishes to be believed. By keeping closely to the eastern coast she has tried mainly to avoid raising the jealousy of Austro-Hungary and Germany; and the shortsightedness of political writers in the last-named countries, who protest against being made the cat's-paw of Great Britain in her Central Asian troubles, must have delighted the astute Russian politicians.

It is precisely this double-faced intention manifested by Russia in her repudiation of the Article 59 of the Berlin Treaty, from which Germany and Austro-Hungary ought to infer the necessity of a strict and close alliance with Great Britain against Russia's menacing attitude in the East. Nothing is more childish and preposterous than the opinion of a certain class of political writers, who, partly from an ill-concealed mischievous joy, partly from shortsightedness, are anxious to make the uninitiated reader believe that Russia's policy in the East threatens merely and exclusively England, and that Central Europe has not the slightest reason to be troubled by the continual encroachment of the northern Colossus upon southern Asia. If Germany imagines that with an incessantly increasing industry and trade she is able to dispense with the markets of Armenia and Asia Minor, and if Austro-Hungary is indifferent to Russian influence being paramount on the Balkan peninsula, then of course the said Powers may adopt the course devised

by these writers. But I hardly believe that the value of the Pomeranian grenadier could be permanently fixed in the face of Russian restlessness; a change of policy will and must take place, and the time for it has now come. It is really astonishing that English diplomatists do not perceive the great encouragement they have continually given to Russia by the indulgence and condescension shown her. In 1870, when Russia was anxious to put aside the bar thrown in her way through the late Paris Treaty, she acted only after having received the sanction of the European tribunal at the Conference of London, while quite recently in the Batoum Question she found such a demand quite superfluous, and proceeded according to her own pleasure and good will. To-day she repudiates this article of the Treaty, to-morrow she will discard another, and, judging from the intrepidity of Russian diplomacy, we may be well prepared to see all international obligations ridiculed at St. Petersburg, and all treaties wantonly torn into pieces.

The end of Batoum as a free port does, therefore, by no means belong to what may be called political bagatelles. It ought to be taken as the last straw which must break the back of the camel of European optimism, unless they have already provided in certain quarters effective measures to check Russian progress at the very moment they like to do so—a possibility which may be well doubted; or that they have fixed beforehand the share in the spoil allotted to each of the Great Powers—an assumption which is still more unfounded.—*Fortnightly Review*.

EGYPTIAN DIVINE MYTHS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

ANCIENT Egypt is one of the battle grounds in the long quarrel as to the origin and the nature of early religion. Did religion arise from an instinctive tendency of human nature, from an innate yearning after the Infinite, and were its primal forms comparatively

pure, though later corrupted into animal worship, fetichism, and the cult of ghosts? Or did religion arise from certain inevitable mistakes of the undeveloped intellect—did it spring from ghost worship, magic, and totemism, that is, the adoration of certain objects

and animals believed to be related to each separate stock or blood-kindred of human beings? These, roughly, are the main questions in the controversy; and perhaps they cannot be answered, or at least they cannot be answered by a simple "yes" or "no." Complete historical evidence is out of the question. We are acquainted with no race of men who were not more or less religious long before we first encounter them in actual experience or in history. Probably a close examination would prove that in even the most backward peoples religion contains a pure and spiritual element, as well as an element of unreason, of magic, of wild superstition. Which element is the earlier, or may they not have co-existed from the first? In the absence of historical evidence, we can only try to keep the two factors in myth and religion distinct, and examine them as they occur in different stages of civilization. When we look at the religion and myths of Egypt, we find both elements, as will be shown, co-existing, and both full of force and vitality. The problem is to determine whether, on the whole, the monstrous beast-worships are old or comparatively late; whether they date from the delusions of savagery, or are the result of a system of symbols invented by the priesthoods. Again, as to the rational element of Egyptian religion, is *that*, on the whole, the result of late philosophical speculation, or is it an original and primitive feature of Egyptian theology?

In the following sketch the attempt is made to show that, whatever myth and religion may have been in their undiscovered origins, the purer factor in Egyptian creeds is, to some extent, late and philosophical, while the wild irrational factor is, on the whole, the bequest of an indefinitely remote age of barbaric usages and institutions. The Fathers of the Christian Church were decidedly of this opinion. They had no doubt that the heathen were polytheists, and that their polytheism was either due to the wiles of the devil, or to survival of ancestor worship, or simply to the darkness and folly of fallen man in his early barbarism. Mr. Le Page Renouf (in his *Hibbert Lectures*), Dr. Brugsch, M. Pierret, and the late

Vicomte de Rougé (an illustrious authority) maintain, against the Fathers and against M. Maspero and Professor Lieblein, of Christiania, the hypothesis that the bestial gods and absurd myths of Egypt are *degradations*. In this essay we naturally side with Professor Lieblein and M. Maspero.* We think that the worship of beasts was, in the majority of cases, a direct animal worship, and a continuation of familiar and world-wide savage practices. Mr. Le Page Renouf and M. Pierret, on the other hand, hold that this cult was a symbolical adoration of certain attributes of divinity, a theory maintained by the later Egyptians, and by foreign observers, such as Plutarch and Porphyry.† It is not denied on one side that many and multifarious gods were adored, nor, on the other side, that monotheistic and pantheistic beliefs prevailed to some extent at a very remote period. But the question is, Are the many and multifarious gods degradations of a pure monotheistic conception? or does the pure monotheistic conception represent the thought of a later period than that which saw the rise of gods in the form of beasts?

Here it is perhaps impossible to give at once a decided and definite answer.

There is nothing to tell us what the gods were at their *début*, nor whether the Egyptians brought them from their original seats, or saw their birth by Nile-side. When we first meet them their shapes have been profoundly modified in the course of ages, and do not present all the features of their original condition.‡

Among the most backward peoples now

* M. Lefébure (*Les yeux d'Horus*, p. 5) remarks that Egyptian religion is already fixed in the earliest texts, and that, thanks to a conservatism like that of China, it never altered. But even China is not so conservative as people suppose, and that there were many reformations and changes of every kind in the long history of Egyptian religion is plain even on M. Lefébure's own showing.

† See Brugsch's idea that the crocodile was worshipped as an emblem of the sun arising from the waters (*Rel. und Myth.* pp. 104, 105). Meanwhile M. Lefébure thinks that the crocodile is not the rising sun but a personification of the west, which swallows the setting stars (*Osiris*, 105). The Egyptians, like most savages, had a Nature-Myth explaining that the stars, when they became invisible, were swallowed by a beast.

‡ Maspero, *Hist. de l'Orient*, 4th edition, p. 25.

on earth there are traces of a religious belief in a moral ruler of the world. That belief, however, is buried under a mythology in which, according to the laws of savage fancy, animals take the leading rôles. In the same way the religious speculation of early Egypt was acquainted with "a Power without a name or any mythological characteristic."* "For some obscure reason, monotheistic ideas made way very early into Egypt."† At the same time, the worship of Egypt and the myths of Egypt were early directed to, and were peopled by, a wilderness of monkeys, jackals, bulls, geese, rams, and beasts in general. Now it may be, and probably is, impossible for us to say whether the conception of an invisible being who punishes wickedness and answers prayers (a conception held even by the forlorn Fuegians and Bushmen) is earlier or later than totemism and the myths of animals. In the same way, it is impossible to say whether the Egyptian belief in an all-creating and surveying power—Osiris, or Ra, or Horus—is, in some form or other, prior to, or posterior to, the cult of bulls and rams and crocodiles. But it is not impossible for us to discern and divide those portions of myth and cult which the Egyptians had in common with Australian and American and Polynesian and African tribes, from those litanies of a purer and nobler style which are only found among civilized and reflective peoples.‡ Having once made this division, it will be natural and plausible to hold that the animal gods and wild myths are survivals of the fancies of savagery, to which they exactly correspond, rather than priestly symbolisms and modes of worshipping pure attributes of the divine nature, though it was in this light that they were regarded by the schools of esoteric theology in Egypt.

The peculiarity of Egypt, in religion and myth as in every other institution, is the retention of the very rudest and most barbarous things, side by side with the last refinements of civilization. The

existence of this conservatism (by which we profess to explain the Egyptian myths and worship) is illustrated, in another field, by the arts of everyday life, and by the testimony of the sepulchres of Thebes. M. Passalacqua, in some excavations at Quornah, struck on the common cemetery of the ancient city of Thebes. Here he found "the mummy of a hunter, with a wooden bow and twelve arrows, the shaft made of reed, the points of hardened wood tipped with edged flints. Hard by lay jewels belonging to the mummy of a young woman, pins with ornamental heads, necklaces of gold and lapis lazuli, gold earrings, scarabs of gold, bracelets of gold," and so forth.* The refined art of the gold-worker was contemporary, and this at a late period, with the use of flint-headed arrows, the weapons commonly found all over the world in places where the metals have never penetrated. Again, a razor-shaped knife of flint has been unearthed; it is inscribed in hieroglyphics with the words, "The great Sam, son of Ptah, chief of artists." The "Sams" were members of the priestly class, who fulfilled certain mystic duties at funerals. It is reported, by Herodotus, that the embalmers opened the bodies of the dead with a knife of stone; and the discovery of such a knife, though it had not belonged to an embalmer, proves that in Egypt the stone age did not disappear, but coexisted throughout with the arts of metal-working. It is certain that flint chisels and stone hammers were used by the workers of the mines in Sinai, even under Dynasties XII, XIX. The soil of Egypt, when excavated, constantly shows that the Egyptians, who in the remote age of the pyramid builders were already acquainted with bronze, and even with iron, did not therefore relinquish the use of flint knives and arrow-heads, when such implements became cheaper than tools of metal, or when they were associated with religion. Precisely in the same way did the Egyptians, who, in the remotest known times, had imposing religious ideas, declined to relinquish the totems, and beast-gods, and absurd or blasphemous

* Le Page Renouf, p. 100.

† Maspero, *Rev. de l'Hist.* I. 125 (1st edition).

‡ See a collection of lofty and beautiful Egyptian monotheistic texts in Brugsch (*Rel. und Myth.* pp. 96, 99).

* Chabas, *Etudes sur l'Antiquité Historique*, p. 390.

myths which (like flint axes and arrow-heads) are everywhere characteristic of savages.

Our business, then, is to discern and exhibit apart, so to speak, the metal age and the stone age, the savage and the cultivated practices and ideas, which make up the pell-mell of Egyptian mythology. As a preliminary to this task, we must rapidly survey the history of Egypt, as far as it affected the religious development.

The ancient Egyptians appear to be connected, by race, with the peoples of Western Asia, and are styled, correctly or not, "Proto-Semitic." * When they first invaded Egypt, at some period quite dim and inconceivably distant, they are said to have driven an earlier stock into the interior. The new comers, the ancestors of the Egyptians, were in the *tribal* state of society, and the various tribes established themselves in local and independent settlements, which (as the original villages of Greece were collected into city states) were finally gathered together (under Menes, a real or mythical hero) as portions, styled "nomes," of an empire. Each tribal state retained its peculiar religion, a point of great importance in this discussion. In the empire thus formed, different towns, at different times, reached the rank of secular, and, to some extent, of spiritual capitals. Thebes, for example,† was so ancient that it was regarded as the native land of Osiris, the great mythical figure of Egypt. More ancient as a capital was This, or Abydos, the Holy City *par excellence*. Memphis, again, was, in religion, the metropolis of the god Ptah, as Thebes was of the god Ammon. Each sacred metropolis, as it came to power, united in a kind of pantheon the gods of the various *nomes* (that is, the old tribal deities), while the god of the metropolis itself was a sort of Bretwalda among them, and even absorbed into himself their powers and peculiarities. Similar examples of aggregates of village or tribal religions in a State religion are

familiar in Peru, and meet us in Greece.*

Of what nature, then, were the gods of the *nomes*, the old tribal gods? On this question we have evidence of two sorts: first, we have the evidence of monuments and inscriptions from many of the periods; next we have the evidence, in much more minute detail, of foreign observers, from Herodotus to Plutarch and Porphyry. Let us first see what the monuments have to say about the tribal gods, and the divine groups of the various towns and of each metropolis. Summaries may be borrowed from M. Maspero, head of the Egyptian Museums, and from Mr. Flinders Petrie, the discoverer of Naucratis. According to these authorities, the early shapes of gods among the Egyptians, as among Bushmen and Australians and Algonkins, are *bestial*. M. Maspero writes,† "The essential fact in the religion of Egypt is the existence of a considerable number of divine personages of different shapes and different names. M. Pierret may call this 'an apparent polytheism.'‡ I call it a polytheism extremely well marked. . . . The bestial shapes in which the gods were clad had no allegorical character, they denote that straightforward worship of the lower animals which is found in many religions, ancient and modern. . . . It is possible, nay it is certain, that during the second Theban Empire (1700-1300 B.C.) the learned priests may have thought it well to attribute a symbolical sense to certain bestial deities. But, whatever they may have worshipped in Thoth-Ibis, it was a bird, and not a hieroglyph, that the first worshippers of

* Maspero, *Rev. de l'Hist. des Rel.* i. 126. "The unity of political power which, despite the original feudal organization of the country, had existed since Menes, brought with it the unity of religion. The schools of theology in Sais, Heliopolis, Memphis, Abydos, Thebes, produced, perhaps unconsciously, a kind of syncretism into which they fused or forced all the scattered beliefs."

† *Rev. de l'Hist. des Rel.* i. 120.

‡ Pierret, *Essai sur la Mythologie Egyptienne*, p. 6. "Polythéiste en apparence, la religion Egyptienne était essentiellement monothéiste." M. Pierret explains the divine animals thus: these creatures, employed as symbols, became sacred for no other reason than because they had the honor to be used as vestments of religious thought (*Le Panthéon Egyptien*, p. vi.).

* Maspero, *Hist. de l'Orient*, p. 17. Other authorities regard the Egyptians as a successful race, sprung from the same African stock as the extremely unsuccessful Bushmen.

† XI.-XX. Dynasties.

the ibis adored.* The bull Hapi was a god-bull long before he became a bull which was the symbol of a god, and it would not surprise me if the onion-god that the Roman satirists mocked at really existed."† M. Maspero goes on to remark that so far as it is possible to speak of one god in ancient Egypt, that god was, in each case, "nothing but the god of each nome or town." M. Meyer is resolute in the same opinion. "These sentiments (of reverence for beasts) are naturally no expression of a dim feeling of the unity of godhead, of a 'primitive henotheism,' as has so often been asserted, but of the exact opposite."‡ The same view is taken by MM. Chipiez and Perrot. "Later theology has succeeded in giving more or less plausible explanations of the animal gods. Each of them has been assigned as a symbol or attribute to one of the greater deities. As for ourselves, we have no doubt that these objects of popular devotion were no more than ancient fetishes."§ Meanwhile it is universally acknowledged, it is asserted by Mr. Le Page Renouf, as well as by M. Maspero, that "the Egyptian religion comprehends a quantity of local worships."||

M. Maspero next describes the earliest religious texts and testimonies. "During the Ancient Empire I only find monuments at four points—at Memphis, at Abydos, and in some parts of Middle Egypt, at Sinai, and in the valley of Hammamat. The divine

names appear but occasionally, in certain unvaried formulæ. Under Dynasties XI. and XII. Lower Egypt comes on the scene; the formulæ are more explicit, but the religious monuments rare. From the eighteenth century onward, we have *representations* of all the deities" (previously only named, not pictured), "accompanied by legends, more or less developed, and we begin to discover books of ritual, hymns, amulets, and other materials."*

What, then, are the earliest gods of the monuments, the gods which were local, and had once probably been tribal gods? Mr. Flinders Petrie† observes that Egyptian art is first *native*, then *Semitic*, then *renaissance* or *revival*. In the earliest period, till Dynasty XII. *native* art prevails, and in this earliest art the gods are invariably portrayed as beasts. "The gods, when mentioned, are always represented by their animals" (M. Maspero says that the animals were the gods) "or with the name spelt out in hieroglyphs, often beside the beast or bird. The jackal stands for Anup" (M. Maspero would apparently say that Anup is the jackal), "the frog for Hekt, the baboon for Tahuti; . . . it is not till after Semitic influence had begun to work in the country that any figures of gods are found." Under Dynasty XII. the gods that had previously been represented in art as beasts appear in their later shapes, often half anthropomorphic, half zoomorphic, dog-headed, cat-headed, hawk-headed, bull-headed men and women. These figures are probably derived from those of the priests, half draped in the hides of the animals to which they ministered. Compare the Aztec pictures.

It is now set forth, first, that the earliest gods capable of being represented in art were *local* (that is originally *tribal*), and, second, that these gods were beasts.‡ How, then, is this phenomenon to be explained? MM. Pierret and Le Page Renouf, as we have seen, take the old view of the Egyptian priests that the beast-gods are mere symbols of the attributes of divinity.

* Mr. Le Page Renouf, on the other hand (*Hib. Lect.* p. 116), clings to the belief that the ibis-god sprang from a misunderstanding of words, a kind of *calembour* or pun.

† When we hear of *the one god* he is only the god of the town, or nome, and does not exclude *the one god* of the neighbors. "The conception of his unity is, therefore, at least as much geographical and political as religious. Ra, *the one god* at Heliopolis, is not the same as Ammon, *the one god* at Thebes. . . . The unity of each of these one gods, absolute as it might be in his own country, did not exclude the reality of the other gods. . . . Each *one god*, therefore, imagined in this way, is only the *one god* of his town, or nome, *neoutir noulli*, and not a national god, recognized by the whole country." (*Hist. de l'Orient*, p. 27.)

‡ *Geschichte des Alterthums*, p. 72.

§ *Egyptian Art*, English translation, i. 54. The word "fetish" is here very loosely employed.

|| *Hib. Lect.* p. 90.

* *Rev. de l'Hist. des Rel.* i. 124.

† *The Arts of Ancient Egypt*, p. 8.

‡ Beasts also appear in the chronological roll of the earliest kings. Turin papyrus (Brugsch, *Hist. of Egypt*, Engl. transl. p. 32).

MM. Chipiez and Perrot regard the beast-gods as "fetishes," and suppose that the domestic animals were originally worshipped out of gratitude.* But who could be grateful to a frog or a jackal? As to the *fact*, their opinion is explicit: "the worship of the hawk, the vulture, and the ibis had preceded by many centuries that of the gods who correspond to the personages of the Hellenic pantheon," such as Dionysus and Apollo. "The doctrines of emanation and incarnation permitted theology to explain and accept these things." Our own explanation will have been anticipated. The totems, or ancestral sacred plants and animals of groups of the original savage *kindreds*, have survived in religion as the sacred plants (garlic, for example) and animals of Egyptian towns and nomes.†

Here we are fortunate enough to have the support of Professor Sayce.‡ He remarks:—

These animal forms, in which a later myth saw the shapes assumed by the affrighted gods during the great war between Horus and Typhon, take us back to a remote prehistoric age, when the religious creed of Egypt was still totemism. They are survivals from a long-forgotten past, and prove that Egyptian civilization was of slow and independent growth, the latest stage only of which is revealed to us by the monuments. Apis of Memphis, Maëvis of Heliopolis, and Pacis of Hermonthis, are all links that bind together the Egypt of the Pharaohs and the Egypt of the stone age. They were the sacred animals of the clans which first settled in these localities, and their identification with the deities of the official religion must have been a slow process, never fully carried out, in fact, in the minds of the lower classes.§

Thus it appears that, after all, even on philological showing, the religions and myths of a civilized people may be illustrated by the religions and myths of savages. It is purely through study of savage totemism that an explanation has been found of the singular Egyptian practices which puzzled the Greeks and Romans, and the Egyptians themselves. |

* Chipiez and Perrot, i. 64.

† Eusebius quotes from Alexander Polyhistor an absurd story that Moses founded a town, and selected the ibis for its protecting animal (*Præp. Ev.* ix. 432).

‡ Herodotus, p. 344.

§ *Ibid.* p. 344.

| Mr. Le Page Renouf ridicules, in the *Hibbert Lectures*, this discovery of Mr. M'Lennan's, whose original sketch of his ideas was certainly hasty, and not well documented.

The inhabitants of each district worshipped a particular sacred animal, and abstained from its flesh (except on rare occasions of ritual solemnity), while each set of people ate without scruple the animal or vegetable gods of their neighbors.* Thus the people of Mendes sacrificed sheep and abstained from goats, while the Thebans sacrificed goats and abstained from sheep.† To explain this, Herodotus repeats a "sacred chapter" of peculiar folly. Ammon once clad himself in a ram's skin, and so revealed himself to Heracles, therefore rams are sacred. But on one day of the year the Thebans sacrifice a ram, and clothe the statue of Ammon in its hide, thereby making the god simulate the beast, as in the totem dances of the Red Indians. They then lament for the ram, and bury his body in a sacred sepulchre.‡ In the same way the crocodile was worshipped at Ombos (just as it is by the "men of the crocodile," or men of the cayman, among Bonis in South America and Bechuanas in South Africa), but was destroyed elsewhere. The yearly sacrifice and lamentation for the ram is well illustrated by the practice of the Californian Indians, who adore the buzzard, but sacrifice a buzzard with sorrow and groanings once a year. In the same way the Egyptians sacrificed a sow to Osiris once a year, and tasted pork on that occasion only.§ Thus it seems scarcely possible to deny the early and prolonged existence of totemistic practices in Egyptian religion. We have not yet seen, however, that the people who would not eat this or that animal actually claimed to be of the stock or lineage of the animal. But Dr. Birch points out | that "the Theban kings were called sons of Amen, of the blood or substance of the god, and were supposed to be the direct descendants of that deity," who was, more or less, a ram.

* Herodotus, ii. 42.

† Compare Robertson Smith on "Sacrifice," *Encyc. Brit.*

‡ Herodotus, ii. 42. "All the folk of the Theban nome abstain from sheep and sacrifice goats." "The sacred animals or totems of one district were not sacred in another." (Sayce's note.)

§ Herodotus, ii. 47; Lefébure, *Les Yeux*, p. 44; Plutarch, *De Is. et Os.* 8; Bancroft, iii. 108; Robinson's *Life in California*, 241, 303.

| Wilkinson, edit. of 1878, ii. 475, note 2.

Thus it seems that the Theban royal house were originally of the blood of the sheep and claimed descent from the animal. Other evidence as to the totemism of Egypt may be found in Plutarch, Athenæus, Juvenal, and generally in ancient literature.* Thus it remains certain, however and whenever the practice was introduced, that the cat, the goat, the wolf, the sheep, the crocodile, were worshipped by local communities in Egypt, and that, in each district, the flesh of the local sacred animal might not be eaten by his fellow-townsmen. If, then, we find animals so powerful in Egyptian religion and myth, we need not look further, but may explain the whole set of beliefs and rites—the local beast-gods, not eaten by their worshippers, but eaten by the people of other nomes—as a survival of totemism. Or will it be maintained that totemism among the lowest races of Australia, America, Asia, and Africa, sprang from a priestly habit of worshipping the attributes of God under bestial disguises? Among other defects, this theory does not account for the local or tribal character of the creed. If the sheep typifies divine long-suffering, and the wolf divine justice, why were people of one nome so fiercely attached to justice, and so violently opposed to mercy?

The beast-gods of Egypt were the laughing-stock of Greeks, Romans, and Christians like Clemens of Alexandria and Arnobius. Their prevalence proves that a savage element entered into

Egyptian religion. But the savage element in its rudest form is only part, though perhaps the most striking part, of the creeds of Egypt. Anthropomorphic and monotheistic conceptions are also present, forces and phenomena of nature are adored and looked on as persons, while the dead are gods, in a sense, and receive offerings and sacrifice. It is true that all these factors are so blended in the witch's cauldron of fable that the anthropomorphic gods are constantly said to assume animal shape: that the deity, at any moment addressed as one and supreme, is at the next shown to be but an individual in a divine multitude; while the very powers and phenomena of nature are often held to be bestial or human in their shapes. Various historical influences are at work in the growth of all this body of myth and observance.

It is certain that many even of the lowest races retain, side by side with the most insane fables, a sense of a moral Being, who watches men, and "makes for righteousness."

This sense is not lacking in Egyptian religion, and expresses itself in the hymns and prayers for moral help and for the pardon of sin, and in the Myth of the Destruction of Mankind by the wrath of Ra. Once more, as a feeling of national unity grew up, the common features of the various tribal deities were blended in one divine conception, and various one-gods were recognized, just as in Samoa* one god is incarnate in many beasts. We have the sun-crocodile, Sebek-Ra, the sun-ram, Ammon-Ra, just as in Samoa we have the war-god owl, the war-god rail-bird, the war-god mullet, and so forth. The worship of the Pharaoh of the day was also a cult in which all could unite. The learned fancy of priests and theologians was busy at the task of reconciling creeds apparently diverse or opposed.

In the complex mass of official and departmental gods three main classes may be more or less clearly discerned, though even these classes constantly overlap and merge in each other. Adopting the system of M. Maspero,† we distinguish—

(1) The Gods of Death and the Dead.

* *De Jr. et Os.* 71, 72; *Athen. Deip.* vii. 299; Juvenal, xv. Plutarch says: "Even at the present day the people of Wolf-town (Lycopolis) are the only Egyptians that eat the sheep, because the wolf, whom they worship, does the same, and the fish-folk of Oxyrhynchus, when the people of Dog-town were eating that fish, collected dogs and sacrificed them, and ate them as victims," whence a civil war began. The reader must remember that it would be most hazardous to interpret every bestial form in Egyptian religion as originally a totem. When animal forms were used as hieroglyphs they might readily become attached to divine figures and legends, with no totemistic reference or intention. A number of facts must combine before totemistic character can be demonstrated. Among these facts is the exclusive attachment to and refusal (except on sacramental occasions) to taste the flesh of the one beast who is worshipped, combined with a belief in descent from or close mystic connection with him.

* Turner's *Samoa*.

† *Loc. cit.* p. 125.

(2) The Elemental Gods.

(3) The Solar Gods.

But though for practical purposes we may take this division, it must be remembered that, from the religion of the Eighteenth and later Dynasties down to the Greek period, any god may, at any moment, appear in any one of the three categories, as theological dogma, or local usage, or poetic predilection may determine.

The fact is that the Egyptian mind, when turned to divine matters, was constantly working on, and working over, the primeval stuff of all mythologies, the belief in "a strange and powerful race, supposed to have been busy on earth before the making, or the evolution, or the emergence of man." The Egyptians inherited a number of legends of extra-natural heroes like the savage Qat, Cagn, Yehl, Pundjel, Ioskeha, and Quabteht, like the Maori Tuten-ganahau and the South Sea Tangaroa. Some of these were elemental forces, personified in human or bestial guise; some were merely idealized medicine-men, or even actual men credited with magical gifts and powers. Their "wanderings, rapes, and manslaughters, and mutilations," as Plutarch says, remained permanently in legend. When these beings, in the advance of thought, had obtained divine attributes, and when the conception of abstract divinity had become pure and lofty, the old legends became so many stumbling-blocks to the faithful. They were explained away as allegories (every student having his own allegorical system), or the extra-natural beings were taken (as by Plutarch) to be "demons, not gods."

A brief and summary account of the chief figures in the Egyptian pantheon will make it sufficiently plain that this is the true account of the gods of Egypt, and the true interpretation of their adventures.

Returning to the classification proposed by M. Maspero, and remembering the limitations under which it holds good, we find that—

(1) The Gods of Death and the Dead were Sokari, Isis and Osiris, the young Horus, and Nephthys.*

(2) The Elemental Gods were Seb and Nut, of whom Seb is the earth, and Nut the heavens. These two, like heaven and earth in almost all mythologies, are represented as the parents of many of the gods. The other elemental deities are but obscurely known.

(3) Among solar deities are recognized Ra, Ammon, and others, but there was a strong tendency to identify each of the gods with the sun, especially to identify Osiris with the sun in his nightly absence.* Each god, again, was apt to be blended with one or more of the sacred animals. "Ra, in his transformations, assumed the form of the lion, cat, and hawk."† In different nomes and towns, it either happened that the same gods had different names, or that analogies were recognized between different local gods, in which case the names were often combined, as in Ammon-Ra, Souk-Ra, Ptah, Sokar, Osiris, and so forth.

Athwart all these categories and compounds of gods, and athwart the theological attempt at constructing a monotheism out of contradictory materials, came that ancient idea of dualism which exists in the myths of the most backward peoples. As Pundjel in Australia had his enemy, the crow, as in America Yehl had his Khanukh, as Ioskeha had his Tawiscara, so the gods of Egypt, and specially Osiris, have their Set or Typhon, the spirit who constantly resists and destroys.

The great Egyptian myth, the myth of Osiris, turns on the antagonism of Osiris and Set, and the persistence of the blood-feud between Set and the kindred of Osiris.‡ To narrate, and as far as possible elucidate, this myth is the chief task of the student of Egyptian mythology.

Though the Osiris myth, according to Mr. Le Page Renouf, is "as old as Egyptian civilization," and though M. Maspero finds the Osiris myth in all its details under the first dynasties, our accounts of it are by no means so early.§

* "The Gods of the Dead and the Elemental Gods were almost all identified with the Sun, for the purpose of blending them in a theistic unity" (Maspero, *Rev. de l'Hist. des Rel.* i. 126).

† Wilkinson, iii. 59. ‡ Herodotus, ii. 144.

§ The principal native documents are: the

* Their special relations to the souls of the departed is matter for a separate discussion.

They are mainly allusive, without any connected narrative. Fortunately the narrative, as related by the priests of his own time, is given by Plutarch, and is confirmed both by the Egyptian texts and by the mysterious hints of the pious Herodotus. Here we follow the myth as reported by Plutarch and illustrated by the monuments.

The reader must, for the moment, clear his mind of all the many theories of the meaning of the myth, and must forget the lofty, divine, and mystical functions attributed by Egyptian theologians and Egyptian sacred usage to Osiris. He must read the story simply as a story, and he will be struck with its amazing resemblances to the legends about their culture heroes which are current among the lowest races of America and Africa.

Seb and Nut—earth and heaven—were husband and wife, or, as Plutarch put it, the Sun detected them in adultery. In Plutarch's version, the Sun

Harris Papyrus of the Nineteenth or Twentieth Dynasty, translated by M. Chabas (*Records of the Past*, vol. x. p. 137); the Papyrus of Neb-seni (Seventeenth Dynasty), translated by M. Naville, and in *Records of Past*, x. 159; the Hymn to Osiris, on a stele, Eighteenth Dynasty, translated by M. Chabas (*Rev. Archéol.*, 1857; *Records of Past*, iv. 99); "The Book of Respirations," mythically said to have been made by Isis to restore Osiris, a "Book of the Breath of Life" (the papyrus is probably of the time of the Ptolemies—*Records of Past*, iv. 119); "The Lamentations of Isis and Nephthys," translated by M. de Horrack (*Records of Past*, ii. 117). There is also "The Book of the Dead," of which many editions exist in French and German: that of M. Pierret (Paris, 1882) is convenient in shape. M. de Naville's new edition is elaborate and costly. Sarcophagi and royal tombs (Champollion) also contain many representations of the incidents in the myth. "The myth of Osiris in its details, the laying out of his body by his wife Isis and his sister Nephthys, the reconstruction of his limbs, his mythical chest, and other incidents connected with his myth, are (*etc.*) represented in detail in the temple of Philæ" (Birch, ap. Wilkinson, iii. 84). The reverent awe of Herodotus prevents him from describing the mystery play on the sufferings of Osiris, which he says was acted at Sais, ii. 171, and ii. 61, 67, 86. Probably the clearest and most consecutive modern account of the Osiris myth is given by M. Lefébure, in *Les Yeux d'Horus and Osiris*. M. Lefébure's translations are followed in the text; he is not, however, responsible for our treatment of the myth. The Ptolemaic version of the temple of Edfou is published by M. Naville, *Mythe d'Horus* (Geneva, 1870).

cursed Nut that she should have no child in month or year; but, thanks to the cleverness of a new divine co-respondent, five days were added to the calendar. This is clearly a later addition to the fable. On the first of those days Osiris was born, then Typhon, or Set, "neither in due time, nor in the right place, but breaking through with a blow, he leaped out from his mother's side." * Isis and Nephthys were later-born sisters.

The Plutarchian myth next describes the conduct of Osiris as a "culture hero." He instituted laws, taught agriculture, instructed the Egyptians in the ritual of worship, and won them from "their destitute and bestial mode of living." After civilizing Egypt, he travelled over the world, like the Greek Dionysus, whom he so closely resembles in some portions of his legend that Herodotus supposed the Dionysian myth to have been imported from Egypt.† In the absence of Osiris, his evil brother, Typhon, kept quiet. But, on the hero's return, Typhon laid an ambush against him, like Ægistheus against Menelaus. He had a decorated coffer (mummy case?) made of the exact length of Osiris, and offered this as a present to any one whom it would fit. At a banquet all the guests tried it; but when

* Plutarch, *De Iside et Osiride*, xii. It is a most curious coincidence that the same story is told of Indra in the Rig Veda, iv. 18. 1. "This is the old and well-known path by which all the gods were born: thou mayst not, by other means, bring thy mother unto death." Indra replies, "I will not go out thence; that is a dangerous way; right through the side will I burst." Compare (Leland, *Algonquin Legends*, p. 15) the birth of the Algonquin Typhon, the evil Malsumis, the wolf. "Glooskap said, 'I will be born as others are.' But the evil Malsumis thought himself too great to be brought forth in such a manner, and declared that he would burst through his mother's side. Mr. Leland's note, containing a Buddhist and an Armenian parallel, but referring neither to Indra nor Typhon, shows the *bona fides* of the Algonquin report.

† "Osiris is Dionysus in the tongue of Hellas" (Herodotus, ii. 144, ii. 48). "Most of the details of the mystery of Osiris, as practised by the Egyptians, resemble the Dionysus mysteries of Greece. . . . Methinks that Melampus, Amythaon's son, was well seen in this knowledge, for it was Melampus that brought among the Greeks the name and rites and phallic procession of Dionysus" (Compare *De Is. et Os.* xxxv.) The coincidences are probably not to be explained by borrowing; many of them are found in America.

Osiris lay down in it the lid was closed, and fastened with nails and melted lead. The coffer, Osiris and all, was then thrown into the Nile. Isis, arrayed in mourning robes like the wandering Demeter, sought Osiris everywhere lamenting, and found the chest at last in an *erica* tree that entirely covered it. After an adventure like that of Demeter with Triptolemus, Isis obtained the chest. During her absence Typhon lighted on it as he was hunting by moonlight; he tore the corpse of Osiris into fourteen pieces, and scattered them abroad. Isis sought for the mangled remnants, and, whenever she found one, buried it, each tomb being thenceforth recognized as "a grave of Osiris." It is a plausible suggestion that, if graves of Osiris were once as common in Egypt as cairns of Heitsi Eibib are in Namaqualand to-day, the existence of many tombs of one being may be explained as tombs of his scattered members, and the myth of the dismembering may have no other foundation. On the other hand, it must be noticed that a swine was sacrificed to Osiris at the full moon, and it was in the form of a black swine that Typhon assailed Horus, the son of Osiris, whose myth is a *doublure* or *replica*, in some respects, of the Osirian myth itself.* We may conjecture, then, that the fourteen portions into which the body of Osiris was rent may stand for the fourteen days of the waning moon.† It is well known that the phases of the moon and lunar eclipses are almost invariably accounted for in savage science by the attacks of a beast—dog, pig, dragon, or what not—on the heavenly body. Either of these hypotheses (the Egyptians adopted the latter‡) is consistent with the character of early myth, but both are merely tentative suggestions.§ The phallus of Osiris was not recovered, and the totemistic habit which made the people of three different districts abstain from three different fish—*lepidotus*, *phagrus*, and *oxyrhyncus*—

was accounted for by the legend that these fish had devoured the missing portion of the hero's body.

So far the power of evil, the black swine Typhon, had been triumphant. But the blood-feud was handed on to Horus, son of Isis and Osiris. To spur Horus on to battle, Osiris returned from the dead, like Hamlet's father. But, as is usual with the ghosts of savage myth, Osiris returned, not in human but in bestial form, as a wolf.* Horus was victorious in the war which followed, and handed Typhon over bound in chains to Isis. Unluckily Isis let him go free, whereon Horus pushed off her crown and placed a bull's skull on her head.

There Plutarch ends, but † he expressly declines to tell the more blasphemous parts of the story, such as "the dismemberment of Horus and the beheading of Isis." Why these myths should be considered "more blasphemous" than the rest does not appear.

It will probably be admitted that nothing in this sacred story would seem out of place if we found it in the legends of Pundjel, or Cagn, or Yehl, among Australians, Bushmen, or Utes, whose own "culture hero," like the ghost of Osiris, was a wolf. The dismembering of Osiris in particular resembles the dismembering of many other heroes in American myth; for example, of Chokanipok, out of whom were made vines and flint-stones. Objects in the mineral and vegetable world were explained in Egypt as transformed parts, or humors, of Osiris, Typhon, and other heroes.‡

Once more, though the Egyptian gods are buried here, and are immortal in heaven, they have also, like the heroes of Eskimo and Australians, and Indians of the Amazon, been transformed into stars, and the priests could tell which star was Osiris, which was Isis, and which was Typhon.§ Such are the wild

* In the Edfou monuments Set is slain and dismembered in the shape of a red hippopotamus (Naville, *Mythe d'Horus*, p. 7).

† The fragments of Osiris were sixteen, according to the texts of Denderah, one for each nome.

‡ *De Is. et Os.* xxxv.

§ Compare Lefébure, *Les Yeux d'Horus*, pp. 47, 48.

* Wicked squires in Shropshire (Miss Burne, *Shropshire Folk-Lore*) "come" as bulls. Osiris, in the Mendes nome, "came" as a ram (Mariette, *Denderah*, iv. 75).

† *De Is. et Os.* xx.

‡ Magical Text, Nineteenth Dynasty, translated by Dr. Birch; *Records of Past*, vi. 115; Lefébure, *Osiris*, pp. 100, 113, 124, 205; *Livre des Morts*, chapter xvii.; *Records of Past*, x. 84.

§ *Custom and Myth*, "Star Myths;" *De*

inconsistencies which Egyptian religion shares with the fables of the lowest races. In view of these facts it is difficult to agree with Brugsch * that "from the root and trunk of a pure conception of deity spring the boughs and twigs of a tree of myth, whose leaves spread into a rank impenetrable luxuriance." Stories like the Osiris myth, stories found all over the whole world, spring from no pure religious source, but embody the delusions and fantastic dreams of the lowest and least developed human fancy and human speculation.

The references to the myth in papyri and on the monuments, though obscure and fragmentary, confirm the narrative of Plutarch. The coffer in which Osiris foolishly ventured himself seems to be alluded to in the Harris Magical Papyrus.† "Get made for me a shrine of eight cubits. Then it was told to thee, O man of seven cubits, how canst thou enter it? And it had been made for thee, and thou hast reposed in it." Here, too, Isis magically stops the mouths of the Nile, perhaps to prevent the coffer from floating out to sea. More to the point is one of the original "Osirian hymns" mentioned by Plutarch‡. The hymn is on a stele, and is attributed by M. Chabas, the translator, to the seventeenth century.§ Osiris is addressed as the joy and glory of his parents, Seb and Nou, who overcomes his enemy. His sister, Isis, accords to him due funeral rites after his death, and routs his foes. Without ceasing, without resting, she sought his dead body, and wailing did she wander round the world, nor stopped till she found him. Light flashed from her feathers || Horus, her son, is king of the world.

Such is a *précis* of the mythical part of the hymn. The rest regards Osiris in his religious capacity as a sovereign of nature, and as the guide and protector of the dead. The hymn corroborates, as far as it goes, the narrative

of Plutarch, two thousand years later. Similar confirmation is given by "The Lamentations of Isis and Nephtys," a papyrus found within a statue of Osiris, in Thebes. The sisters wail for the dead hero, and implore him to "come to his own abode." The theory of the birth of Horus, here, is that he was formed out of the scattered members of Osiris, an hypothesis, of course, inconsistent with the other myths (especially with the myth that he dived for the members of Osiris, in the shape of a crocodile*), and, therefore, all the more mythical. On the sarcophagus of Seti the First (now in the Soane Museum), among pictures and legends descriptive of the soul's voyage after death, there is a design of a mummy. Behind it comes a boat manned by a monkey, who drives away a pig called "the devourer of the body," referring to Typhon as a swine, and to the dismemberment of Osiris and Horus. The Book of Respirations, finally, contains the magical songs by which Isis was feigned to have restored breath and life to Osiris.† In the representations of the vengeance and triumph of Horus, on the temple walls of Edfou, in the Ptolemaic period, Horus, accompanied by Isis, not only chains up and pierces the red hippopotamus (or pig in some designs), who is Set, but, exercising reprisals, cuts him into pieces as Set cut Osiris. Isis instructs Osiris as to the portion which properly falls to each of nine gods. Isis reserves his head and "saddle," Osiris gets the thigh, the bones are given to the cats. As each god had his local habitation in a given town, there is doubtless reference to local myths. At Edfou also the animal of Set is sacrificed symbolically, in his image made of paste, a common practice in ancient Mexico.‡ Many of these myths, as M. Naville remarks, are doubtless ætiological—the priests, as in the *Brahmanas*, told them to account for peculiar parts of the ritual, and to explain strange local names. Thus the names of many places are explained by myths setting forth that they commemorate some event in the

Rougé, *Nouv. Not.* p. 197; Lefébure, *Osiris*, p. 213.

* *Religion und Mythologie*, p. 99.

† *Records of Past*, x. 154.

‡ *De Is. et Os.* 211.

§ *Rev. Archéol.* May 1857.

|| Plutarch says that Isis took the form of a swallow.

* Mariette, *Denderah*, iv. 77, 88, 89.

† *Records of Past*, iv. 121.

‡ Herodotus, I. ii. 47; Plutarch, *Is. et Os.* 90. See also Porphyry's *Life of Pythagoras*, who sacrificed a bull made of paste.

campaign of Horus against Set. In precisely the same way the local superstitions, originally totemic, about various animals, were explained by myths attaching these animals to the legends of the gods. If the myth has any historical significance it may refer to the triumph of the religion of Horus over Semitic belief in Set.

Explanations of the Osiris myth, thus handed down to us, were common among the ancient students of religion. Plutarch reports many of them in his tract *De Iside et Osiride*. They are all the interpretations of civilized men, whose method is to ask themselves, "Now, if I had told such a tale as this, or invented such a mystery play of divine misadventures, what meaning could I have intended to convey in what is apparently blasphemous nonsense?" There were moral, solar, lunar, cosmic, tellurian, and other methods of accounting for a myth which, in its origin, appears to be one of the world-wide early legends of the strife between a fabulous good being and his brother, a fabulous evil being. Most probably some incidents from a moon-myth have also crept into, or from the first made part of, the tale of Osiris. The enmity of Typhon to the eyes of Horus, which he extinguishes, and which are restored,* has much the air of an early mythical attempt to explain the phenomena of eclipses, or even of sunset. We can plainly see how local and tribal superstitions, according to which this or that beast, fish, or tree was held sacred, came to be tagged to the general body of the myth. This or that fish was not to be eaten, this or that tree was holy; and men who had lost the true explanation of these superstitions explained them by saying that the fish had tasted, or the tree had sheltered, the mutilated Osiris.

This view of the myth, while it does not pretend to account for every detail, refers it to a large class of similar narratives, to the barbarous dualistic legends about the original good and bad extra-natural beings, which are still found current among contemporary savages. These tales are the natural expression of the savage fancy, and we

presume that the myth survived in Egypt, just as the use of flint-headed arrows and flint knives survived during millenniums in which bronze and iron were perfectly familiar. The cause assigned is adequate, and the process of survival is verified.

Whether this be the correct theory of the fundamental facts of the myth or not, it is certain that the myth received vast practical and religious developments. Osiris did not remain the mere culture hero of whom we have read the story, wounded in the house of his friends, dismembered, restored, and buried, reappearing as a wolf or bull, or translated to a star. His worship pervaded the whole of Egypt, and his name grew into a kind of hieroglyph for all that is divine.

The Osirian type, in its long evolution, ended in being the symbol of the whole deified universe—under-world and world of earth, the waters above and the waters below; it is Osiris that floods Egypt in the Nile, and that clothes her with the growing grain. His are the sacred eyes, the sun that is born daily and meets a daily death, the moon that every month is young and waxes old. Osiris is the soul that animates these, the soul that vivifies all things, and all things are but his body. He is, like Ra of the royal tombs, the Earth and the Sun, the Creator and the Created.*

Such is the splendid sacred vestment which Egyptian theology wove for the mangled and massacred hero of the myth. All forces, all powers, were finally recognized in him; he was sun and moon, and the maker of all things; he was the truth and the life, in him all men were justified. His functions as a king over death and the dead find their scientific place among other myths of the homes of the departed. M. Lefébure recognizes in the name Osiris the meaning of "the infernal abode," or "the nocturnal residence of the sacred eye," for, in the duel of Set and Horus, he sees a mythical account of the daily setting of the sun.† "Osiris himself, the sun at his setting, became a centre round which the other incidents of the war of the gods gradually crystallized." Osiris is also the earth. It would be difficult either to prove or disprove this contention, and the usual divergency of opinion as to the meaning and etymology of the word "Osiris" has always

* *Livre des Morts*, 112, 113.

* Lefébure, *Osiris*, p. 248. † *Osiris*, p. 129.

prevailed.* Plutarch† identifies Osiris with Hades; "both," says M. Lefébure, "originally meant the dwellings—and came to mean the god—of the dead." In the same spirit Anubis, the jackal (a beast still dreaded as a ghost by the Egyptians), is explained as "the circle of the horizon," or "the portals of the land of darkness," the gate kept, as Homer would say, by Hades, the mighty warden. Whether it is more natural that men should represent the circle of the horizon as a jackal, or that a jackal totem should survive as a god, mythologists will decide for themselves. The jackal, by a myth that cannot be called pious, was said to have eaten his father, Osiris. Thus, throughout the whole realm of Egyptian myths, when we find beast-gods, blasphemous fables, apparent nature-myths, such as are familiar in Australia, South Africa, or among the Eskimo, we may suppose that these are survivals, or we may imagine that they are the symbols of nobler ideas deemed appropriate by priestly fancy. Thus the hieroglyphic name of Ptah, for example, shows a little figure carrying something heavy on his head, and this denotes "him who raised the heaven above the earth." But is this image derived from *un point de vue philosophique*,‡ or is it borrowed from a tale like that of the Maori Tutenganahau, who first severed heaven and earth? The most enthusiastic anthropologist must admit that, among a race which constantly used a kind of picture-writing, symbols of noble ideas might be represented in the coarsest concrete forms, as of animals and monsters. The most devoted believer in symbolism, on the other hand, ought to be aware that most of the phenomena which he explains as symbolic are plain

matters of fact, or supposed fact, among hundreds of the lower peoples. However, Egyptologists are seldom students of the lower races and their religions.

The hypothesis maintained here is that most of the Egyptian gods (theriomorphic in their earliest shapes), and that certain of the myths about these gods, are a heritage derived from the savage condition. It is beyond doubt that the Egyptian gods, whom Plutarch would not call gods, but demons, do strangely resemble the extra-natural beings of Hottentots, Iroquois, Australians, and Bushmen. Isis, Osiris, Anubis *do* assume animal shapes at will, or are actually animals *sans phrase*. They *do* deal in magical powers. They *do* herd with ghosts. They are wounded, and mangled, and die, and commit adulteries, rapes, incests, fratricides, murders; and are changed into stars. These coincidences between Cahroc and Thlinkeet and Piute faiths on one side, and Egyptian on the other, cannot be linked. They must spring from one identical mental condition. Now, either the points in Egyptian myth which we have just mentioned are derived from a mental condition like that of Piutes, Thlinkeets, and Cahrocs, or the myths of Thlinkeets, Cahrocs, or Piutes are derived from a mental condition like that of the Egyptians. But where is the proof that the lower races ever possessed "the wisdom of the Egyptians," and their splendid and durable civilization?—*Nineteenth Century*.

* A curious example of a choice to make between the symbolical and historical methods occurs when we read (in Diodorus, i. 85) that Osiris, like the daughter of Mycerinus (Herodotus, ii. 129), was buried in a wooden cow. The symbolical method explains the cow as "the goddess of the space under the earth." The historical method remembers that, in Abyssinia, the dead of a certain tribe are still sewn up in cows' hides, placed in a boat, and launched on the waters (Lefébure, quoting Speke). Professor Sayce thinks the cow "must have been a symbol of Isis-Hathor." What do the Abyssinians think?

* See the guesses of etymologists (*Osiris*, pp. 132, 133). Horus has ever been connected with the Greek Hera, as the atmosphere!

† *De Is. et Os.* 75.

‡ Lefébure, *Osiris*, 159.

PAUL LOUIS COURIER.

BY JAMES HUTTON.

PAUL LOUIS COURIER was born in Paris on January 4th, 1773. While he was yet but a child, his father left the capital for a small estate in the neighborhood of Luynes, in Touraine. The reasons for this change of home were eminently characteristic of the country and time. Jean Paul Courier, the father, was a clever and accomplished man, whose money enabled him to find acquaintances in a rank far above his own. Among these was a certain duke, who had done him the honor to borrow one hundred and sixty thousand francs, but was showing no haste to repay them. The plebeian creditor took his revenge in an aristocratic fashion, and it soon came to his grace's ears that his duchess was playing him false. The duke, in his turn, chose a form of vengeance much in vogue among the upper classes. One night, as M. Courier was leaving the opera-house, he was set upon by two armed ruffians, whom, however, he managed to keep at bay till assistance arrived. One of his assailants was discovered to be the duke's valet; the other was a private in the King's Guards. They were pronounced guilty, and sentenced to be broken on the wheel;* but the magistrates were strictly forbidden to investigate the affair, nor was the duke's name ever publicly mentioned in connection with it. Courier was banished from the Court.

Thus deprived at one blow of his money and his noble acquaintances, the father turned his back on Paris, and devoted himself thenceforth to a country life, and to the education of his son. Gifted with a lively wit, and a very fair scholar, the teacher found it no hard matter to inspire his sympathetic pupil with so keen a love for Greek literature that at the age of fifteen he was scarcely less familiar with Euripides and Sophocles than with Corneille and Racine.

Young Paul's classical studies were checked, however, for a time, by his

removal to the Artillery College at Châlons; and in the spring of 1794 he joined the army of the Moselle. In the following year, having absented himself without leave on the occasion of his father's death, he was sent in punishment to Albi, in the south of France, where his duty consisted in receiving and inspecting cannon balls and gun-carriages; as a relief to the monotony of which wearisome details, he occupied himself in translating Cicero's oration, "Pro Ligurio." From Albi, Courier was sent to Toulouse, where he entered heartily into all the festivities and dissipations that marked the reaction which supervened upon the termination of the Reign of Terror. Unhappily, among the qualities he had inherited from his father was a certain laxity of morals, in consequence of which he was obliged one Sunday morning to make a hasty retreat from Toulouse, without the sanction or knowledge of his military superiors. His success in love affairs could not be attributed to his good looks, for he is described as being tall and lanky, with a wide mouth, thick lips, and a face scarred by small-pox.

This fresh irregularity having been condoned, Courier was ordered, after a brief delay, to join the army of England, at that time quartered in Brittany. As usual, consulting only his own pleasure and convenience, he leisurely travelled along the northern coasts, and finally fixed himself at Rennes, where he sketched a rough draft of his "Eloge d'Hélène." A few months later he obtained his transfer to the army of Italy.

On the 18th May, 1799, the main body of the French army, under Macdonald, quitted the Eternal City, leaving General Garnier with only six thousand men to make head against a multitude of enemies. The unequal struggle was maintained for four months, till on the 29th September the French were driven into the Castle of St. Angelo. On that day Courier had gone to pay his farewell visit to the Vatican, and had grown so absorbed in his studies, that night

* A sentence duly executed in the Place de Grève, as recorded in Lady Morgan's journal.

came on before he bethought him of his critical position. No sooner did he issue into the darkening streets than his uniform was recognized and an infuriated mob gathered at his heels, uttering cries of "*Al Giacobino!*" One man even fired a musket at him, and accidentally killed an old woman; while Courier, taking advantage of the confusion, escaped to his lodgings in the house of one Chiaramonte, a kind-hearted old man, who drove him in his own carriage to St. Angelo. A few days later the French embarked on board Commodore Trowbridge's squadron, and were landed at Marseilles. Between Marseilles and Paris the diligence was stopped by a band of brigands, calling themselves Legitimists, who despoiled the passengers of everything they possessed that was worth taking. A yet graver misfortune overtook the plundered artillery officer; he burst a blood vessel, and for four months was confined to his room in imminent danger of his life. On his recovery Courier frequented the society of such learned scholars as Akerblad, Millin, Clavier, Ste. Croix, Boissonade, etc., but took no part in the political movements of the day. It was about this time that he translated Cicero's philippics, but a sudden relapse again claimed for him his mother's affectionate nursing. Shortly afterward he sustained an irreparable loss through the death of that tender parent, to whom he appears to have been devotedly attached.

During the next few years Courier employed his leisure in various translations and imitations of the lesser classics, both Greek and Roman. They are of no particular merit, and remarkable chiefly as the work of a young officer whose nights were devoted to pleasure.

In the autumn of the same year he was appointed, through the influence of Generals Duroc and Marmont, who had been fellow collegians with him at Châlons, Chef d'Escadron of the First Regiment of Horse Artillery, then stationed at Piacenza. Instead, however, of hastening to report himself, he spent a month on his farm in Touraine, and then travelled so entirely according to his own caprice that it was not until the

18th March, 1804, that he presented himself at the headquarters of his regiment. The Consulate was by that time nearly played out, and the colonels of the different regiments had received instructions to sound the feelings of their respective corps as to the proclamation of an Empire. In Italy the idea was entertained somewhat coldly, though neither officers nor men cared to thwart the whim of their favorite leader. To Courier the assumption of the imperial title seemed a great mistake, and even a step backward in the path of true dignity. It was a falling off from the natural grandeur of the man; and from that moment whatever attachment he may originally have felt for his profession gradually cooled down and finally changed to disgust. In a letter dated from Piacenza, May, 1804, Courier gives a graphic description of the scene that was enacted in his own regiment:—

"We have just made an Emperor, and for my part I was not at all in the way. This is how it happened. This morning [Colonel] D'Anthouard calls us together, and states the reason, bluntly, without preface or peroration—'An Empire or the Republic, which is most to your taste?' as who should say, 'Roast or boiled, broth or soup, which will you take?' His speech finished, we look at one another, sitting all round in a circle. 'Gentlemen, how do you vote?' Not a word: no one opens his mouth. That lasted a quarter of an hour or more, and became embarrassing for D'Anthouard and for every one else, when Maire, a young man, a lieutenant whom you may have seen, stood up and said: 'If he wants to be Emperor, let him be; but so far as my opinion goes, I don't like it at all.' 'Explain yourself,' said the colonel: 'is it your wish—is it not your wish?' 'It is not my wish,' replied Maire. 'Very good.' Fresh silence. We began to scan one another's faces as people do who see each other for the first time. We should be still at it if I had not taken up my parable. 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'it seems to me, under correction, that this is not a matter which concerns us. If the nation wants an Emperor, is it for you to discuss the point?' This reasoning appeared so strong, so luminous, so pertinent, that I carried away the meeting. Never had orator such a complete success. We all get up, sign, and go off to billiards. Maire said to me, 'Upon my word, commandant, you speak like Cicero, but why do you so particularly desire that he should be Emperor?' 'To be done with it, and get away to our billiard match. Were we to stay there all day? And why are you against it?' 'I don't know,' said he, 'but I fancied he was made for something better.' The lieutenant's remark seems to me not far wrong. In fact, tell me what does a man like Buonaparte—a

soldier, a leader of armies, the first captain in the world — mean by wishing to be called 'Majesty'? To be BUONAPARTE and make himself 'Sire'! He aspires to descend; no, he thinks to rise by placing himself on a level with kings. He prefers a title to a name. Poor man! His ideas are below his fortune."

Toward the latter part of the same year Courier was promoted to the command of the Horse Artillery attached to the army of South Italy, under General Gouvion St. Cyr, and received from the hands of Marshal Jourdan the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Twelve months later he volunteered for the campaign in Calabria, a brief and inglorious affair which served only to increase his dislike to the profession of arms. He himself was so far unlucky that on several occasions he was robbed of everything but the clothes in which he stood. "I am not one of those," he wrote to a friend, "who have most reason to complain, seeing that I have still all my limbs; but the shirt on my back does not belong to me, from which you may judge of our discomforts in general." He also referred to his losses in a humorous letter of thanks addressed to General Mossel, from Mileto:—

"I have received, General, the shirt you bestow upon me. God reward you, General, either in this world or in the next. Never was charity better placed. I am not, however, quite naked. I have even a shirt on my back, though, to tell the truth, it has no flap either in front or rear. . . . There is no one but you, General, in the whole army capable of such a charitable act; for, besides that my comrades are, for the most part, as badly equipped as myself, it is now accepted as an axiom that I cannot keep anything, experience having shown that whatever is given to me goes to the brigands as a matter of right. . . . People, therefore, are weary of clothing me and of giving me alms, and it is the general belief that it will be my fate to die as naked as I was born."

Sick at heart over the incessant massacres of patriots, weary of the monotony of his professional duties, twice placed under arrest for grave derelictions from duty, and repeatedly involved in disputes with the military authorities, Courier sent in his resignation, which was at last accepted. His farewell to his brother officers was thoroughly characteristic:—

"Good-by, Major! Good-by, my comrades, old and new, known and unknown! Drink what is cool, eat what is hot, make love as you may. Good-by."

To M. Akerblad he mentioned that he had been present at a discussion as to whether the words *porco* and *asino* could be admitted into heroic verse, the decision being given in the affirmative, on the authority of Homer. "Notify this decree," he sarcastically remarks, "to your Tuscan literati, and to all whom it may concern. It is a point that interests many individuals who, otherwise, could never hope to see their names in epic poetry."

Courier reached Paris about the middle of April, 1809, just as all France had gone mad with exultation over the victories of Abensberg and Ecmühl. He had also the mischance to encounter some old comrades, whom he had not seen for many years, on their way from Spain to join the victorious army in Germany. Among them was General Count Lariboisière, who pressed him to resume the service, promising to exert his utmost interest in his favor. In a moment of weakness, or of enthusiasm, Courier consented, and obtained a provisional order to proceed to Vienna. It was not, however, until the middle of June that he reported himself at headquarters, and was instructed to join the Fourteenth Corps, then engaged with the enemy. Unprovided with money or a horse, he was compelled to make his way on foot to the scene of hostilities, where, famished and fever-stricken, he stood to his guns in the island of Lobau until nature gave way, and some of his men carried him to a boat that was about to cross the Danube. Conveyed to Vienna he speedily recovered his health, and with it his old distaste for the military profession. He accordingly sought out Generals Lariboisière and Aubry, and begged them to erase his name from all the states of the army. That simple formality he chose to regard as his final manumission from military servitude, and forthwith took his departure for Strasburg, whence he wandered on to Lucerne, and there amused himself with a free but singularly elegant translation of Plutarch's life of Pericles. Of Plutarch he wrote to a friend:—

"He is a pleasant author, and very little known by those who do not read him in his own tongue, for his merit lies wholly in his style. He laughs at facts, and makes use only

of such as suit him, caring for nothing else than to appear an able writer. He would make Pompey win the battle of Pharsalia if, by doing so, his diction would be better rounded. He is right. All those absurdities called histories owe their sole value to artistic treatment."

Early in November Courier arrived in Florence, and on the following day repaired to the Laurentian Library, in which, during the previous year, he had noticed a manuscript of Longus, which appeared to be complete. On a closer examination he now discovered that it contained some ten pages of the "Daphnis and Chloe" that had been missing from all previous editions. This discovery he communicated to M. Rénouard, a Paris publisher, who happened just then to be in Florence, and who evinced great interest in the matter, promising to bring out original editions of the Greek text and of Courier's proposed translation. The manuscript being particularly difficult to decipher, Courier employed Signor Furia, the librarian, and Signor Benoini, his assistant, to make a clear copy, and to mark the place in the supplement occupied by this passage he slipped in between two folios a half sheet of paper, the underside of which was unluckily besmeared with ink. The volume, it should be explained, comprised several manuscripts, and among others one of *Æsop*, on which Signor Furia had been at work for some years, and had thus become familiar with the transcriber's peculiar formation of Greek characters and contractions. It was in exhibiting this discovery to M. Rénouard that Courier found that his marker stuck so tightly to the folio that he could not detach it without using dangerous violence. Signor Furia, being equally nervous, the French publisher undertook and adroitly accomplished the delicate task, but not without effacing at least a score of words scattered over as many lines. The librarian, though naturally somewhat disconcerted, appears at first to have treated the mishap as entirely accidental, which was undoubtedly the case, and while under that impression he declined Courier's offer of the copy made by himself and his assistant, contenting himself with attaching to the injured folio the marker that had wrought the

mischief, and on which was written the following confession:—

"This scrap of paper, inadvertently placed in the manuscript to serve as a marker, proved to be blotted with ink: the fault is wholly mine, through my heedlessness; in testimony whereof I append my signature.

"COURIER.

"Florence, the 10th November, 1809."

The affair, however, was not so easily brushed aside. The "*Corriere Milanese*" published a gross misrepresentation of the affair, of which Courier wisely refused to take any notice. But when, fuming under this exposure of his own carelessness in having so long overlooked this missing fragment (really of no great intrinsic value), Signor Furia was foolish enough to follow the newspaper with an equally garbled narrative, a commotion was raised which at length came to the knowledge of General Gassendi, Minister of War, who had been making inquiries about a Chef d'Escadron of the Horse Artillery, missing since Wagram, and also of the Director-General of the Library, until then comfortably ignorant of the misadventure. Both these important personages now threatened to pounce upon the unfortunate Hellenist, who had been rendered famous by an ink blot. To General Gassendi Courier wrote a letter of explanation, couched in a strangely familiar strain, while in a lighter vein he sketched his critical position for the information of an ex-brother-officer:—

"Ah! my dear friend," he wrote, "my affairs are very much worse than you have been told. I have two ministers at my heels, one of whom wants to have me shot as a deserter, the other to have me hanged for having stolen some Greek. I reply to the former: 'Monseigneur, I am not a soldier, and consequently not a deserter.' To the latter, 'Monseigneur, I do not care two straws for Greek, and have stolen none.' They retort—the one: 'You are a soldier, for only a year ago you got drunk in the Island of Lobau, with L—— and such-like rakes, who spoke to you as to a comrade. You followed the Emperor on horseback, therefore you shall be shot.' The other: 'You shall be hanged; for you have smirched a page of Greek to play a trick on certain pedants who know neither Greek nor any other language.' Thereupon I bewail myself, and ask: 'Shall I then be shot for having drunk to the health of the Emperor? Must I then be hanged for a dab of ink? . . . In truth, I trouble myself very little about it. I believe that I am really beyond the reach of these gentlemen, and equally quit of their protection and their persecution.'"

His belief was justified. He was molested neither by the Minister of War nor by the Director-General of the Library, but an indiscretion on the part of M. Rénouard provoked him to publish his famous letter addressed to that publisher, in which he first gave his countrymen a taste of his pungency as a satirist. At the time this pamphlet created an extraordinary sensation, for men had lost their sense of independence and self-respect, and spoke of the superior authorities only with bated breath. It was generally approved by Courier's personal friends, except by M. Sylvestre de Sacy, who very properly objected to its offensive personalities and savage tone. To this charge Courier pleaded guilty, but urged in extenuation of his offence that, "seeing men and dogs at his heels, he had twirled his cudgel around, without much caring whom he struck."

In the summer of 1812 Courier left Italy for the last time. On his return to France he resided chiefly in Paris for the sake of enjoying the acquaintance of Clavier, under whose roof he learned to dream of domestic happiness, and began, in a fitful way, to desire a home for himself. Against this new sentiment his inveterate horror of restraint and his tendency to Bohemianism struggled fiercely though ineffectually, for in the spring of 1814 he found himself pledged to marry the daughter of his learned friend, a young lady of considerable personal attractions, endowed with much good sense and amiability, and possessed of many accomplishments. And yet his marriage was hardly arranged before the engagement was broken off through his besetting waywardness. Within forty-eight hours, however, he had repented of his capriciousness, and earnestly besought Madame Clavier to forgive him and intercede for him. His strange behavior he attributed to the same cause that wrought the ruin of Psyche, namely, the counsels of kinsfolk, and he promised to work for M. Clavier in any way he might command. He would make translations, researches and notes, would copy out extracts, and would even strive to become an Academician. This curious act of contrition being accepted, the mature bridegroom of forty-two years of age was married

on the 12th May, 1814, to a fair bride of only eighteen, of whose society he grew weary in a few weeks. By way of a change he went off by himself to his farm in Touraine, and shortly afterward projected a voyage to "the ancient Lusitania." The tender remonstrances and loving appeals of his young wife at last succeeded in inducing him to renounce this design, and after a while, as one of his biographers remarks, he became "acclimatized to a matrimonial life."

Under the first Restoration and during the troublous scenes of the Hundred Days Courier kept aloof from politics. At the beginning of the second Restoration he was favorably regarded by the returned exiles as one who had long since broken with the Empire; but his constitutional opinions soon gave umbrage to the ultra-Royalists, who were taking an unwise revenge for their long exclusion from power. Toward the close of 1815 he happened to be in Touraine, and, as he wrote to his wife, dined on one occasion in the company of Chouans, Vendéens, and ultra-Royalists, who had toasted her health:—

"There were two priests there," he continued, "both of whom got tipsy. One of them had to conduct a funeral service, which was the first thing that escaped his memory. On returning home, at ten o'clock at night, he found that the corpse and the mourners had been waiting for him since noon. He at once busied himself with burying the body. He chanted at the top of his voice, and set the bells ringing—a hideous uproar. The other, who was farther gone than his neighbor, wanted to fight me. Being told that I had a young and pretty wife, he indulged in several hussar-like jokes, which greatly diverted the company."

Many of the Royalist priests, indeed, had acquired the license of camps, and were a disgrace to their sacred calling. Men of that stamp were little calculated to command the respect of their parishioners, and seldom concerned themselves to act as peacemakers between the hostile factions into which rural France was then divided. Scarcely less mischievous was the insolence of the mayors and other municipal officers, whose petty tyranny inflicted much serious suffering upon the helpless peasantry. As soon as it was known that Courier no more held with the Royalists than with their predecessors, he became a butt for all sorts of annoyance and spoliation. His

trees were cut down and carted away by individuals to whom he was able to bring home the trespass and robbery, but the mayor took them under his protection, and no redress could be obtained. Others filched away entire roods of land, or withheld their rents, and the law, when set in motion by one of the disaffected, was powerless to coerce the evildoers. All this greatly disquieted Courier, not merely on his own account, but through his generous sympathy with the weak and unfriended.

It was not enough for him to unburden his mind to his wife. He felt that humanity and patriotism alike required of him to do something for his harassed and down-trodden neighbors. Under this conviction he wrote his memorable "Pétition aux Deux Chambres," dated the 10th December, 1816, a brilliant little pamphlet of ten pages. The clear statement of facts and incidents that outraged the commonest feelings of humanity, the fearless and uncompromising tone, the pungent, incisive diction—all combined to create a sensation through all classes of the Parisian world, and ministers were forced to acknowledge that they had strained to the utmost the forbearance of the nation, and that it would be necessary henceforth to temper the zeal of their subordinate agents. M. Decazes, the Minister of the Interior, is supposed to have been far from displeased at the check so unexpectedly inflicted upon his ultra-Royalist colleagues and the Court, untaught by the lessons of adversity. In any case, it is certain that such rigorous proceedings were thenceforth discountenanced, though too much license was still allowed to rural and municipal authorities.

No one seems to have been more surprised than Courier himself at the success of his first essay as a political writer; but, instead of immediately pursuing the path that invited him onward to popularity and usefulness, he turned aside to translate that not very edifying tale commonly known as "The Ass" of Lucian which was subsequently published in 1818. A serious attack of illness, which well-nigh proved fatal, followed by the death of his father-in-law, whom he sincerely esteemed and loved, reduced him to such a state of physical

prostration that the management of his property devolved upon his wife, who ever afterward kept it in her own hands. While suffering in mind and body Courier unwisely offered himself as candidate for one of the three vacant chairs at the Academy. His canvass was hopeful, and he secured the promise of a considerable number of votes. Nevertheless, he was unanimously rejected. He felt the disappointment keenly, and had not the good sense to hide his feelings. Irritated by the impertinence of some second-rate journal, which had reminded him that to become an Academician something more was needed than Greek, he dashed off a truculent undignified letter to the Academy, in which he not only stooped to pick up the challenge of the journalist, but ungraciously sneered at his more fortunate rivals. This unwise effusion naturally did not increase his reputation, but a better reception was accorded to his ten letters to the editor of the "Censeur," all full of the keenest irony and caustic humor. In the first he plunged, as usual, headlong into his subject:—

"You compassionate us peasants, and you are so far right that our lot might undoubtedly be better. We are at the mercy of a mayor and a *garde-champêtre*, whose tempers are easily disturbed. Fine and imprisonment are no trifles. But bear in mind that in the olden time we could be killed for five *sous paris*: that was the law. Any noble who killed a *vilain* was bound to cast five sous upon the grave of the deceased; but liberal laws are seldom rigorously enforced, and, for the most part, nothing was paid for killing us. Nowadays, it costs a mayor seven and a half sous for stamped paper merely to put a working-man into prison, and the magistrates interfere. Inquiries are instituted, and then only is judgment pronounced, conformably to the good pleasure of the mayor or the prefect. Does it seem to you, sir, a small thing what we have gained in the course of five or six hundred years? We were subject to forced labor, to arbitrary taxation, we could be killed at pleasure; now, we can only be thrown into prison."

In an evil hour for himself he next ventured to publish "Le Simple Discours de Paul Louis, Vigneron de la Chavonnière, aux Membres du Conseil de la Commune de Veretz." It is one of the most forcible pamphlets that ever proceeded from his pen, and was written in opposition to a project for purchasing by voluntary subscription the

domain and château of Chambord, to be presented to the infant Duke of Bordeaux. The sum of fifteen hundred thousand francs was, nevertheless, wrung from the servility of the rural communes, and the domain of Chambord became once more an appanage of the Crown. For his part Paul Louis Courier was brought to trial upon a charge of having outraged public morality by maintaining that the vicinity of a Court is bad for the peasantry of the district. Being found guilty he was sentenced to two months' imprisonment and a fine of two hundred francs, time, however, being allowed him to arrange his private affairs. His letters to his wife from Ste. Pelagie are very touching, and evince a tenderness of heart scarcely in harmony with his usual deportment. In prison he became acquainted with Béranger, to whom he oddly enough alludes as "the man who writes pretty songs." The song-writer employed his compulsory leisure in publishing a collected edition of his poems, ten thousand copies of which were sold in a week!

On the expiration of his term of imprisonment Courier returned to his home in the country, vowing never again to come within the clutches of the public prosecutor. For some time he adhered to this prudent resolution, but the old Adam was not to be so easily cast out, and in 1822 appeared his "*Pétition à la Chambre des Deputés pour les Villageois que l'on empêche de danser.*" For this clever brilliant trifle he was again summoned before the tribunal, but escaped with a reprimand. This second experience, however, made him more cautious for the future, and thenceforth he published his political papers with so much secrecy that not even his most intimate friends were aware to what press he had recourse. His industry appears to have been stimulated by the obstructions placed in his way, but the hour of repose was at hand. In the early months of 1824 he brought out his wonderful "*Pamphlet des Pamphlets,*" which proved the crowning-stone of his literary reputation. This brilliant effusion, the last as well as the most powerful of the political writings of Paul Louis Courier, has been characterized as "the song of the

swan." Nothing short of the translation of the entire pamphlet would give an adequate idea of the vigor and eloquence of this remarkable production. According to one of his editors, "it is the definition, the theory, the apotheosis of pamphlets." Armand Carrel is still more enthusiastic, and describes it as "a fragment of irresistible fascination, the style of which, from one end to the other, harmonizing with the impulse of a most capricious and daring inspiration, may be quoted as an example in our language of what is most refined as taste and most marvellous as art."

After spending the months of January and February, 1825, in Paris, Courier made his last journey to La Chavonnière, leaving his wife in the capital. It was apparently his intention to dispose of all his landed property (a small estate, in truth) and withdraw entirely from country life, devoting himself thenceforth to literary pursuits. Whatever may have been his plans they were frustrated by his violent death on the 10th April, within a few paces of his own house. Five years afterward a peasant and a young girl deposed that, while concealed in a thicket, they saw three men approach Courier, one of whom tripped him up, whereupon another fired at him and killed him on the spot, the third merely looking on. The first assailant having died in the meantime, and the actual murderer, Courier's own *garde-champêtre*, lying at the point of death, the two hidden witnesses, no longer afraid of evil consequences to themselves, came forward and told what they had seen. The dying man confessed the truth of their statement, but died without disclosing the motive that had prompted him to kill his master, and apparently without revealing the name of the third accomplice. The murder thus remained still hidden in mystery, nor does it appear that any great trouble was ever taken to investigate the case.

Courier has been called the Rabelais of politics, the Montaigne of the present century, the successful rival of Pascal; and no doubt there are many points of resemblance between him and those illustrious writers. But in his case pre-eminently does Buffon's saying hold good—the style was the man himself.

The touches of grim, often grotesque, humor, the keen, biting sarcasm, the classical illustrations, the intolerance of wrong, the scorn for all that is mean and

ignoble, the untameable love of independence—all that was Courier's own, and marked him as a man distinct from his fellows.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

MR. SWINBURNE'S POETRY.

BY P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

SUPPOSING the ghost of Lord Byron to take an intelligent interest in mundane literature, it may safely be presumed that for some time past Heaven has received from it thanks for the circumstance that Algernon Charles Swinburne is not only a critic, but a creator. We can even fancy a similar feeling on the part of a ghost of more sardonic temperament, that which animated the corruptible part of Thomas Carlyle, who, in the flesh, would have esteemed the term "backbiter" a peculiarly offensive present from a minor poet. On the other hand, it ought to be a matter of serious gratitude to Mr. Swinburne that the majority of his own critics are men of hand untainted with the sin of original writing, who, therefore, are able to mete out praise or blame to him in a spirit of calm impartiality nursed by a mournful consciousness that rivalry is impossible. An author criticising an author resembles one cook commenting on the dishes of another; while a mere critic giving an opinion is like one of those who sit at table, out of pure devotion to good eating, educating less fastidious diners into more perfect taste. Our bards, from Lord Tennyson downward, are uniformly unjust to the "indolent irresponsible Reviewers," the sombre, pathetic gladiators of modern intellectual life, who periodically hack and hew each other for the edification of the intelligent British public, and whose *brevis lux*, for the most part, burns out so swiftly and so uselessly—and they conveniently ignore the open secret that the most intemperate criticisms are in the nature of stabs in the dark administered by their brother-craftsmen. The players in the game of literature are less competent judges than the spectators.

The chief difficulty of the critic is to find means of clearly and adequately

expressing his ideas. For a thousand readers who feel a vague intangible dissatisfaction or pleasure in a bit of literary workmanship, it is hardly possible to find one capable of analyzing the causes and of enumerating them in clear language. But when a poet himself voluntarily assumes the censor's pen, and when, as Mr. Swinburne has done, he discourses with frank volubility on the merits and demerits of his literary brethren, he infinitely lightens the labors of his own critics. Authors speaking of each other can hardly avoid letting the careful observer into the secret of their own ideals and tendencies. A poet, for instance—unless he be a poet of pre-eminent powers, a Shakespeare, a Milton, or a Dante—cannot frame a definition of poetry without disclosing somewhat of his own endowments. He tells us what poetry is to him, and that is a great point gained. Examples in illustration of this fact lie at the door. To Thomas Carlyle poetry was "sincerity and depth of vision;" and he struggled on, laboring only to see. He was a poet without the faculty of rhyming, and to harmony, accordingly, he attached little importance. Mr. Matthew Arnold, again, finds poetry to be, at bottom, "a criticism of life," and few will deny that he himself is more of a critic than of anything else. The phrase, in one sense, is but an intellectual label for a vague, indistinct idea, and is perhaps only Carlyle's thought in ethical language. Here, as frequently, however, Mr. Arnold has sacrificed the deeper shades of meaning to his straining after lucidity, and the mystic has given the thought its richer clothing. Now, poetry is not to Mr. Swinburne what it was to Carlyle and what it is to Matthew Arnold; it is to him the language of imagination and harmony. A passage in his essay on Byron and

Wordsworth puts his conception of poetry so clearly before the reader that it deserves quotation; he says that he "regards it as indisputable. . . . that the two primary and essential qualities of poetry are imagination and harmony; that where these qualities are wanting there can be no poetry, properly so called; and that where these qualities are perceptible in the highest degree, there, even should they be unaccompanied and unsupported by any other great quality whatever—even though the ethical or the critical faculty should be conspicuous by its absence—there, and only there, is the best and highest poetry."

Next to Mr. Swinburne's essays, the most valuable aid to an understanding of his merits is a clear apprehension of the characteristics of the school to which he belongs. He is differentiated from the highest order of poets by his poetical affinities, a fact which tells fatally against any claim of signal originality put forward in his behalf. We can classify him; but we cannot classify Burns. The one is cosmopolitan, the other a denizen of an intellectual parish. He falls naturally into a place beside Shelley, Rossetti, and William Blake, and in his writings may be found marked resemblances to certain special characteristics of Wordsworth on the one hand and of Catullus on the other. The tone of his mind is prominently exhibited in his dislikes and preferences, for he is as much a sectarian in literature as Methodists are in religion. In nothing more than in his exaggerated hero-worship is this peculiarity visible. The language in which he speaks of Mazzini—

"Since man's first mother brought to mortal earth

Her first-born son,
Such grace befell not ever man on earth
As crowns this one,"

can only be paralleled by an article which lately appeared in a religious periodical, where the writer gravely contended that Mr. Moody is as powerful a preacher as was the Apostle Paul. But by far the most instructive of his partialities is that for Blake, in whose person was developed to an abnormal degree the most fatal weaknesses of the school of Shelley. Without entering upon the controversy as to Blake's

sanity, it may be stated as an incontrovertible fact that one most glaring defect of his character, a defect that reduced a man of rare and exceptional endowments to the position of an ineffectual worker, was an uncontrolled and undisciplined imagination; and a little consideration will show that this flaw—so conspicuously prominent in Blake—taints, in a greater or lesser degree, all the other objects of Mr. Swinburne's admiration, and especially the members of that school of which he is now the most distinguished living representative. The extravagances of Victor Hugo in prose as in rhyme are indisputable. So are those of Dante Rossetti, so are those of Shelley; and in pointing out their existence it is surely needless to say that the recognition of one fault is not blinding us to those most rare and exquisite gifts with which these three writers were endowed. More in Shelley than in the others (and Shelley has been to some extent Mr. Swinburne's model) does the failure to tone down, to adapt, to subject his imagination lead him out of the atmosphere of his reader. He fell into a snare which is set for all lyric poets. A dramatist who knows that his comedy or tragedy must keep strictly in touch with human passions or be promptly damned is all the better for the curb—at least, it is not unreasonable to suppose that on the dramas of Molière, Shakespeare, and Aristophanes the effect of the check was salutary; the history of literature teems with names of men of mighty intellects, whose works, as the centuries have followed one another to swell the sum total of the world's age, have fallen silent and dumb. The poet's fine frenzy is apt to carry him into the ether, unless he has some substitute for the old woman on whom Molière tried his comedies before having them acted. Burns was probably saved from many a fantastical flight by a wholesome dread of rising beyond the comprehension of the Ayrshire peasants with whom he corresponded; and the compactness, imaginative closeness, and clear intelligibility of the "*Divina Commedia*" are doubtless in part due to Dante's earnest desire that his poem might be understood and taken to heart by unscholarly contemporaries, men who did not know Latin. On the other hand, the unhar-

nessed genius of Sir Thomas Browne has left no worthy memorial of its power. It was Carlyle's grave misfortune that he could not bend his mind to attain so trivial a result as to make his narrative interesting. Rare flashes of genius make no book a work of art. "Frederick," in spite of all the labor spent on it; is a dull monstrosity. While the zealous admirer of Shelley is apt to become his extravagant disciple and endeavor to maintain for him a falsely high position, the more judicious critic cannot but feel that nine-tenths of his beautiful verses are out of touch with humanity. In this case harmony and imagination have not combined to make the most enduring poetry of which the author was capable. Much of Shelley's verse is as dull to read as any of Wordsworth's. Neither these nor Coleridge kept a continuous grasp upon human passion and sentiment; all of them made the mistake of trying to write beyond their range.

Nature has given to thinking men no gift more splendid than that of a powerful imagination, but there is no faculty which it is more necessary to guide and moderate. Ungoverned, it will, as with Blake, produce nothing but fantastic shapes, in which the elect alone will perceive the promise of beauty, the earnest of what might have been; as with Shelley, cloud-castles and ethereal glimmerings, lovely, but divided from the common thought of man. Governed and disciplined, as with Dante or Shakespeare, it leads to the highest summits of human thought, but by paths which any but the feeblest climbers may follow. Now with Mr. Swinburne and his friends it seems to be regarded as a rule that fancy should be allowed to take its wildest flight unreined. It is no fault that imagination brings before the reader's eye a false picture of a fact, provided that the picture be sufficiently striking. While Shakespeare used his imagination to find expression for deep glimpses of truth or beauty which escaped through the meshes of ordinary language, or to fix and present those fine and delicate ideas which elusively float through the mind, Mr. Swinburne has made it a mere instrument for manufacturing metaphors. We prize the attribute in Shakespeare as an attri-

bute, by Mr. Swinburne it is rated as a central quality. In the greatest the insight is greatest; but Mr. Swinburne holds that as nothing, and mentions imagination and harmony as the primary and supreme qualities of the poet. Yet it is surely evident that the two latter are the servants of the first. Harmony is practically valueless unless by sound it amplifies truth not otherwise fully expressible, or suggests what cannot be directly conveyed; its habitation by tenants so bright, beautiful, and invisible as to be inexpressible save by the most delicate imagery, is the distinguishing feature of the poetic element. For harmony itself, *i.e.*, the true harmony (the marriage of sound and sense, not the jingle of vocables), insight is the poet's first requirement. Unless it be true, according to a well-known saying of Macaulay, that poetry revels in ignorance, and must, therefore, forever be retreating before science, the proper exercise of imagination should be preceded by a just, detailed, and accurate observation of facts and their bearings.

It is for these reasons that a poet's capabilities are most severely tested when he attempts dramatic composition. No command of form, no power of using the language of imagination will aid a dramatist who fails to have a sure and deep insight into human character. Now it is here that Mr. Swinburne has most signally failed; although his *Atalanta in Calydon* is incomparably his finest poem, the merits of it are not of the dramatic order; to borrow the language of painting, the characters are mere studies in mono-tint, or, as Mr. Whistler might say, nocturnes in agnostic gray. This fault of *Atalanta* is still more obvious in his other dramatic writings. As a dramatist, Mr. Swinburne has failed from two causes. He is a bad narrator and he has never succeeded in painting a single recognizable portrait of man or woman. Neither Lord Tennyson nor Mr. Browning has accomplished anything really great in this branch of their art, but both have done infinitely better than Mr. Swinburne. The failure is no doubt very largely due to the first of the causes which we have mentioned. Carlyle used to hold that the faculty of telling a story clearly was in itself a strong proof of in-

tellectual power, and he was right. As, in society, the unmitigated blockhead always succeeds in advertising his true character when he tries to assume the part of *raconteur*, strangling the life out of a tale in the telling of it, so in literature the faculty of story-telling is nearly the highest. In *Les Casquets* Mr. Swinburne has a tale to relate in twenty-six stanzas, and he arrives at the fifteenth before the story is begun; and, after all, it requires studious consideration on the part of the reader to know what he is driving at. How we sigh for the *sancta simplicitas* of less pretentious poets as we wade through this dense growth of a fruitful—too fruitful—imagination!

A dramatic poem, in addition to much else, ought to be a fretwork of interlaced biographies. An indispensable qualification of him who assays it is, consequently, a fine insight into character. It is surely unquestionable that a poet incapable of accurately estimating real personages must be still more incapable of giving life-like features to the creations of his imagination. This is a homely but effective test to apply to Mr. Swinburne. Of the many writers of whom he has discoursed in prose and verse, is there one of whom he has given such a picture as might suffice to afford a stranger some vital idea of his personal and peculiar traits of character? He has written page on page of Victor Hugo, and, except as proving the uninteresting fact that the lesser poet admires the greater, they are all futile. The literary student will gain more by reading six pages of *Quatre-Vingt-Treize* than from all Mr. Swinburne's eulogies of its author. He has failed to make even his own conception vivid and distinct. Language of almost grovelling worship—"Man may not praise a spirit above man's,"—"Lord of a subject age," etc., vague allusions, and the imaginative gush with which they are intermixed, do not help us to see and fix either the features of Victor Hugo or the special qualities of his writing. This sort of literature, however, is by no means new. Take the religion out of fourth-class hymns, and it will be found that it is to their ecstatic race that Mr. Swinburne's addresses to his ideal Mazzinis and Hugos belong. Neither the

former nor the latter is calculated to give pleasure or profit to any creature here below. The transaction, so to speak, is entirely between Mr. Swinburne and—not his Maker, but his secular saint. Had the chief object of his veneration not been alive at the time of composition, we might suppose him to have written his *New Year's Ode* for use at the annual festival of Mr. Frederic Harrison and the other friends of Humanity. Were his effusive admiration the outcome solely of an amiable and inoffensive friendship, it would easily be possible to pardon its exaggeration. Much is forgivable to the intense lover or the submissive disciple. But when Mr. Swinburne turns in scorn upon those who differ from him in the choice of the objects of their veneration, when in prose and verse he attacks men and bodies of men with virulence, he cannot expect to get off so easily. The world recognizes a vast difference between the hero-worship of a humble and reverent mind and the narrow bigoted partisanship of a sectary's interested championship of his brethren. Mr. Swinburne's onslaughts upon the reputation of the authors he dislikes have destroyed such weight as might otherwise have been given to his praises of those of an opposite description.

Mr. Swinburne's complete failure as a critic, and partial failure as a poet, have not sprung from want of preparation. The cultured reader of his poetry feels as he turns from verse to verse that here has been laboring an artist who has taken infinite pains to make himself acquainted with all that has been previously done in his art. At one place the music of a burden, at another the beat of a rhyming syllable; here the structure of a phrase, and there the leaning of the thought mark the performance, not of a plagiarist, but of a docile and malleable student. It might, perhaps, be said that no one but a critic could have learned such lessons, and in that we partly agree. Mr. Swinburne has that most valuable qualification, an open eye for beauties. It is very seldom, indeed, that, on reading his critical essays, one finds him singling out a passage or a quality for praise which should be blamed. False virtues he but seldom lauds; nay, the main

cause of the badness of his criticism is that he exaggerates and extravagantly extols individual beauties without weighing them against defects. It thus happens that, occasionally, as when writing on Shakespeare or Charlotte Brontë, his criticism, so far as it goes, is sound and valuable; the defect which we feel in it is due not to sins of commission but of omission. Even when speaking on Shelley and Wordsworth and Coleridge, Mr. Swinburne is often right; he lays his fingers on indubitable excellences, and one is frequently grateful for the manner in which he brings into beautiful distinctness qualities which a less clear-sighted reader sees only lurking dimly in the background. This, however, is the most that can be said for him. At bottom, there is no function in the universe for which Mr. Swinburne is more thoroughly unfitted than that of a critic. The chief reason is a rather remarkable one. Intellectual color-blindness only approximately expresses the nature of his most conspicuous defect. He is sensitive to those qualities in others which, in a greater or less degree, he himself possesses, he is blind to other beauties, and deaf to other sounds. The force of the criticism will only be appreciated by remembering how it applies to all sides of the personality we are considering. The characters of his dramas, it must be allowed, have sprung from his general observation and analysis of mankind. We have already called them studies in monotint; they are many only in appearance; in reality, they are one with slight variations. The author shows himself absolutely blind to many common characteristics of the human mind; that he has delineated others with great power saves his books from worthlessness, but not his dramas from failure. In dealing with living people Mr. Swinburne applies the same method; the exalted embodiments of abstract qualities which he calls Victor Hugo and Joseph Mazzini are characters more imaginary than those of Meleager and Atalanta. Nor has he one set of brains to criticise men and another for books. The faults of his attempts to estimate the one are precisely the same as the faults of his attempts to estimate the other.

It is natural that the critic should

have preferences, for who is without them? but prejudices? The poetry of life is indiscoverable except by conscious or unconscious analysis, and without catholicity of taste and breadth of sympathy it is impossible to appreciate the aims or trace the passions of diversely constituted men. As the peculiar poet of a peculiar school Mr. Swinburne is entirely unfitted to be a guide through the mazes of contemporary or other literature. His eminence depends on the abnormal development of one quality, or rather set of qualities, and when he strikes beyond his range he becomes merely ridiculous. A poet of death and love, whose gaze is fixed on the melancholy aspect of both, and whose soft and mournful agnostic psalms are only relieved by adoring hymns to Thalassius, can have but little sympathy with the burning energies, the hopes and fears that animate the great mass of humanity. The languid doubter whose creed is expressed in the following words—

"Friend, who knows if death indeed have life
or life have death for goal?
Day nor night can tell us, nor may seas declare
nor skies unroll
What has been from everlasting, or if aught
shall always be.
Silence answering only strikes response
reverberate on the soul
From the shore that hath no shore beyond it
set in all the sea"—

cannot see eye to eye with those who recognize in life a training-ground, and in death a goal, and who perceive a faintly shadowed but stirring picture of the end in Mr. Browning's fine metaphor:—

"The red wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow,
Thou, Heaven's consummate cup, what need'st
thou of earth's wheel?"

Consequently we find Mr. Swinburne's poetry and criticism to be a mass of turgid rhapsody only relieved here and there by a gush of pure and brilliant light whenever the rays of his torch fall upon the rigidly limited portion of life within his ken.

It is of good omen that the world's greatest men have hitherto shown themselves capable of faith in something or other. Mr. Swinburne's ideas have never been long held but by minds of

an inferior order. Were it not for the passionate intensity of his utterance and the pleasing elegance of his versification they would attract little attention. The union of strong feeling with polished and scholarly diction is unusual and for that very reason attractive. If his prejudices and impulsiveness have led him into such sorry mistakes as that of posing as a political rhymester, they have contributed to his success by enabling him to put old ideas in new words. It may, however, be interesting to note a few of his peculiarities of method as distinct from his peculiarities of thought. The organization which we are portraying is peculiar and uncommon. It is closely related to those of Blake and Shelley, but it has its own special marks. Mr. Swinburne is a unique celebrant in song of joy and beauty, but the joy is that of Eros and the beauty that of mystery. He enters but partially into the life of his fellow-men. He is sometimes lumberingly witty with a bitter wit; he is never humorous; and although not destitute of fine and tender feelings, there is a sad want of cheerfulness, of geniality, about him—even in his poems to children is noticeable a tinge of melancholy not out of place, except that it is wholly unrelieved. A most remarkable phenomenon he is, as revealed in his writings; a constant brooder over fate and destiny; a man plunged in doubts as to man's place and mission, with no rule of life; a singer of love-songs, to whom love is only love; a hymn-writer to the God of Doubt, worshipping no other deity; a non-moral and æsthetic poet, if you will, but how could the evangelist of no-knowledge be didactic? It is perhaps as well that such a character has appeared only in miniature. Had Mr. Swinburne possessed the fibre and strength of a Dante, he might have caused the world infinite sorrow by creating for its terror and mystification some sad, earnest epic of agnosticism, deepening the pathos of life and raising up anew the phantom of despair. It has happened, not unfortunately, however, that Mr. Swinburne has given to the world no cause to apply to himself the phrase wherewith he describes St. Paul—"Faith's fervent Antichrist." On every side his inclinations are closely

hemmed in by the limitations of his genius.

That Mr. Swinburne is the most artificial of British poets must be evident to any careful reader. The execution is everything with him. However diminutive are the jewels of poetic truth in his works we may always expect to find them cut and set with rare and subtle skill. He is more of a literary lapidary than an intellectual miner. He clothes his mind's progeny in verse's most glistening raiment. The soft alliteration, the recurrent burden, the apt repetition, the softened clink of ear-pleasing rhymes combine with carefully arranged cadences to build up forms in which the greatest poet might be glad to enwrap his thought; all the keener, therefore, is the disappointment to find them often mere mansions of the dead, inhabited only by ghosts of ideas. It is painful to find so gifted an author guilty of the deadly literary sin of diffuseness; to find him more and more, as he grows older, getting into the habit of involving a minimum of matter in a maximum of tangled sentences. It thus happens that many of his most elaborate poems are very dull reading. They do not keep the intellectual faculties awake, for the interest which they excite is only that of watching the skilful manipulation of words, and that soon satiates. The mill is all that could be desired, but it grinds little corn. No poetry is more attractive than that of Mr. Swinburne at first, none sooner loses relish. Three causes of its palling so quickly on the student are these:—First, there is the scarcity of fresh thought. Mr. Swinburne, in this respect is like some contemporary novelists who, putting their best into one good story, have been forced afterward to fall back upon the old material, and in later works have produced only variations of their first. He is not fertile. Secondly, the measures in which he writes fall upon the ear with a uniform effect. He may change the form as he pleases, yet the peculiar fall of syllable and turn of sentence remain. His poetry is written in monotone. The third and last reason for the decreasing interest with which his poetry is read lies in his use of words. An examination of this defect requires explanation a little more elaborate.

Mr. Swinburne's vocabulary is choice and beautiful. His system of mingling the language of the cultured nineteenth century with carefully selected archaisms is highly suitable to a style of poetry which does not aim at being natural. Exception has sometimes been taken to the excessive number of erotic adjectives in his poems, but unreasonably, for, where the sentiments are so generally erotic, the poet cannot be blamed for clothing his thoughts in the very words called into being by the feelings with which they correspond. It is far more to be regretted, that, in poems in which Mr. Swinburne has leapt clear of his ordinary tenor, he should tarnish their beauty by indecent allusions. Unquotable metaphors drawn from the mysteries of love are inserted with equal profusion in agnostic disquisition and in declamatory verse. The vice is very un-English, and has probably been nursed by Mr. Swinburne's extensive reading in French literature. Whether Nature knows anything of decency or not, civilization does; and the poet is doing small service to freedom of thought by showing a tendency to revert to the lascivious license of Paganism. We can pardon Marston and Marlowe for not being in advance of their age, and their consequent gross and immodest writing, but not so easily Mr. Swinburne, who would drag his contemporaries back centuries in their manners. This is a general fault of his phraseology; there are many of a smaller type not unworthy of a moment's attention. It is rather remarkable that, despite his wide and varied reading, his vocabulary is really very limited. The same words are used over and over again. It has become a common practice, if not a by-word, to gibe at the recurrent "foam" and "fire," "blood" and "blossom" of his poems, but there are several other monosyllables, such as "glad" and "grave," which serve equally well to make the author's signature unnecessary. In fact, when we come to look closely into Mr. Swinburne's "harmony and imagination" we are irresistibly reminded of a proud Spanish gentleman, dressed and ornamented, ay, and bearing himself, too, like a prince of the blood, but with hardly a *real* in his pocket. Not until we find the same

word doing duty on several occasions do we fully recognize the astonishing poverty of this seeming millionaire in vocables. As an example, the curious reader may be referred to the very many offices which the word "vassal" has had to fill in Mr. Swinburne's recent poems. He makes of it a literary maid-of-all-work. Within the compass of a few pages occur the following lines:—

"When the soul keeps watch and bids her
vassal memory watch and pray."
"When day is the vassal of night."
"No hearing or sight that is vassal to form or
speech."

There is no surer sign of greatness in a writer than the perfect accuracy where-with he can mould words into expressing the finest shades of meaning. Here, however, one word is made to stand for three different ideas, and that same word is forced into several other positions which, for the present purpose, it is needless to mention. It is an insult to the English language to suggest in this way that its vocabulary is insufficient to provide suitable expression for fine shades of meaning. Not the least of the pleasures derivable from reading Wordsworth's poetry is to feel the intense reality which he can impart to the homeliest word, often an unobtrusive adjective with which we have rubbed shoulders daily without noticing the true beauty of its features. In his case the force of imagination could make the commonplace shine with new meaning. Mr. Swinburne accomplishes the converse feat. He deals so much in exaggerated language that he ends by diminishing the expressiveness of his own words. He is like a man in the habit of swearing, in whose mouth a volley of oaths gets to have no more force than the gentle reproof of another. How excessive is his artificiality no one ever fully feels until his poems are laid down for those of some of the Elizabethan dramatists. It is, perhaps, hardly fair to bring him into comparison with Marlowe—with whom, however, he is not unrelated intellectually—but, for the mere gratification of curiosity, if for nothing else, it is worth while to compare a fine passage of the one with a fine passage of the other. Let Mr. Swinburne speak first:—

"Above the sun's head, now
Veiled even to the ardent brow,
Rose two sheer wings of sundering cloud,
that were
As a bird's poised for vehement flight
Full-fledged with plumes of tawny fire and
hoar gray light."

Compare this with Marlowe's :—

"The horses that guide the golden eye of
Heaven
And blow the morning from their nostrils,
Making their fiery gait above the clouds."

He who has read much of Mr. Swinburne's poetry will not be in a position to judge fairly of the relative merits of the two passages. He will at once feel that "sheer wings," "sundering clouds," "tawny fire," and "hoar light" are old servants of the poet and familiar acquaintances of the reader; whereas the strong glowing thought of Marlowe, bursting clear and bright from his mind, gathers the words that it needs to its service, and, common although they are, endues them with that beauty which the quick have more than the dead. Mr. Swinburne deprives himself entirely of that resource of art, or rather that natural faculty of bringing out a flood of meaning by the sudden and

unexpected use of a noble epithet. In such lines as the following the artificiality entirely destroys the force of the sentiment, and suggests the idea that the writer has culled his string of verbs from the pages of a dictionary of synonyms :—

"Make bare the poor dead secrets of his heart,
Strip the stark-naked soul, that all may peer,
Spy, smirk, sniff, snap, snort, snivel,
snarl, and sneer."

A man who is poor in ideas must inevitably be poor in words. Mr. Swinburne's thoughts run in narrow grooves, but he is an ingenious inventor of new dresses for them; he will never win a hearing on account of the breadth of his sympathies, but he may do so by his passionate way of expressing his sentiments. He is a determined upholder of the anti-dogmatic dogma that to know anything is impossible; but he never expresses any doubt of the Swinburnian dictum that, to doubt of all things is the lot of mortals. He is not an encouraging writer, for it is almost as depressing to read morbid disquisitions on love as it is to ponder over the gloomy doctrines of an agnostic.—*Contemporary Review*.

A VISIT TO SOME AUSTRIAN MONASTERIES.

BY ST. GEORGE MIVART.

BESIDES the solid, historic investigation as to "what has been," and the philosophic inquiry as to "what will be," there is the, if less practical yet ever interesting, speculation as to "what might have been"—a speculation to which exceptional circumstances may give an exceptional value.

As the "advanced" Radical programme now avowedly includes the disestablishment and disendowment of the National Church, and as (to our very great regret) such a step seems to approach nearer and nearer to the area of practical politics, the phenomena presented by the very few remaining churches which yet continue in the enjoyment of their landed property can hardly be devoid of interest to those who really care about matters either of Church or State.

A Teutonic land, such as Austria,

admits of a more profitable comparison with England than do countries which are peopled by the Latin races. Moreover, the Austrian Church, like the Church of England, still survives in wealth and dignity, and thus strongly contrasts with the Churches of Spain, Italy, and France, as well as with those of Northern Germany.

But not only is it thus exceptional, but it is yet more so in the possession of monastic institutions of extreme antiquity, which still retain possession of large domains, even if their possessions may have been somewhat diminished. The vast and wealthy Austrian monasteries which are to be found in the vicinity of the Danube may enable us to form some conception of what our St. Albans and St. Edmunds, Glastonbury and Canterbury might now be had no change of religion ever taken place in

England, and had our abbey lands continued in the possession of their monastic owners.

Besides such considerations of general interest which induced the present writer to visit these rare examples of ecclesiastical survival, there were others of a personal nature. When a mere boy he had found in his father's library and read with great interest a presentation copy of Dibdin's charming account of his antiquarian tour in France and Germany.* Therein were graphically described his visits in August 1818 (in search of manuscripts and early printed books) to the great monasteries of Kremsmünster, St. Florian, Mölk and Göttwic, as also to Salzburg and Gmunden, with vivid pictures of their artistic and natural beauties. The strong desire kindled in a youthful imagination to follow Dibdin's footsteps and see sights so interesting and so rare having, after persisting undiminished for thirty years, at length been gratified, it may not be uninteresting to compare what the traveller saw in 1885 with Dr. Dibdin's observations made exactly sixty-seven years before.†

The centre from which these monastic visits can best be made is the bright, clean, busy city of Linz, and to Linz accordingly we went after pausing at Würzburg, Nuremberg, Regensburg, and Passau by the way. The Danube journey, from Passau to Linz, was performed on the 10th of August, a day which felt more like November, so great was the cold. To one who comes fresh from the Rhine, the wildness of the Danube is very striking. The latter river, with its long stretches of forest intervening between the rare and scanty signs of man's handiwork, still presents much of the aspect it must have worn in the days of Tacitus, especially its lofty frowning left bank, the old *Frons Germania*.

At Linz the Erzherzog Karl Hotel is pleasantly and conveniently situated close to the steamers' landing-place, and

its windows command a pleasant view of the Danube and the heights on its opposite shore. Good carriages and horses can also be hired at the hotel; and one was at once engaged to take us next day to pay our first monastic visit—namely, that to the great monastery of St. Florian,* the home of some ninety canons regular of St. Augustine.

The day was delightful, the open carriage comfortable with its springs and cushions in good order, and a very civil coachman, with a smart coat and black cockade, drove our pair of spanking bays briskly along a pleasant road which, after for a time skirting the Vienna railroad, turned south and began between fields and woodlands to ascend the higher ground whereon the distant monastery is perched. The greensward of a picturesque wood we traversed was thickly spangled with brilliant blossoms of *Melampyrum nemorosum*. This lovely little plant requires more than most others to be seen alive to be appreciated, as its colored leaves become invariably and rapidly black when preserved for herbaria. Nor can it be a very common plant, as, though we repeatedly looked for it, we never saw it in any of our country rambles save in this one wood. The true flower is a brilliant yellow drooping tube, while the blossom is made up of several of these surmounted by a crown of brightest blue or purplish bracts—that is, modified foliage leaves.

In a short time the spires and cupolas of St. Florian's began to appear above a distant wood; they were again lost to sight as we descended a declivity, but soon the whole mass of the vast monastery came gradually into view during the last ascent. Though its community celebrated five years ago the thousandth anniversary of their foundation, none of the buildings, save some fragments of the crypt, are even of mediæval date, the whole having been rebuilt during the reign of the Emperor Charles VI.,

* *A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany*. By the Reverend Thomas Frognall Dibdin, D.D. Second edition. London, published by Robert Jennings and John Major, 1829. In three volumes.

† See vol. lili. pp. 217-276.

* St. Florian is said to have been a soldier and martyr of the time of Diocletian, who was thrown from a bridge with a stone tied about his neck. He is a popular saint in Bavaria and Austria, though not nearly so much so as St. John Nepomuk. He is usually represented in armor pouring water from a bucket to extinguish a house or city in flames, and is popularly esteemed an auxiliary against fires.

who reigned from 1710 to 1740. To English ideas it has rather the character of a palace than a monastery, and indeed within it are apartments destined for imperial use, to lodge the sovereign and his suite when visiting this part of his dominions.

Passing the small village immediately without the monastery walls, we drove within the first enclosure, and, having sent in our letters of introduction, were conducted into the church, wherein vespers had just begun.

It is a stately edifice, rich in marble and gilding, and provided with handsome pews (carved seats with doors) throughout its nave. The choir is furnished with stalls and fittings of rich inlaid woodwork, while at the west end of the nave is the celebrated organ, which has more stops than any other in Austria, and three hundred pipes, which have now, just as at the time of Dibdin's visit, completely the appearance of polished silver. The woodwork is painted white, richly relieved with gold.

"For size and splendor," he remarks, "I have never seen anything like it."

The office was but recited in monotone by less than twenty of the canons, each having a short white surplice over his cassock.† It was no sooner finished than a servant advanced to invite us to see the Herr Prelat, or abbot, whose name and title is Ferdinand Moser, Propst der reg. Chorherrenstifter St. Florian. We found him in the sacristy, a man of about sixty, of pleasant aspect, with a manner full of dignified but benevolent courtesy, such as might befit an Anglican bishop or other spiritual lord of acres. Ascending a magnificent staircase to the richly furnished abbatial range of apartments, we were soon introduced to the librarian, Father Albin Cxerny, a venerable white-haired monk

who had been for three-and-forty years an inmate of the monastery. Our first visit was to the library, consisting of one handsome principal room with smaller chambers opening out from it and rich with 50,000 volumes, many having been added since they were gazed at by the English bibliographer, our predecessor. We were greatly interested to find that there was yet a lively tradition of Dr. Dibdin's visit, and were shown first the portrait, and afterward the tomb, of the abbot who had received him; and, to our great satisfaction, the librarian at once took down from their library shelf the three volumes of Dibdin's tour (which had been presented to the monastery by their author), and, turning to his description of the scene around us, spoke with just admiration of its engravings, and with touching kindness of his predecessor in office—the Father Klein (now long since deceased) who had received with so much docility the bibliographical doctrines* of his English visitor. Among the books of the library is an elaborate German flora in many quarto volumes with a colored plate of each species, as in our Sowerby's *English Botany*.

There is a very fine refectory and large garden and highly ornamental conservatory—or winter garden—for the abbot's use, but thrown open to the public except on great feast days. The imperial apartments are richly and appropriately decorated, and the banqueting hall is magnificent. The bedrooms were strangely mistaken by Dibdin, as the librarian pointed out, for monastic "dormitories."†

By the kindness of the superior the very same treat was given to us as had been given to our predecessor in 1818. We were taken to the church, where seated in the stalls we listened for the best part of half an hour to a performance upon their world-renowned organ. Our experience was much like that of Mr. Dibdin, who wrote:‡

To our admiration the organ burst forth with a power of intonation (every stop being opened) such as I had never heard exceeded. As there were only a few present, the sounds were necessarily increased by being reverberated from every part of the building; and for a

* *Loc. cit.* vol. iii. p. 242.

† It should be recollected that these religious are not Benedictines but Augustinians. Part of their ordinary dress consists of a singular garment which, by a zoological analogy, may be termed an ecclesiastical "rudimentary organ." Over the black cassock is worn a long and very narrow slip of white linen hanging down in front and behind, and united by a tape round the neck. This odd appendage is, we were told, a much diminished survival of an ordinary monastic scapular of a white color which was worn by them in former ages.

* *Loc. cit.* p. 257.

† *Loc. cit.* p. 243.

‡ *Loc. cit.* p. 242.

moment it seemed as if the very dome would have been unroofed and the sides burst asunder. We could not hear a word that was spoken; when, in a few succeeding seconds, the diapason stop only was opened . . . and how sweet and touching was the melody which it imparted! A solemn stave or two of a hymn (during which a few other pipes were opened) was then performed by the organist . . . and the effect was as if these notes had been chanted by an invisible choir of angels.

Our last visit was to the spacious crypt, around the interior of which lie (above ground) in bronze sarcophagi the bodies of the abbots and of a few of the monastery's benefactors, while in its centre are the remains of the other members of the fraternity, each in a cavity closed by a stone engraved with a name and date, and reminding us of the catacombs of Kensal Green. Here lie all those whom Dibdin saw. In another sixty-seven years will this monastery be still enduring, and another visitor in 1952 be shown the resting-places of those on whose friendly faces we ourselves have gazed?

Austria certainly shows a marvellously tenacious power of endurance, and in spite of many political changes has been so far singularly exempt from revolutionary destruction. No lover of antiquity, no one who rejoices to see yet surviving social phenomena elsewhere extinct, can fail to exclaim *Esto perpetua*! The convent* of St. Florian still possesses, as we have already said, its old landed property. This property it does not let out either on lease or by the year, but it is its own farmer, all the work, whether of arable land, pasture, or forest, being performed by hired labor exclusively.

Though the community is so large, yet the number within the monastery is almost always much less. This is because the convent possesses not only its lands, but also (as did our own monasteries) the right of presentation to various livings. These are still no less than thirty-three in number, and members of the community are sent out to serve them, but they are liable to recall at any moment. A considerable number of the canons are also sent out to

act as professors in different places of education. Upon the death of an abbot his successor is freely elected by the members, who assemble from all parts for the occasion. Neither the Pope nor the government has any right of nomination, or even of recommendation, but the government can veto the election of an obnoxious individual. This right of veto, however, has been, we were told, very rarely exercised.

The abbey farm has a large supply of live stock. We saw sixty-seven cows in their stalls, and they seemed very well looked after. The abbot has his own private carriage and horses, and we saw twenty-six horses of different kinds in the stables. The collection of pigs was very large, and included some which had recently arrived from England. They were shut up in four dozen pens, the whole of which were enclosed and roofed over by a very large and solid outhouse.

It was with some surprise that I found the superior of this great abbey was as unable to converse either in French or English as was his predecessor when visited by Dibdin. He and the librarian were both, however, well up in English politics, and we were playfully reproached with our late Prime Minister's sentiments toward Austria, nor could we but feel surprised at hearing Mr. Gladstone's questions as to "where Austria had done good" quoted in this secluded monastic retreat.

After cordial farewells, a rapid drive soon carried us back to Linz, in time to escape a storm which had been threatening us, and to enjoy in security the long-continued reverberations of thunder which sounded among the mountains, and to see the city lit up by rapidly repeated flashes of extreme brilliancy.

The next day was set apart for a visit to our first great Benedictine house—that of Kremsmünster.

Although material progress enabled us for this purpose to dispense with the use of horses, yet we rather envied the conditions under which Dibdin had visited that monastery. "By eleven in the morning," he tells us,* "the post-boy's bugle sounded for departure. The

* The word "convent" properly denotes the community, whether male or female, which inhabits a religious house. The word "monastery" denotes the dwelling-place itself.

* *Loc. cit.* p. 216.

carriage and horses were at the door, the postboy arrayed in a scarlet jacket with a black velvet collar edged with silver lace; and the travellers being comfortably seated, the whip sounded, and off we went uphill at a good round cantering pace." Our pace, on the contrary, was of the slowest which a stopping-at-every-smallest station train could be credited with. We had to start from our inn at Linz at a quarter past six, and we did not accomplish the whole journey from door to door in much less time than that in which the about equally long journey to Kremsmünster from Gmunden was made by road sixty-seven years before.

As we approached Krems, the mountains of the Salzkammergut stood out boldly on the horizon, but more striking to us was the prodigious monastery, with its Babel-like observatory tower, the whole mass of its buildings rising from an elevated hill overhanging the small townlet of Krems at its base.

By good fortune, close to the station, we overtook a monk on his road home, who kindly escorted us by a short cut through the monastic gardens, of which he had the key, up to the monastery and to the Prelatura, when, after a short wait in an anteroom, the abbot, Herr Leonard Achleitner, came and invited us into his study (an elegant apartment furnished in crimson velvet), where he read our letters of introduction. Again we were forced to use our little store of German. The courteous prelate lamented that official business called him away from home, and, after inviting us to dine and sleep, consigned us to the care of a pleasant and healthy-looking young monk, by name Brother Columban Schieslingstrasse, who was careful that we should fail to see and learn nothing which it interested us to inspect or to inquire about.

The huge abbey—an eighteenth-century structure, though its foundation dates from the eighth—consists of a series of spacious quadrangles and a large church similar in style to that of St. Florian, save that the choir is a western gallery and that the decorations generally are not so fine.

This great house is the home of one hundred monks, three hundred students, and many servants. As was the case

with the Augustinians, so here many of the monks are non-resident, being appointed to serve the twenty-five livings to which the abbot has the right of presentation. The abbot is freely elected for life by the community. An applicant for admission among its members need not be of noble birth or the possessor of any fortune, but if he is the owner of property he must make contribution therewith on his admission. The novitiate lasts for a year, and for four years longer the newcomer is free to leave if he likes. After that he is held morally bound, but not legally so, as now the arm of the law cannot be employed to force back any monk who may desire to leave. The youngest members are provided with one cell for each pair, but when more advanced each has a room to himself. The monks who act as professors have each two rooms, the prior has three rooms, and the abbot a whole suite of apartments. They have much land, none of which is let to farmers, but is entirely cultivated by hired labor, except of course their forests. These are to be seen from the abbey windows extending up the sides of distant mountains, and our host assured us they were richly stocked with deer and roebuck, pheasants and partridges.

As to their church services, they do not rise at night nor extraordinarily early. All their office is but recited in monotone, and the matins of each day are said the evening before, not in church, but in a room set apart for that purpose. They do not have high mass even on Sundays, but only on great festivals, when each wears a cowl in choir. On all other occasions they only wear their ordinary black cassock and scapular without any hood, nor have they, any more than the Augustinians, a large monastic tonsure.

The abbot, in spite of his stately lodgings and his importance, ordinarily dines with the community in their refectory, and no special dishes are served at the high table, but only those of which all are free to partake.

At the time of our visit the students and most of the professors were away for their vacation, and we could but inspect the means and appliances of learning.

The immense tower, at the summit of which is the observatory, has each story devoted to a scientific collection of a different kind. Thus there is a large collection of fossils and minerals; another of chemical materials and instruments; another is a cabinet of physics, and there is besides a moderately good zoological gallery, and also some skeletons and anatomical preparations. Lining the whole staircase, and also in other parts of the tower, are some hundreds of portraits in oil of former students, each one with his powdered wig, and all anterior to 1799. Every portrait is numbered, but unfortunately in the troubles of the Napoleonic wars the list was lost. It was to me a very sad sight to see this multitude of young faces about whom no one now knew anything, not even a name—lifelike shadows of the forgotten dead!

At Kremsmünster, as at St. Florian, there are royal apartments and also a picture gallery, a gallery of engravings, and other galleries of old glass, china, and objects of *vertu*. In the church treasury are many relics, much plate, and expensive vestments—some given by the Empress Maria Theresa. There is, however, hardly anything mediæval, except a very large chalice of the time when communion in both kinds was partaken of by the laity.

The library contained, we were told, no less than eighty thousand volumes, but to our regret we had no time to properly inspect even a portion of its contents, though some things in it are very curious and others beautiful. There is an elaborate manuscript treatise of magic with illustrations, and another on astrology. A book of the Gospels of the eighth century is wonderful for its most beautiful writing, and there are various ancient missals admirably illuminated. The works treating on the different physical sciences were, we were told, not in the general library, but in separate departmental libraries for the use of each professor. I did not succeed in ascertaining that there was any record or recollection of Dr. Dibdin's visit. The librarian, however, was away for his vacation.

The gardens are attractive, with many interesting plants and various green-houses, but the most interesting object

external to the monastery was what at first sight might be mistaken for a sort of *campo santo*. This consisted of a large space, in shape an elongated parallelogram, bounded by a sort of cloister with an open arcade of pillars and round arches. This space was traversed at intervals by passages similarly arcaded on either side, and these passages connected the two arcades on each longer side of the parallelogram. In each rectangular space, thus enclosed by arcaded passages, was a large fishpond abundantly furnished with large trout or gigantic carp. The walls of the quasi cloister were hung round on every side with deer's heads and antlers, and the venerable monk who went round this place with us assured us they had all been shot by members of the community, he for one having been a very keen monastic sportsman in his younger days, as were many of his younger colleagues now, who found good sport in their well-stocked forests.

From the fishponds we were conducted to the monastic lavatory, and thence to the refectory, with many hospitable regrets that our visit should have taken place on a Friday, with its consequently restricted table.

In the refectory we were received by the prior, Father Sigismund Fellöcker, a monk devoted to mineralogy.

The party having assembled, all stood round and repeated the ordinary monastic grace, after which, being placed at the prior's right hand at the high table, we all fell to amid a lively hum of conversation, no one apparently being appointed to read aloud during an obligatory silence, as is usually the case in monasteries.

The feast consisted of *maigre soup*, omelettes, sauerkraut, excellent apple turnovers, and crayfish. Before each monk was a small decanter of white wine, made at one of their houses in Lower Austria, for at Krems the vine will not ripen enough for wine-making. Dinner being over and grace said, the prior and most of the monks retired, but the sub-prior invited us and another guest and two monks to sit again and taste some choicer wine, white and red, which we did willingly, for the rain was pouring in torrents and we could not leave. Droll stories and monastic rid-

dles went round till coffee came and also the hour at which we had intended to depart. Not liking, however, to begin our long and tedious railway journey to Linz wet through, we accompanied our kind young guide Brother Columban to his cell, where, at our request, he played with skill and taste air after air upon the zitta till the clouds cleared and he was able to escort us, as he kindly insisted on doing, to the outside of the ample monastery's walls.

Much interested with our first experience of the Austrian Benedictines, we looked forward with pleasure to our visit next day to their far-famed monastery of M^ölk.

Leaving Linz by steamer at half-past seven on the morning of the 22d of August, we reached in four hours our point of disembarkation. Long before our arrival there the magnificent palatial monastery was a conspicuous object, with the soaring towers and cupola of the abbey church, the whole massed on the summit of a lofty cliff very near the right bank of the river. This commanding position was in the later part of the tenth century a fortified outpost of the heathen Magyars, from whom it was taken in 984 by Leopold, the first Markgrave of Austria, the founder of the present monastery, who, with his five successors, is buried in the conventual church. Centuries afterward it had again to do with Hungarians, who besieged it for three months in 1619. When visited by Dr. Dibdin it had also recently suffered from war. The French generals had lodged in it on their way to Vienna, and during the march through of their troops it was forced to supply them with not less than from fifty to sixty thousand pints of wine per day.

In spite of the antiquity of its foundation, the monastic buildings are all modern, having been erected between 1707 and 1736.

A walk of about a mile from the landing-place led us (after passing round beneath the walls of the monastery and ascending through the town of M^ölk) to a gate, passing through which, and traversing a spacious quadrangle, we ascended a stately staircase to the Prelatura, or abbot's lodgings. The community were at dinner, but we ventured

to send in our letters, and the first to come out and welcome us was the prior, Herr Friedrich Heilmann, a monk who had inhabited the monastery for forty years, but who was as amiable as venerable, and full of pleasantry and humor. He introduced us to the Herr Prelat, Herr Alexander Karl, who then came up conversing with the monks who attended him on either side.

Rather short in stature, he wore his gold chain and cross over his habit, and on his head a hat, apparently of beaver, shaped like an ordinary "chimney-pot," except that the crown was rather low. He displayed at first a certain stiffness of manner, which made us feel a little ill at ease, and which seemed to bespeak the territorial magnate, no less than the spiritual superior. This uneasy feeling, however, was soon dissipated, for nothing could be more cordial and friendly than the whole of his subsequent demeanor to us throughout our visit. As we were too late for the community dinner, the abbot consigned us to the hospitable care of the prior, and sent word to ask the librarian to show us whatever we might wish to see after dinner. Since many of the ninety monks who have their home at M^ölk were now away, the community had not dined in their great refectory, but in an ordinary, much smaller apartment. To the latter the genial prior conducted us, and sat beside us, chatting of the good game which stocked their forests—their venison, partridges, and pheasants—while we, nothing loth (for the river journey and walk had given us a hearty appetite), partook of soup, boiled beef, roast lamb, salad, sweets and coffee, which were successively put before us. The prior had been a keen sportsman, and still loved to speak of the pleasures of earlier days. Invigorated and refreshed we set out to see the house, and our first visit was to the adjacent refectory. It is a magnificent hall, worthy of a palace, with a richly painted ceiling and with pictures in the interspaces of the great gilded caryatides which adorn its walls.

Passing out at a window of the apsidal termination of the refectory, we came upon an open terrace, whence a most beautiful view of the Danube (looking toward Linz) was to be obtained, with

a distant prospect of some of the mountains of the Salzkammergut. We here met the venerable librarian, Herr Vincenz Stauer, Bibliotekar des Stiftes Mölk, into whose hands the prior now consigned us. After contemplating with delight the charming scene before us and viewing with interest the parts which had been occupied by Napoleon's troops, we entered the library, which is a hall corresponding in shape and size with the refectory, and like it abutting on the terrace balcony by an apsidal termination.

It is a stately apartment furnished with costly inlaid woods, and with a profusion of gilding on all sides, including the gilt Corinthian capitals of its mural pilasters. The library is much richer now than it was when visited by Dibdin, and it contains sixty thousand volumes. Among its treasures are an original chronicle of the abbey begun in the twelfth century, a copy of the first German printed Bible, and a very interesting book about America, executed only two years after its discovery by Columbus. There are also mediæval copies of Horace and Virgil. Various other apartments, besides this stately hall, are devoted to the library, among them one containing four thousand volumes of manuscript. The librarian turned out to be an enthusiastic botanist; so with his help we made out the names of several Austrian wild plants which had interested us. Having done the honors of his part of the establishment, he reconducted us along several spacious corridors to the prior, whom we found in his nice suite of five rooms, well furnished, ornamented with flowers, and with his pet Australian parrot. He took us to see the royal apartments, which are less handsome than those of St. Florian, and to the abbey church, which is exceedingly handsome of its rococo kind. It is cruciform with a high and spacious central dome. The choir is in the chancel, but there is a large organ and organ gallery at the west end. All round the church—where a clerestory would be in a Gothic building—are glazed windows that look into the church from a series of rooms which can be entered from the corridors of the monastery. The church is rich in marbles and profusely gilt.

We were finally conducted to the lodging assigned us, which opened (with a multitude of others) from the very long corridor at the top of the staircase we first ascended. On the opposite side of the corridor is the door which gives entrance to the abbot's quarters. This very long corridor is ornamented with a series of oil paintings representing the whole house of Hapsburg as figures of life size. It begins with fancy portraits of Hapsburgs anterior to the first Imperial Rudolph, and continues with portraits, more or less historical, of all the Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire and with the subsequent Emperors of Austria, including the present Francis Joseph. Ample vacant space remains to similarly depict a large number of his successors.

Our room was comfortably furnished with all modern appliances, including a large looking-glass and a spring bed, and the window commanded a fine view of the mountains toward Vienna. After a little more than an hour's rest the abbot himself came to invite us to go with him to see his garden and join in a slight refectio habitually partaken of between dinner and supper—a sort of Teutonic "afternoon tea." The garden was very pleasantly situated, with a well-shaded walk overlooking the Danube, and with a fine view of the mountains of the Soemmering Pass, between Vienna and Gratz. He told us that his lands were only in part cultivated by hired labor, the more distant being let out to tenants at fixed rents. As abbot he had the right of presentation to twenty-seven livings. We then entered a very large summer-house, a long hall lined with frescoes illustrating the four quarters of the world, and representing their beasts, birds, flowers, as well as their human inhabitants. The painting was wonderfully fresh, though it was done 130 years ago. Here was taken the "afternoon tea," which consisted of most excellent beer, a dish of cold veal, ham, and tongue, cut in thin slices, a salad, cheese and butter. The abbot sat at a principal table with his guests, including a monk from Kremsmünster, the aunt and sister of a freshly ordained young monk who was to sing his first mass the following day, the young monk himself, and a secular

priest who had come to preach on the occasion, and also the prior and the librarian. At other smaller tables sat other monks and apparently one or two friends from without; most of them smoked (the genial prior enjoying his pipe), and parties of four amused themselves with cards, playing apparently for very small stakes. The demeanor of all was easy and quite *sans gêne*, but in no way obnoxious to hostile criticism. The rest of the afternoon was devoted to a further examination of the vast building until eight o'clock, when we were summoned to supper. Of this the community generally partook in the smaller room in which we had dined; but, in honor of the event of to-morrow and of his guests, the amiable abbot had ordered supper to be served in the magnificent refectory, which was illuminated with what poor Faraday taught us was the best of all modes of illumination—wax candles.

We were but a small party in the great hall. On the abbot's right sat the aunt and sister of the young priest—the latter with her brother next her. On the abbot's left were the secular priests, ourselves, and the librarian, and one or two more. Our supper consisted of soup, veal, soufflé, and roast chicken. For wine we had at first a good but not select wine—being from the produce of several vintages mixed—but afterward came a choice white wine of one vintage. Supper ended, the whole party retired together and separated in the large corridor outside the abbot's lodgings, the ladies being politely conducted to their rooms, which were adjacent to our own.

The next day (Sunday) was the festival of the first mass, which was to be sung with full solemnities, though ordinarily there is no high mass on Sundays at all.

It was to take place at eight o'clock, but long before that time the church was fairly filled, and the clerestory boxes filled with visitors, who from that vantage ground could see well. First came the sermon, to hear which the monks left their choir to occupy benches opposite the pulpit; they wore no cowls, but white cottas (a Roman shrunken surplice) over their cassocks. The worthy priest who preached had evi-

dently determined not to make a journey for nothing. For a full hour his eloquence suspended the subsequent proceedings. At last came the mass, in which the abbot was but a spectator in his stall. The new priest occupied his throne, as if abbot for the day. There was an assistant priest, as well as the deacon and subdeacon, and all the choir boys had garlands of flowers round the left arm, with flowers round the candles they carried as marks of rejoicing at this "first mass." The aunt and sister were accommodated with seats for the occasion in the monks' stalls.

The high mass was not liturgical; no introit, offertory, sequence, or communion was sung by the choir, which was in the western organ gallery. The music was florid, and there were female as well as male singers, accompanied by a full band.

We had to take a hurried leave of our friendly host, and, promising to pay another visit at the first opportunity in compliance with his very friendly request, we took the train to St. Polten in order to go thence to visit the Benedictine monastery of Göttwicz or Göttweih. We had specially looked forward to visiting this house, for, though smaller than any of the three previously visited, it had been most attractively described in Dibdin's tour.* The abbot in his time was Herr Altmann, who had, he tells us,† "the complete air of a gentleman who might have turned his fiftieth year, and his countenance bespoke equal intelligence and benevolence." He received Dr. Dibdin with great courtesy; and as his bibliographical tour is by no means a common book, the following extracts may not be without interest to our readers:

Pointing out the prospect about the monastery, the abbot said: "On yon opposite heights across the Danube we saw, from these very windows, the fire and smoke of the advanced guard of the French army in contest with the Austrians, upon Bonaparte's first advance toward Vienna. The French Emperor himself took possession of this monastery. He slept here, and we entertained him the next day with the best *déjeuner à la fourchette* which we could afford. He seemed well satisfied with his reception, but I own that I was glad when he left us. Observe yonder," continued the abbot; "do you notice an old castle in the distance? That, tradition reports,

* See vol. iii. pp. 260-273.

† P. 263.

once held your Richard the First, when he was detained a prisoner by Leopold of Austria." The more the abbot spoke, and the more I continued to gaze around, the more I fancied myself treading on fairy ground, and that the scene in which I was engaged partook of the illusion of romance. On our way to the library I observed a series of paintings which represented the history of the founder, and I observed the devil or some imp introduced in more than one picture, and remarked upon it to my guide. He said, "Where will you find truth unmixed with fiction?"

We now entered the saloon for dinner. It was a large, light, and lofty room; the ceiling was covered with paintings of allegorical subjects in fresco, descriptive of the advantages of piety and learning. We sat down at a high table—precisely as in the halls at Oxford—to a plentiful and elegant repast. We were cheerful even to loud mirth; and the smallness of the party, compared with the size of the hall, caused the sounds of our voices to be reverberated from every quarter.

Behind me stood a grave, sedate, and inflexible-looking attendant. He spoke not; he moved not, save when he saw my glass emptied, which, without previous notice or permission, he made a scrupulous point of filling, even to the brim, with the most highly-flavored wine I had yet tasted in Germany, and it behoved me to cast an attentive eye upon this replenishing process. In due time the cloth was cleared, and a dessert, consisting chiefly of delicious peaches, succeeded. A new order of bottles was introduced, tall, square, and capacious, which were said to contain wine of the same quality, but of a more delicate flavor. It proved to be most exquisite. The past labors of the day, together with the growing heat, had given a relish to everything which I tasted, and in the full flow of my spirits I proposed "Long life and happy times to the present members, and increasing prosperity to the monastery of Göttwic." It was received and drunk with enthusiasm. The abbot then proceeded to give me an account of a visit paid him by Lord Minto, when the latter was ambassador at Vienna. "Come, sir," he said, "I propose drinking prosperity and long life to every representative of the British nation at Vienna." I then requested that we might withdraw, as we purposed sleeping within one stage of Vienna that evening. "Your wishes shall be mine," answered the abbot, "but at any rate you must not go without a testimony of our respect for the object of your visit—a copy of our *Chronicon Gottwicense*." I received it with every demonstration of respect.*

Our amiable host and his Benedictine brethren determined to walk a little way down the hill to see us fairly seated and ready to start. I entreated and remonstrated that this might not be, but in vain. On reaching the carriage, we all shook hands, and then saluted by uncovering. Stepping into the carriage, I held aloft the Göttwic Chronicle, exclaiming "*Valete domini eruditissimi! dicit hic omnino*

commemorazione dignus," to which the abbot replied, with peculiarly emphatic sonorousness of voice, "*Vale! Deus te omnesque tibi charissimos conservet*." They then stopped for a moment, as the horses began to be put in motion, and, retracing their steps up the hill, disappeared. I thought that I discerned the abbot yet lingering above with his right arm raised as the last and most affectionate token of farewell.

We had no sooner arrived at our inn—the Kaiserin Elizabet—than we, not without much difficulty, engaged a carriage and pair to take us the two hours' drive thence to Göttweih, along the same road driven over by Dibdin. I passed several sets of pilgrims such as he describes, as also the statue of St. John Nepomuk, which he took for St. Francis. At first our path was bordered by poplars, but afterward, for miles, by damson trees which were loaded with fruit. At the commencement of the last quarter of our journey we entered a defile in the wooded mountains, a most welcome shelter from a driving wind and blinding dust. The monastery then soon became visible at the top of a lofty elevation, reached by a long winding road, which we, unlike our predecessor, ventured to drive up. No doubt half a century has done something to improve it. As we mounted, we obtained charming glimpses of the Danube, and a good view of an adjacent town. We pulled up within the courtyard of the monastery a little after two o'clock, and found the community engaged in afternoon service, which was largely recited in the vernacular. The church is much smaller than that of the other monasteries we visited, but is more interesting, as, in spite of its stucco ornaments, its substance is ancient, and the romanesque character of its nave and the pointed architecture of its chancel are distinctly traceable. The latter part, which contains the monks' choir, is raised up many steps, on either side of which is a way down into a light and rather lofty crypt, in which is buried the founder of the monastery, Altmann, Bishop of Passau, who died in the year 1091.

When the service was concluded, we made our way to the cloister entrance, and having sent in our letters were received by the abbot, Herr Rudolph Gusonhauer, in the well-furnished suite

* This copy was placed by Dr. Dibdin in the library at Althorp.

of apartments which constituted the abbatial lodgings. We found him at first much disquieted from a fear that we should make some large demand upon his time, which he assured us was insufficient for the multitude of calls upon it. When reassured, however, by learning the modest nature of our demands, he was all courtesy, and insisted on showing us himself the library and some of its most precious contents. He, indeed, invited us to sleep, or at least to dine, but we had lunched before starting, knowing that we could not reach the abbey in time for the community dinner, and we much preferred spending the short time at our disposal in inspecting whatever might be seen to taking a solitary dinner. Dibdin's pleasant experience of Göttweih's hospitality was therefore impossible for us. We were, however, shown the pleasing portrait of his kind host, Abbot Altmann, who, we were told, survived till the year 1854, though the last ten years of his life were passed in blindness. The library is said to contain 60,000 volumes, besides 1,400 volumes of manuscripts, and no less than 1,200 books printed before the year 1500. Among the latter was one dating from before the time when type was first used, each page of printing being one large woodcut. Among the manuscripts was a small Bible 700 years old, entirely written in the monastery itself on the finest parchment in such small characters as to make ordinary eyes ache to read it, but most beautifully written. One manuscript was of the sixth century, and of course we were careful to see the celebrated *Chronicon Gottwicense*. We also carefully visited the refectory, and noted in the corridor the paintings of legendary events in the founder's life, noted by Dibdin.

The apartments prepared for imperial use, and which were used by Napoleon the First, are finer than those of Mölk, and are approached by a wonderfully imposing staircase. From their windows delightful views may be obtained, but, indeed, the monastery is so charmingly situated on a summit amid such umbrageous mountains that not only northward on the Danube side, but also southward, there are delightful prospects and agreeable walks. The monastery is

evidently much visited, and in its basement are rooms which are used as a public restaurant and had the appearance of doing a good business.

The community consists but of fifty monks and two novices. It is not nearly so wealthy as the abbeys we had previously visited, but the abbot declared himself fully satisfied both with its present condition and apparent prospects.

After showing us the library we were committed to the care of an attendant, and other visitors arrived, a carriage and pair with two Augustinian canons from a neighboring house, and other carriages fully of laity. On taking our farewell of the abbot, who was now, indeed, busy with his guests, some of whom were old school-fellows he had not seen for years, he cordially wished us farewell, exclaiming, "Truly this is a wonderful day. Heaven has opened and showered down upon us the most unexpected marvels."

We rapidly drove along the, mainly downhill, road to St. Polten, which we quitted next day to return by rail to Linz, and went thence, through Gmunden and Ischl, to Salzburg, there to pay the last of our monastic visits, that to its venerable abbey of St. Peter.

St. Peter's, Salzburg, is the origin of the whole of its surroundings. From it have arisen city, archbishopric, principality, and it is one of the most venerable establishments in Austria. Unlike those yet visited, it stands in the very heart of a city, in close proximity to the cathedral of which all the earlier abbots were the bishops.

Though far from a picturesque building, it yet contains more fragments of early art than Mölk or Kremsmünster. The outer gate gives admittance to a romanesque cloister, almost entirely paved with ancient tombstones. Adjacent to the cloister are remains of the old chapter house in the pointed style of architecture. The abbey church, though horribly disfigured, with the best intentions, in 1774, still shows some traces of its early romanesque character. Till the above-mentioned date, it had exceptionally preserved its old decorations, being entirely lined with old frescoes, and having its choir closed in by a wooden rood-screen with its rood.

We were conducted over the establishment by the reverend prior, assisted by Father Anselm, who greatly lamented the architectural ravages of the eighteenth century. In that same century St. Peter's Abbey was a not unimportant scientific centre, and its zoological and mineralogical collections are still worth a visit, especially the latter, which is very rich. There are also interesting and instructive models illustrating the topography and geology of the neighborhood and of the Salzkammergut generally. The treasury of its church is also rich, and its library of fifty thousand volumes contains many precious manuscripts, the chief of which, "The Book of Life," goes back to the sixth century, and contains a long list of benefactors with their anniversaries, for masses. There are also manuscripts of the eleventh and twelfth centuries not less wonderful for their state of complete preservation than for the brilliancy and beauty of their illuminations.

It being very near the hour of dinner, we waited in an anteroom to the refectory for its arrival. Therein are hung the portraits of a long line of abbots, including the one who welcomed to the abbey my predecessor Dr. Dibdin.* In the refectory itself we met the abbot, a bright, rather small and youngish man, who cordially shook hands and invited us to take our place beside him at the high table. The company consisted, this being vacation time, only of the abbot, twelve monks, five novices, three guests, and some lay brothers. The guest beside us was Dr. von Schafflaentl, professor of geology at Munich, who was the only German present who could speak any English. The repast was of the usual plain character, but the wine fully merited the reputation it has acquired and made at Stein (near Vienna), where the community possess a vineyard.

Before taking our leave we visited the abbot in his lodgings, which are remarkably elegant, and consist of seven richly furnished apartments and an oratory. He seemed to take an amiable pleasure in showing us everything of

interest, and cordially invited us to renew our visit.

St. Peter's Abbey is rich, but only contains about fifty monks when all are at home. Not many are required for external work, as not more than half a dozen parishes belong to the abbey. With St. Peter's terminated our long-desired visit to these curious instances of ecclesiastical survival, the still established and endowed monasteries of Austria, which we found to be just what we had anticipated to find them. That these were no abodes of stern austerity we knew, but we hardly expected to find such diminished observance as regards public worship. The men with whom we conversed had much book learning, and some were devoted to one or other of the natural sciences. We found also that they were well up in the politics of the day. Nevertheless we were surprised to find that none of the five abbots we visited were any more able to converse in either French or English than were those visited by Dibdin sixty-seven years before. It should be recollected, however, that the principals are selected largely with a view to wise administration of the abbey lands, and not for learning. All the five, in spite of the more or less sumptuousness of their lodgings, partook of the plain monastic fare, and we remarked the earnest gravity with which each superior took his part in whatever of devotion we witnessed. The existing communities are not responsible for relaxations of monastic discipline which already existed before the present monks joined them. Nor would it be fair to expect that men who had attached themselves to a body, enjoying a certain degree of comfort and freedom, should readily acquiesce in the institution or reintroduction of severities for which they never bargained. Though we met with a certain breadth of view and tolerant spirit in those we ventured to converse with on subjects affording opportunity for the display of such qualities, yet it would not be just to conceal that we met with no tendency to what would be called unorthodoxy by the strictest theologians. At Kremsmünster, at MÖlk, and at St. Peter's we took occasion to turn the conversation upon Dr.

* See vol. iii. p. 197.

Döllinger, and in each case we found that with expression of the warmest personal esteem there was manifested the most unqualified condemnation of the line he had taken. Whatever may be thought, however, of these institutions, whether they may be admired or their continuance in their present state deprecated, they are full of interest for us in England, as it is more than probable

that such as they are our own abbeys would have become, had events in the sixteenth and succeeding centuries turned out otherwise in England than they did turn out, so that abbots of St. Albans and St. Edmunds might still be sitting in our House of Lords beside our Archbishops of Canterbury and York.—*Nineteenth Century*.

REVOLUTION AND EVOLUTION.

BY LEON METCHNIKOFF.

I.

THE most momentous intellectual conquest of our day is, perhaps, the discovery of the great law of the unity and continuity of life, generally styled the law of evolution. Not only are the remotest branches of knowledge—as, e.g., physics and psychology, or chemistry and politics—connected by it into a systematic and harmonious whole; but by it also has been realized that union between science and philosophy for which the clearest minds of former ages longed in vain. The secular feud between idealists and materialists ceases on the solid ground of the evolutionary doctrine, where every science becomes philosophical without surrendering to any metaphysical or *à priori* conception; whilst, on the other hand, our psychological and ethical inquiries acquire a firm basis and scientific precision and accuracy as soon as they are touched by the vivifying spirit of this theory.

Since we admit the unity of life, and since we consider cosmic phenomena, in spite of their amazing apparent diversity, only as various manifestations or consecutive degrees of one evolution, we are compelled to infer that our methods of political or historical knowledge ought to be essentially identical with those generally prevailing in physical or biological researches. Metaphysical speculations on social matters, in which the greatest philosophers of former centuries delighted, lose their hold upon the sceptical mind of our age, and even the economic empiricism of Adam

Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo, grows inadequate to the modern demand for positive knowledge of the natural laws pervading the evolution of human societies. Sociology, *i.e.*, a strictly scientific statement of these laws, is considered nowadays as an integral part, as the necessary "couronnement de l'édifice" of a methodical conception of the world. The very name of sociology has been created *ad hoc* by Comte, who esteemed himself to be the founder of that *Novum Organum* or Gospel of modern intellectual regeneration.

In his classification of sciences, based upon their increasing concreteness and speciality, he states that science, though essentially one in opposition to metaphysics and theology, ought to be divided into branches, or sciences in a more restricted acceptation of the word, each of them corresponding to a well-defined series, the number of which he fixed at six, as follows: first, Mathematics; second, Astronomy; third, Physics; fourth, Chemistry; fifth, Biology; and sixth, Sociology.

Without insisting upon the number of these divisions or their philosophic value, I shall only consider the limits of sociology as they have been traced by the master-hand of the French patriarch of that strange mixture of knowledge and faith ("Catholicism *minus* Christ and *plus* erudition," as it has been styled), which still holds sway over so many minds under the name of the Positive Philosophy, and the peculiarities of which are partly due to the depressed state of his health at the time when he

wrote his most important sociological works, and partly, perhaps, to his native pedagogic whims.

According to Comte, sociology ought to be a science, so to speak, exclusively human. Social facts may be common in the life of animals, and even of plants, but he entreats the sociologists of his school not to pay them any attention. While other sciences are cultivated for the sake of truth, Comte would have sociology to be learned only for the sake of human morality. As to the methods of sociological research, he admitted them in his first writings to be similar to the strictly scientific methods of observation and induction, but he soon retracted that admission, and declared that sceptical analysis ought not to enter the sacred precincts, synthesis alone being worthy of such elevated study. Thus he voluntarily created an abyss between science and sociology.

Referring to the limits and object of sociology, the statements of the great founder of the French positive philosophy appear, in certain respects, far more worthy of acceptance. Selecting, arbitrarily, the human individual as the starting-point of his researches, he observes that one part only of our activity is based upon egoistic instincts arising from need of nutrition or personal preservation in general; that part, including our uppermost psychological recesses, belongs to the biological domain. Sociology includes the remainder—viz., that part of human activity which is based not upon individual self-satisfaction, but upon what he calls *altruistic* instincts, supposing them to be inherent in every living being. The physiological roots of *altruism* he perceives in the sexual attraction, the natural result of which is the *association* of a male and a female for the preservation of species,—an end not personal to either of them.

A psychologist would observe first, that Comte uses the word "instinct" in a sense which is not very clear and is throughout unscientific;—for, according to modern researches,* we do "*instinctively*," i.e., unconsciously, that which previously we did knowingly, and thus to account for an "instinct" as a

primum movens sounds somewhat like the "purgative force of the rhubarb;"—secondly, that the distinction he makes between egoistic and altruistic instincts is superficial. From the subjective point of view, it is obvious that whether they act under the impulse of sexual attraction or under that of hunger, individuals aim merely at the satisfaction of physiological (egoistic) want; nor are their objective results so essentially different as Comte pretends: hunger as well as sexual attraction is able to lead men and animals—in some cases to struggle, in others to *co-operation*. And if he did not exclude the social life of animals from the field of his humanitarian sociology, he might easily perceive that associations for food or for self-defence have generally a far more social character than primitive conjugal alliances for progeny.

Nevertheless, the greatest, perhaps the only valuable, service rendered by Comte to social science lay in the very clear distinction he made between the sociological and the biological domains, when he referred to sociology only such aggregation of individuals as is based on *co-operation*, conscious or unconscious, and abandoned groupings based on struggle to biology. Thus, I may say, he opened the door of true social science without himself entering its precincts, and, unfortunately, I must add, misleading his followers with his erroneous statements as to the unavoidable subjectivity of the methods of social knowledge. I insist upon that high service; that remarkable definition of the boundaries and of the object of sociology appears, so to say, drowned amid the numberless quaintnesses of his whole system, and none of his admirers, orthodox or schismatic, have ever cared so far as to disengage from his hardly readable volumes the few lines.

II.

Owing to his restricted acknowledgment of the principle of the unity of Nature, Comte appears, at any rate, scarcely a precursor of the modern scientific evolutionism. Looking for a more complete and methodical compendium of that theory, we have to cross the Channel and to approach Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," and his

* Romanes, various writings; also A. Herzen, "Studii fisiologici sopra la volontà."

many other valuable essays on ethical, political, and other sociological subjects. No mind could perceive more perspicuously than Herbert Spencer does the admirable unity of Nature, and no pen could describe it with half so much clearness and attraction as his. While the science of Comte, always behind his age, appears like a mosaic of six stray pieces—and the author takes painful heed to make us feel the gaps which he supposes really to exist between them—the science of Spencer on more than one point gets the start of the erudition of modern specialists, and is throughout livingly and harmoniously one, according to the unity of Nature.

In the system of Spencer, as in that of Comte, sociology appears at the top of the scientific series, but with him this pinnacle of knowledge is really and solidly connected with the building itself. In spite of their much greater complexity, social phenomena are essentially identical with those of inferior cosmic life. Sociology for Herbert Spencer is a physical science like others, requiring no peculiar synthetic or subjective methods, and its aim with him cannot be any other than the reduction of the specific laws of social life to the universal laws of motion.

Passing to the delimitation of the sociological domain and to the definition of the object of that science by Herbert Spencer, I must observe that those matters, in modern evolutionism, present a degree of complication which Comte avoided by the artificial isolation he created for sociology in his philosophical system. Natural science teaches us that association is the law of every existence. What we usually call society in common speech is only a particular case of that general law. A being, whether social or not, is never absolute, indivisible; but essentially comparative and multiple, resulting from the action of a number of forces converging on one point.

Political and social systems speak a good deal about "individual" and "society;" but the very point where the individual ends and society begins has never yet been fixed with any accuracy. The most prominent botanists and zoologists, who have to deal with this matter for their own technical pur-

poses, have been led to acknowledge several degrees of individuality: we can consider each individual as a whole, or a person, in comparison with the individuals of a degree beneath it; but when we compare it with the individuality of a superior degree, it soon loses its personality and appears as a part, a member, or an organ. There are myriads of plants (*algæ*) and animals (*infusoria*), which are styled monocellules and which, indeed, are considered as consisting of one single organic element or cell, although their anatomical structure appears, sometimes, very complex and perfect in its peculiar style. But organic cells quite identical with these form also aggregations, or associations, more or less compound; and such groups of cells either live independently, unfolding their own botanical or zoological individuality, or enter, in the shape of textures and organs, into the composition of other still superior individual beings. Men, like other *mammalia*, are, in fact, associations of such colonies of cells. Our inveterate tendency to consider ourselves as an end and a centre of the creation makes us prone to prejudge that our own individuality is the only genuine one.

It would be hardly possible to review in a few lines the remarkable researches into the various degrees of vegetable and animal individuality of Nägeli, Virchow, Huxley, Haeckel, and many others; and it is beyond my competence to settle whether absolute individuality, *i.e.*, morphological indivisibility, ought to be granted to cells—as was asserted till the last few years by the most authoritative scholars—or whether organic cells themselves consist of individualized elements (*plastids*) still more primordial. But that is not intimately connected with the main object of the present essay, and the biologists are now somewhat at variance on the point. I shall only observe that the great De Candolle distinguished six degrees of individuality in plants alone; Schleiden reduced that number to three (the cell, the shoot, the *cormus* or stock), while Haeckel, again, doubled that number. For shortness's sake, we may admit the classification very recently (in 1883) proposed by a young Italian scholar, M.

Cattaneo,* who, considering the question from a zoological point of view, fixed the number of such degrees of individuality at four, as follows: 1. *plastids*, i.e., cells or any other primordial elements, after dividing which we should get not a being of any kind, but mere amorphous organic matter; 2. *merids*, i.e., colonies of such plastids; 3. *zoids*, i.e., such individuals as are autonomous so far as their individual preservation is concerned, but which are obliged to unite with other individuals of the same series for preservation of species (like superior animals and men); and 4. *dems*, i.e., colonies of zoids: conjugal couples or pairs, families, tribes, societies.

Assuming that the proper aim of sociology is the investigation of the natural laws regulating the connections between individuals and society, it is obvious that before we approach sociological studies themselves we must answer the preliminary question—which of the various degrees of individuality above mentioned we accept as the starting-point of our researches; or, in other terms, where ought the domain of social science properly to begin?

For Comte social life begins as soon as two individuals of the series of *zoids* (he explicitly says, man and woman) unite themselves in a conjugal pair, the result of which union is the arising of a *dem*, i.e., a compound individual of a superior species. Thus he asks us to look for the object of sociology, not in the material fact of an aggregation, but in the *consensus* or convergence of forces represented by the uniting individuals, aiming at an end which is personal to none of them. In that sense his teaching seems to be of capital significance for the progress of the real social science. But that meaning can be only obtained from the spirit of his doctrine, not from its letter; and the great philosopher himself was more than once false to his own premises. It seems that Comte was not fully aware of the extreme difficulty of settling in a scientific sense the point where individual life becomes social, and we hasten to see how the far more learned English evolutionist—I mean

Herbert Spencer—gets out of the whirlpool where the ship of the French positive philosophy foundered with all hands on board.

In his "Principles of Sociology" Herbert Spencer pays but little attention to these preliminary questions as to the limits and the specific laws of sociology; and we are compelled to go back as far as his "First Principles," etc., to get a knowledge of the way in which those questions are answered by his system. This is to be regretted, not so much because of the practical inconvenience of perusing many volumes about matters but indirectly connected with the object of our researches, but far more on account of the impossibility of summarily reviewing so monumental a work in the few pages of this essay.

III.

To French Positivism, sociology appeared too much isolated from genuine knowledge by a gulf which Comte asserted to be unfathomable. With the modern scientific school, the danger comes rather from the opposite side, and sociology is threatened, so to say, with being swallowed up, or absorbed, by zoology.

Indeed, to botanists and zoologists is due the capital discovery of the unquestionable fact that (with the single exception of the lowest monocellular ones) organisms are societies. And if we were arbitrarily to reserve the appellation of society exclusively to the *dems* of M. Cattaneo's classification, still we could not get out of the difficulty even by such an anthropomorphic (i.e., anti-scientific) restriction. An "organism is a society"—that great sensational thesis is imposed on our mind more and more with every new advance of natural science; while, on the other hand, the chief sociologists of these later years, starting from their more or less synthetic point of view, come to the conclusion that "Society is an organism."* The great Darwinian law of the struggle for life, which is the specific law of evolutionary biology, plays a part still more and more prominent in the most recent sociological writings, and the very object of social

* "Le colonie lineari e la morfologia dei molluschi."

* See the *Revue Philosophique* of M. Ribot, for 1883, *passim*.

science appears to be well-nigh dissolved in the vast domain of biology.

Such a zoological conception of the task and method of sociology seems to prevail more especially in Germany. It would be scarcely possible to quote even the titles of the more or less eminent works published in that learned country with the aim of giving us a compendium of social knowledge based upon the Darwinian principle of struggle for life, and the thence ensuing natural selection. I think the apex of that remarkable philosophical revival is attained with the "Manual of Zoology," issued but a few years ago by the well-known German biologist, M. Jaeger. In that important book we find the fundamental sociological phenomena accounted for in a few pages, entitled "Theory of Biological Individualities," and forming the necessary complement to the "Theory of Morphological Individualities," *i.e.*, individualities included in the scheme of a mere zoological classification.

M. Jaeger distinguishes three consecutive degrees of biological individuality, beginning with the *conjugal couple*, or *pair*, passing through the intermediary stage of a family, and finally rising to the highest phasis of its evolution in the form of *States*. For shortness' sake, I must pass over the discoveries of M. Jaeger with reference to the *primary* (conjugal pair) and *secondary* (family) biological individualities, and come directly to the most interesting political group or order of societies, for which M. Jaeger accounts as follows:—

"§ 220.—The tertiary biological individual, consisting of secondary ones, is the *State*. Its characteristic is the division of labor among the members of the community, and that leads sometimes to a morphological differentiation; each speciality of labor takes the name of a *trade*. That species of biological individuals is to be observed only in several insects (termites, ants, bees), and in men. Two cases are to be strictly distinguished in the formation of States:

(a) The State is formed by numerical increase of a family by reproduction; that is what we call 'States by Generation.' The lowest form of them is the 'Sexual State,' the uppermost form, proper only to man, is the 'National State.'

(b) The State is formed by an aggregation of individuals unconnected by ties of proximate consanguinity, and varying considerably among themselves. A State of this kind can be met with among men

only, and is called *international* or *aggregative* (United States of America, Switzerland).

"The 'States by Generation' are the most natural ones, because the regulating principle of every organization—viz., 'Subordination,' exists there in the presence of ancestors of various degrees. The 'State by aggregation' encounters far more difficulty of organization, because its members are, at first, merely 'co-ordinated,' and the principle of seniority is there null and void. The evolution of these 'States by aggregation' presents the following stages:

(a) *Bipartite State* (*Parteistaat*)—*e.g.*, United States—external strength, but internal weakness; citizens perpetually suffering from insecurity.

(b) *Oligarchy*—seigniorial sovereignty, exercised at first by an aristocracy of money, which, by inheritance, is transformed into aristocracy of birth, what we call *Patriciate* (Classical Republics, Switzerland). When such a State does not perish prematurely, it then attains the phase of tyranny, and will follow thereafter the way of all flesh.

"§ 221.—In opposition to the preceding, and far above it, we find the State by generation formed of *cephalic* (having a chief) families, and all the members of which are united by the ties of consanguinity. We meet with that form of State among men and among animals, and we can divide the various stages of its evolution as follows:—

"1. 'Sexual State,' consisting of two trades: the *reproductive* one (sexuated individuals), and the *working* trade (asexuated individuals), the former securing the preservation of species, and the latter the preservation of individuals.

"2. 'State with Slaves' (*Sklavenstaat*) is a secondary and superior form of the State by generation, and a consequence of a military State, which, by pillage, embodies in itself a number of individuals not connected with it by ties of consanguinity; but such individuals here are not, as in the aggregative States, coördinate only, and thus capable of checking the organization, but subordinate . . . (ancient Rome and the States formed by several ants).

"3. 'State of Property' is an immediate sequence of the former. While servilism consists in the incorporation of individuals who can enter into sexual connections with their masters, property is the addition of animal species with which such connections are impossible (domestic animals in the pastoral States, or agricultural States when vegetables and cultivated plants are introduced).

"We have enumerated the various forms of State presented by animals. The further development of these organisms being proper only to man, is beyond our province; we must add, however, that the most elevated stage which can be attained by a society—Constitutional Monarchy—is exclusively proper

to the *national* period of the 'State by generation,' while 'aggregation' can lead only to less elevated forms (Republic, Federation, or Despotism)."

I heartily wish these astonishing pages were engraved on marble plates and put into the drawing-room of every intemperately Darwinizing philosopher: perhaps they would pay them that valuable service which Spartan parents expected the performance of an intoxicated Helot to render to the morality of their children. However, I pray my readers to pay attention to the fact, that the above-quoted paragraphs are not due to any personal peculiarity of the learned author, but that they are logically consistent with that zoological conception of the object of sociology which grows, every year, more and more prevalent, not only in Germany, but elsewhere, and which already numbers among its followers protagonists of more unquestionable philosophical eminence. Such is, for instance, a former Austrian minister, M. Schaeffle, whose "*Bau und Leben des Socialen Körpers*" can scarcely be ignored by any modern student of social subjects. The fundamental principle pervading that work is the essential identity of the object of sociology with organic beings. And if that capital thesis be true, nobody can say what limit could be reasonably fixed between social science and zoology, and thus I am not able to perceive why M. Jaeger ought not to put the Bismarckian *Kulturkampf*-ing Monarchy at the very summit of a zoological classification.

I could account for the eminent position held by Herbert Spencer on the preliminary question of sociology no better than by stating that he ranges himself at a *juste milieu* between Comte's humanitarian conception of sociology and that of the modern school, boldly jumping over every political and moral difficulty, and confident that the great "struggle for life" principle, so brightly pervading the whole domain of modern biology, is also the only needful key to the mysteries of social life and knowledge.

Since his "*First Principles*" appeared, we find Herbert Spencer among the first who have proclaimed with requisite scientific competence that society ought to be considered as a living be-

ing. From that capital thesis he always draws the best of his arguments directed against "revolutionary metaphysicians," *i.e.*, against those who, being confident in the social philosophy of the last century, and especially in Rousseau, esteemed that the "Social Contract"—a mere creation of conscious human agencies—can be made and unmade at will and at any time, by a decree either of a government regularly existing in peaceful days or of a revolutionary Committee of Public Safety.

Since the time of Menenius Agrippa society has been only too frequently compared to a living body, and the term "social organism" has for long insensibly acquired rights of citizenship in the languages of civilized nations. But when Herbert Spencer teaches that society is an organism, and that it "grows," he does not mean to pay any tribute to the usual metaphorical style, nor are his words intended allegorically. In his "*Principles of Sociology*" that part of his philosophical programme is somewhat lightly touched upon, in a way which may, perhaps, seem not convincing enough to those who do not know the ample unfolding of it in his previous writings. I do not know whether, in so acting, Herbert Spencer was inspired only by a natural apprehension of repeating his own former statements, or rather by the fact that his organic theory of society was in our days already admitted even beyond the limits, perhaps, which he himself would think desirable. However this may be, after having pointed out the analogy of societies and living organisms, he warns us that the analogy, nevertheless, does not go so far as complete identification; and, from his former cross-arguments, he re-quotes the two capital ones. Society, he says, is a living organism, but still it is not to be confounded with biological organisms: first, because it is *discrete*, while plants and animals are *concrete*; and, secondly, because its sensibility is not concentrated in a specific sensorium, but each of its members is capable of pleasure and suffering on its own account, all in the same degree, or nearly so. Thus, in dealing with zoological organisms, we have to consider only the benefit of the whole, while in the sociologic domain we must

especially consider the benefit of the parts. Although he adds that those restrictions are rather a digression than a part of his subject, nevertheless, in my opinion, they amply justify our not making Mr. Spencer accountable for the astonishing discoveries of a M. Jaeger.

IV.

Passing to the pragmatic part of Herbert Spencer's sociology, we clearly see that he holds a position far nearer to Comte's definition of that science than to the zoological school, which we for shortness' sake may style German, although it reckons well-known adherents also in other countries.* Herbert Spencer does not so rigorously as Comte proscribe animal societies from his sociological province, theoretically; but practically he begins the descriptive or concrete part of his work just at the point at which French positivism wishes it to be commenced—viz., with the appearance of the human family.

That the family is the elementar' cell of society, is a commonplace; but there are many commonplaces which are very questionable. If animal life be considered, then it is obvious that no social organization, properly so called—i.e., no economical and political association whatever, could spring from a sexual or family sprout, since we see a good deal of co-operation among animals whose matrimonial conditions do not exhibit the least permanence or organization. Wolves, for instance, pressed by hunger, form vast co-operative societies for robbery, with division of labor remarkably far advanced, though we find no family life among them. Wild horses live in unbounded sexual promiscuity, but they, nevertheless, form perfectly organized flocks "co-ordination" and "subordination." On the other hand, large-sized *felidae* (e.g., lions) form permanent monogamous families, not admitting divorce or separation, but still they may be called typically unsociable, and such is also the case with *Gorillas*, although those anthropomorphic apes have a highly organized polygamous

family. Many more instances could be easily obtained from the classical works of Brehm ("Thierleben"), Houzeau ("Facultés intellectuelles des animaux comparées à celles de l'homme"), and many others. A young French scholar, M. A. Espinas,* states quite correctly that there is antagonism rather than filiation between animal society and family; and that remarkable statement he logically and biologically accounts for: where there is no family, young ones could hardly be bred, were they not protected by an organization of a larger social type—viz., by some kind of political society.

The modern progress of ethnological studies by no means confirms the supposition that, among men, social life must begin with the constitution of a family, which is generally considered as the natural school of subordination. Of course, we know that some dark Australians, Patagonians, and other destitute people, among whom there is scarcely any political organization, or none at all, enjoy the benefits of patriarchal subordination to such a degree that their wives are always beaten and not unfrequently eaten. But, against one such example, instances of the contrary—viz., of economic and political organization co-existing with sexual promiscuity—can be quoted by scores.† It may be observed that ethnological data, like statistical figures, can be only too easily compelled to testify for or against any philosophical thesis we like, until we subordinate them to a rigorous methodical system. I will, therefore, adduce no more examples, but only point to the island of Ceylon, where wild Veddas of the interior, wanting nearly all social organization, present, nevertheless, a permanent family with patriarchal subordination; while, on the other hand, civilized Cingalese or Malabarians, in spite of their highly advanced economic and political conditions, still preserve one of the most rudimentary forms of sexual connections—viz., polyandry. I am prone to think that the single example of the island of Ceylon, if duly investigated, would show to demonstration

* I can quote, e.g., in France, "l'Homme et la Société," par le Dr. G. Le Bon, or Dr. Letourneau's "La Sociologie par l'Ethologie," etc.

* Alfred Espinas, "Des Sociétés Animales."

† Waitz and Gerland, "Anthropologie der Naturvölker."

that the antagonism between family and society, noticed by A. Espinas among birds especially, is also the lot of men.

Further, in reviewing the well-known writings of Maine, Morgan, Lubbock, Bachofen, Giraud-Teulon, Elie Reclus, and others, we cannot avoid the conclusion that sexual promiscuity more or less restricted—viz., unbounded hetairism, polyandry, collective marriages as they still exist among so many tribes of Southern Asia,* the *hruḥ* or the "frank-quarter"† of the Hassenian Arabs,† etc.—preceded everywhere the organization of a family based on subordination of wives. And we must ask ourselves, Who regulated or restrained the primordial unbounded promiscuity, since family did not exist there at all? And I do not see how we can help coming to the conclusion that some social organization must have existed in these promiscuous, that is, pre-familial times. Indeed, only a regular collective power could prevent females from being monopolized by the strongest of the tribe, and thus prevent primordial promiscuity from being transformed directly into the patriarchal family of the well-known biblical type, without passing through so many intermediate degrees.

The little digression above made was intended to show that there is no sound reason whatever for commencing sociology with the constitution of the family. Comte alluded to such a commencement in his well-known statement, that sociology is the science of the *altruistic* instincts which, he supposed, were based upon the sexual organization of our species. Herbert Spencer does not state his reasons for following in that respect his French predecessor. Thus, his particular position between Comte's humanism on one side and the zoological "struggle for life" school in social science, remains somewhat uncertain.

Indeed, M. Schaeffle insinuates that the great leader of British evolutionism ought, logically, to belong to the school that admits no limits between the social and the biological organisms. In his

"Structure and Life of the Social Body" already mentioned, he endeavors to demonstrate that one, at least, of the two restrictions opposed by Herbert Spencer to the organic theory of society is null and void. In § 2, Chap. III., of his "Introduction," entitled, "Analogies and Differences between Organs, Textures, Cells, and Intercellular Substances of Plants, Animals, and of Societies," he enunciates the idea that the discrete character attributed by Herbert Spencer to the social organism does not constitute any essential difference between societies and plants or animals (p. 53). And in the book itself, 1st Section, Division III., p. 93, he repeats his argument while describing public wealth, considered as the intercellular substance of the social organism. The gist of his demonstration is as follows: "In biological bodies cells are not closely contiguous throughout, but the connections or interstices between them are filled by a less perfectly organized matter, such as, e.g., the serum of the blood, etc." And so likewise, he suggests, in a social body distances between individuals certainly exist, but they are filled up by material objects also of an inferior structure, serving to preserve connection between the social organs: these are, roads, railways, telegraphs, etc.—in short, what is usually called public wealth in general.

As to the second of Herbert Spencer's restrictions—viz., the fact that society does not possess a specific sensitive organ, but that each of its members is fit to feel pleasure or pain for himself—I venture to observe that that statement is true only with reference to *certain* organisms and to *certain* societies. Human societies indeed consist of individuals who are physiologically autonomous and depend upon one another, biologically, only for the procreation of the species. But Herbert Spencer perfectly knows that such human individuals, in their turn, ought to be considered as associations of biological individuals of a somewhat inferior style. And should we further descend the biological scale, we again meet with living beings whose sensibility is diffused, and individuals become even more autonomous than they are in the political societies of our days, because they do

* Elie Reclus, "Les Nairs," in M. Lanesan's *Revue Internationale des Sciences Biologiques*.

† Brun-Rollet, "Le Nil Blanc et le Soudan."

not depend upon each other, either for reproductive or for nutritive purposes, and seem to be merely connected by a simple mechanical tie.

If sociology is to interfere with such matters, it should be only to inquire what is the mysterious reason inducing the elementary plastids or cells to unite together, and thus to form those primordial societies which are, perhaps, the starting-point of sociological evolution, but which certainly are the starting-point of all progress in vegetable as well as animal life. That reason seems the more mysterious because such aggregations are by no means imposed on the cells or plastids for their personal preservation, since we see myriads of those "absolute individuals" multiplying and prospering in their unsociable loneliness, and even attaining to such a complex structure that eminent observers even doubt whether they really are monocellular.* Whether they are or not, I believe we shall better leave to be answered by special students of anatomical and embryological matters. But, since we are speaking about sociology in its present condition, it becomes obvious that the main thing we want, before and above all, is a rational scheme for classifying in a systematic way the rich store of facts, biological, ethnological, statistical, etc., which the easy erudition of our days keeps ready at our disposal. Mountains of magnificent marble blocks heaped and thrown up at random are not worth so much as the most modest dwelling; and however precious these scientific data may be, we run the danger of being only confused by them so long as we have no convenient plan for their rational classification.

I have already given reasons why the sociological scheme of Comte seems inadequate to the task; and I hope it would be superfluous to give other reasons why I do not hasten to accept the organic "struggle for life" sociological scheme which, through M. Schaeffle's scholastic subtleties, leads us directly to the rough quaintnesses of M. Jaeger. From Herbert Spencer's intermediate position we can only perceive that it is connected with Comte's humanism on

its practical side, while his own organic theory, though restricted, theoretically brings him nearer to the zoological conception of the object of social science. We know what kind of restrictions Herbert Spencer quotes, but—and this is to be regretted—the author gives us no criterion plain and sharp for judging whether the barrier thus created is strong enough to prevent the sociological domain from being overrun with merely zoological notions. At least, one of the two (the discrete character of societies) could be easily scaled by M. Schaeffle, and we have already seen that the author himself does not quote it as very substantial.

Far more substantial, indeed, ought to be the second of Herbert Spencer's restrictions—viz., that a society does not possess a special *sensorium* like superior animals, and thus a social organism cannot practically be allowed any end or aim but the welfare of its organs and members. However attractive to us may be that important point of his sociological scheme, we must own that the restriction refers only to a particular case observable in two species of societies, but is not philosophically inherent in our conception of organism or of society. And indeed the polemic raised some years ago by Professor Huxley about what he calls Herbert Spencer's *administrative nihilism* yields us a sufficient proof that the prominent English evolutionist has not yet said his very last word upon that important subject.

V.

The "grand" Colbert, anxious for the development of commerce, convoked the richest merchants of Paris in order to take their advice. "Monseigneur," said a certain Hazon, a first-class wholesale dealer from the Rue St. Denis, "if you are so kindly disposed toward us, pray, let us alone: commerce certainly will prosper when you don't care a bit about it." That reply of a Parisian *gros bonnet* is the very motto of the political theory of Herbert Spencer.

Of course, I need not remind my readers of the remarkable essays published by the author of "First Principles," in the pages of this same CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, on governmental non-interference. I merely endeavor

* Ed. Claparède and Lachmann's "Researches on Infusorinæ."

to state that each of the three branches into which modern theoretical sociology divides itself has its proper political programme according to its philosophical premises. Thus, French positivism is prone to a kind of learned patriarchy, somewhat like a scientific papalism or the Chinese Tribunal of Ceremonies. The "struggle for life" school puts forth the *Kulturkampf*, either Social-democratic or Bismarckian; while Herbert Spencer revives the old Manchester *laissez faire, laissez passer*—i.e., the doctrine of no governmental or revolutionary interference.

I do not remember exactly who was the prominent man who said that people "have not the age of their own years, but that of the century they live in." Our century grows mature, i.e., sceptical, and no reasonable man in our days, provided that his mind is of the average height of our century, will espouse any one of these three political theories without being sure whether it really rests on a solid scientific basis. Hackneyed commonplaces, splinters of wornout metaphysical doctrine, have lost their credit with us. An invincible impulse draws us toward the reconstitution of an ethical unity which could reconcile our mind with our heart, our avowed principles with our everyday dealings: but that unity ought to be strictly scientific. Our mind (using Comte's admirable words) consents to be the minister of our heart, but it never again shall become its slave. The public conscience is tired with the hypocrisy of so many years during which we have practised Malthus six days in the week, sanctifying the seventh by preaching Christ, with his disrespectful hints upon rich men, camels, and needles. And no practical case of morals or politics can be knowingly settled before we have got a rational knowledge of those general laws for which man has always been scrutinizing the powers he supposed to rule over Nature.

The nature-pervading spirit most generally recognized by learned men in our days is the spirit of evolution, and Herbert Spencer has gained to himself unquestionable rights to our gratitude for having shown how that general law mechanically comes from the still more universal law of permanence of motion.

But while his evolutionism leads us directly to the longed-for intellectual unity so far as the inferior branches of knowledge are concerned, in far more important social matters we see three essentially different political theories, each of them pretending to be the very last and the most genuine fruit of the root of evolution. Besides, we know also other political doctrines haunting modern minds, and which are generally put together under the name of *revolutionary*, on account of the warlike position held by their adherents toward the regularly constituted political and social powers and agencies.

If we were to follow step by step the most prominent leaders of the political theories above mentioned, we could scarcely get a convenient standpoint to settle with accuracy which of them all ought to be considered as the most authentic progeny of their common evolutionary stock. For this end we are rather compelled to choose an independent position from which we can survey at once the most unquestionable scientific results of them all, and to trace at our own risk and peril some narrow path leading us directly from the physical basis to the sociological summit of the evolution.

Starting from the principle of unity and continuity of life, we need not repeat that any classification of cosmic phenomena and of scientific branches has its reason, not in the reality itself, but only in the impossibility inherent in our mind of perceiving unity without confusion. A rational division of the scientific organism into a number of branches or series must be strictly conformable to the series of natural phenomena for each of which we are able to account by means of a single general law. Thus, returning to Comte's classification of science, we see that he considers as so many distinct branches astronomy, physics, and chemistry. But all the concrete phenomena observable within the domain of each of these sciences are already in our days explicable by means of a single law—that of gravitation, scientifically expounded by Newton. Nowadays, we are not only authorized to consider philosophically caloric, light, electricity, and chemical affinity as so many transformations of

mechanical motion, but we have learned, too, many a practical process of converting them into each other at our will. Hence, we can simplify the classification of the great French positivist without contradicting his own philosophical method, or the fundamental law of evolution, and thus we get the first term of a rational classification of sciences, which we may style *anorganology*.

But we cannot ascend the scale of natural evolution without meeting with orders of facts for which our mind is not able to account on the simple ground of the Newtonian law of gravitation: such, namely, are the complex phenomena of organic life; and, since Charles Darwin's time, we know that all that vast series of concrete phenomena can be reasonably referred to one single scientific principle, which is the law of struggle for life, with all its well-known logical consequences. Thus we become able to range all the various branches of knowledge dealing with the different stages of individual organic life under a single flag, bearing the celebrated Darwinian motto—Struggle for life.

Difficile est communis propria dicere, and I am well aware of the fact that my readers' attention would soon be tired with this apparent rehearsal of the spelling-book of evolutionism. Unfortunately, nevertheless, I am compelled to dwell still further upon the connections existing between anorganology and biology, or rather, between the concrete provinces proper to each of these sciences.

Of course, we do not want much perspicacity to distinguish an ass from a flower, or both from a stone. But the more we enlarge our knowledge of natural life, the less we become able to fix any limit between vegetable and animal organisms, or between organisms generally and mineral bodies. The two great orders of cosmic life—the organic and the inorganic—are not superimposed, like geological strata in some parts of the earth's crust, but they entwine each other, ramifying still more and more, till their branches become infinitesimal, like capillary arteries and veins in a human body. Still more. Are we sure that the distinction we make between inorganic and organic series corresponds to different provinces really existent, and is not merely due to the impossi-

bility of our mind accounting for certain phenomena on the ground of a single law, without the addition of a new one, more limited? I do not know; but even if the second supposition be true, still, we could not abandon the distinction between *anorganology* and *biology*, without confusing the little we know of reality.

Inorganic life does not disappear where organic life begins, and, under more than one aspect, the most perfect human body behaves itself just as any physical body would do in similar conditions. Every further step of evolution implies all the former ones *plus* something else which was not perceptible before, or, perhaps, did not even exist there except virtually. *Iguanodon*, *Pterodactylus*, etc., may not live in our day, but we can easily see them, duly improved and corrected, in so many animals of our present zoological epoch. Individuals, and even species, died which could not stand the improvements required by the progress of zoological evolution, but the type, instead of dying, lives with an intensity highly increased. Thus, if we would search for a natural province where the law of gravitation abdicates its power for the sake of the struggle for life, we certainly should be at a loss; nor could we point to any natural province where inorganic life is replaced entirely by organic life. Our best reason for strictly distinguishing biology from anorganology is that we cannot satisfactorily account for organic phenomena by gravitation alone: the *surplus* above mentioned has accumulated there* to such a degree that we must look for a specific principle.

Hence, the best definition of anorganology would be, that science which accounts for cosmic phenomena on the ground of the Newtonian law only, whether they occur in the heavens or on the earth, in a rock or in a human body. Biology, then, is that science which accounts for cosmic phenomena requiring the addition of more specific law—viz., the Darwinian law of struggle for life and transformism. Such phenomena, indeed, are observable only in individuals,* but these individuals may be

* Some modern cosmologists state that the stars—our earth with its moon at least—ought

either microscopic plastids or exceedingly large aggregations of the most perfect individuals, styled *zoids* in M. Cattaneo's classification: nevertheless, the phenomena must be referred to the biological domain so far as they are explicable on the ground of the Darwinian law (struggle for life or competition), which is not a *deus ex machinâ*, but merely a synthesis of numberless mechanical, physical, and chemical agencies.

VI.

Returning now to the preliminary question of theoretical sociology, we find it very much simplified by these summary remarks. In fact, we need no longer care much about the hardly controverted thesis—whether society is or is not an organized body, and whether there exists or not any morphological boundary between individuals and societies. Societies may be individuals exactly as the most perfectly organized animals are, in their turn, mere physical bodies, but sociology still may be a science just as really, or rather rationally, distinct from biology, as biology itself is from astronomy, physics, or chemistry.

At first sight it appears that the organic theory of societies is of capital interest, and that when once we grant that society is a living being and that it grows, we thereby settle beforehand that no interference, governmental or revolutionary, is desirable with social matters: thus we seem compelled to espouse Herbert Spencer's political theory. But so it seems at first sight only. Far more unquestionable it is that potatoes grow, and that no crop of them can be yielded if we sow turnips in their place. Nevertheless, every agriculturist knows that the let-them-alone policy in such a case is by no means advisable, and that the crop directly depends on intelligent care paid to their thriving. Our boys and girls also grow, and even we may admit that in eight cases out of ten it would be better to let them grow alone rather than to submit them to the

pedagogic attention flourishing in a good many of our public and private schools. But could we reasonably pretend that no education at all is preferable to the smallest amount of rational education?

It seems plain that we ought not to search for any natural region or province which could be called sociological throughout, and thus monopolized by merely sociological studies, because there is no such region in the world which could be styled organic in the absolute sense of the word, exclusive of phenomena of an inferior inorganic character. The only question to be settled is—whether or not there are series of phenomena not explicable by the Newtonian mechanical law supplemented by the Darwinian biological law of struggle for life or competition? If there is none, then no sociology is required at all, and we must say that scientific organism has attained its full growth since anorganology is completed by a biology based on such a rational and strictly scientific ground as is the specific law of modern transformism. But when there are such series of phenomena, then it becomes plain that the binomial scientific series—anorganology and biology—ought to be completed by a third superorganic term (in Herbert Spencer's acceptance of that word) which can be no other than sociology. And, whether those phenomena are peculiar to human species only—which was the opinion of Comte—or whether they are observable in *zoids* of an inferior anatomical structure—which is the opinion of some prominent modern biologists—or, still further, whether we can meet with them all in the lower morphologic regions of colonies and even of plastids—that is only a secondary matter, which will be satisfactorily settled as soon as (and which cannot be reasonably settled before) we get rid of the preliminary question of the limits, specific methods, and of the very object of sociology.

Theoretically, no one among the most zealous adherents of the organic school in sociology goes so far as to deny that the completion of the binomial scientific series above by a third, a sociological term, is highly desirable; and we have seen that M. Jaeger himself modestly concedes that there may be social en-

to be considered as organic bodies. S. L. Brothier, "Histoire de la Terre." And it is plain that if we would grant to them any individuality, the attraction of small masses by larger ones should also assume a character of struggle.

tities of a higher order not included in his zoological province. Nevertheless, after the perusal of his pages quoted above, we cannot help becoming rather anxious about what may be the business of a "Sociolog der Zukunft," since a mere figure of zoological classification is able to convince every reasonable man that States *acephalic*, whether the great American Republic or Switzerland, are irrevocably, *vom Hause aus*, sentenced by a natural law to alternate torture between oligarchy and tyranny, unless they prefer to "perish prematurely;" while the unquestionable benefits of "Kulturkampf," out of which there is no salvation, are greedily monopolized by people whom the struggle for existence has endowed with national monarchy based upon *cephalic* family, etc.

Nobody has doubted for many years that struggle for existence is a very powerful agent of evolution. It remains only to settle whether it is really a scientific law (and as such it must be necessarily limited), or rather a kind of *deus ex machina* accounting for all, a materialistic Providence autocratically pervading the whole creation.

I must observe that if the struggle-for-existence principle could scientifically account for social phenomena, then the high merits of Charles Darwin would be much diminished in my eyes, because then it would appear that the most momentous philosophical work of our age was not his "Origin of Species," but far more the "Essay on Population," by Malthus. Indeed, the modern transformism (Alfred R. Wallace explicitly states it) is grounded upon the application to biology of that same law of competition which Malthus, as early as 1798, asserted to be the fundamental law of the social life of man. Thus the most modern writings of the struggle-for-existence sociological school, far from being the seed of something new and productive of future progress yet unknown, are rather mere rehearsals of a worn-out doctrine which, after being unfolded only a step further by Ricardo, soon lost all its scientific value with J. B. Say, and no sooner reconquered some uncontested rights to our attention than, with Rodbertus and K. Marx, it threw itself into the deep sea of modern socialism. It seems obvious that the hack-

neyed Malthusian axioms, now translated into the biological jargon of organic sociologists, cannot yield any more than they have already yielded in their original shape of the renowned "progressions" with their unstatistical ratios and with their ethical *couronnement de l'édifice* of more or less morally restrained procreation.

VII.

The shining merit of Darwin resides especially in the amazing perspicacity with which his genius transformed that worn-out politico-economical thesis into the very principle of regeneration, not only for the biological science of our day, but also for modern philosophy altogether. Such a miracle could be performed only by his clear perception of the fact that the great law of competition or struggle for life, unduly applied by the Malthusian politico-economy to a series of phenomena for which it cannot account, is really a capital principle pervading the individual life throughout. Since the Malthusian law, stating that the number of competitors always exceeds the means of subsistence, is true with animals, we might logically foresee that it would not do for human societies; because the animals, being far more prolific than men, simply consume the food they find ready in Nature, while the lowest human tribes—provided that they possess some social organization—generally produce a large part of what they consume; and slavery, appearing at a very low degree of social evolution, yields us a sufficient proof that, even in those destitute conditions, men united into a society produce more food than is strictly required for the subsistence of them all.

Herbert Spencer states with all the requisite evidence that the general law of evolution is the permanence of force, and we can follow it throughout the vast dominion of inorganic stages of evolution without being compelled to apply to any other law. It is only when we meet with the multiplicity of organized beings that a specific law is required, and then Charles Darwin brings in his struggle for existence philosophically, which does scientifically account for numberless transformations of living individuals. From the fact that social life

is the natural complement of the individual life, we are not authorized to infer that the fundamental law of both individual and social modes of being must be identical: organic life is, too, merely a complement of the inorganic, but it requires its specific law. In many cases we can easily see how the struggle for life impels men, like animals, to the constitution of a league or society; but even then we can assert *à priori* that the laws of an alliance are not the laws of war. In many other cases social action seems not to be imposed on them by considerations of personal preservation; but it is plain that the roots of social life must be deeply buried in their physiological needs and wants, egoistic, altruistic, or whatever else they may be.* Are not the roots of organic life itself buried also deeply in physical and chemical properties of matter? Besides, we know also not a less number of such instances where sociability is not only indifferent, but rather hurtful and dangerous from the point of view of competition and preservation of individuals alone.†

I have no room to quote here the remarkable researches of Geoffroy St. Hilaire, nor to cite instances which can be gathered easily from zoological and ethnological works. I trust that the following few lines, borrowed from A. Espinas's book about *Animal Societies*, will suffice. He says: "So far as *accidental societies* are concerned, utility (*l'intérêt*) seems to play the most prominent part, and sympathy (*i.e.*, a stimulus not explicable by the law of struggle or competition) only consolidates the ties which interest had formed. Among those who have an interest in forming societies, those only really do so who are prone to mutual sympathy. As to the *normal societies*, formed by animals of the same species, we are induced to give the first place to sympathy, admitting the instincts of preservation only as an element consolidating the unions connected by sympathy."

Further, I have already mentioned more than once that the first aggregations of plastids, which really are the starting-

point of morphological progress, have never yet been rationally accounted for by the law of struggle for life, and it seems rather questionable whether they ever can be. At least, a learned zoologist, Prof. Kessler, of St. Petersburg, in a paper read before the Zoological Society of that town, insisted upon the necessity of admitting the law of sociability, or co-operation, as a powerful agent of biological progress. Indeed, we cannot perceive any personal advantage arising to the cells or plastids from the fact of their aggregating together, and thus forming the first rudiment of a social or collective organism, instead of pursuing their individual advancement, as they ought to do, were there not a principle quite distinct from struggle pervading throughout the superior degrees of cosmic evolution in its organic stages.

Wherever we see a phenomenon of association—be it in the shape of a vegetable and animal organism, or in that of a more perfect human community—we cannot fail to detect something new, as essentially distinct from the law of individualistic competition or struggle, as that specific Darwinian law itself is distinct from the Newtonian universal law of gravitation. That something is, namely, the consensus of a number of more or less individualized forces aiming at an end, not personal to one of the allies, but common to them all, and that is what we call *co-operation*.

Such characteristic facts, proper to all phenomena of a series, are just what we call a principle or a scientific law. Thus, we cannot avoid acknowledging a principle superior to that of struggle, and we are induced to complete the binomial series of sciences stated above by a third term—viz., sociology—the specific law of which is *co-operation* (as struggle for life is the specific law of biology), and the object of which is the investigation of the natural means and ways by which, at various stages of evolution, is obtained that consensus of individualized forces aiming at an end common to them all. The proper domain of this superorganic science includes every department of the organized world (it being obvious that socialization must imply organization, and that no society can be found where the acting forces are not biologically individual-

* Interesting information on that account can be got in the well-known work of Prof. Van Beneden on "Parasitism, Mutualism, and Commensalism among Animals."

† See A. Espinas, "*Des Sociétés Animales*."

ized) where co-operation is observable. The only criterion of social science is thus co-operation, whether co-operating individuals are human or animals, zoids or plastids.

Herbert Spencer is perfectly right in denying the character of society* to a host of people listening to a lecture, but I doubt whether the reason on which he bases his statement—viz., the non-permanence of such aggregations, is adequate. We could easily exemplify many quite temporary aggregations, the sociological character of which appears unquestionable, since we see in them that convergence of individual forces to a common end which is the only criterion of a society. On the other hand, aggregations of men, or other zoids, might be permanent without our being obliged to consider them as sociological phenomena, because that characteristic of co-operation may be wanting altogether. Two men carrying a burden may be considered as a sociological rudiment, or cell, but a hundred men lodging in one house for their lifetime, or meeting together every day during twenty years at the Library of the British Museum, do not present any appreciable embryo of sociability. A nation may perhaps be considered at once as a *dem*, or biological entity, but before we account for its sociological character, we must inquire whether there is any co-operation, and in what degree, between the individuals forming the political whole, and by what means that degree of co-operation is obtained.

At the lowest degrees of the biological evolution, individuals of a very primordial anatomical structure (cells or plastids) cannot form a colony or society without mechanically adhering to each other or being connected together by some mechanical tie. Step by step a division of physiological labor, with its natural consequence, *subordination*, begins to be observable with individuals so connected together by merely physical ties. Prof. Huxley, in his polemic against Herbert Spencer, states quite rightly that the most perfect zoological beings present that subordination pushed to the extreme degree. In the zoids of a superior anatomical

structure (birds, mammalia, and men) we see the sensitiveness so completely concentrated in a specific sensorium, and the co-operating individuals so perfectly complying with the interests of the whole, that their physiological personality disappears, and they become mere organs. I must, nevertheless, observe that when we say, it is hot, that is not because the mercury rises in the thermometer, that rising being only an index of the rising temperature around; and should we come under the point at which mercury freezes, or above the point at which it boils, we ought to search for another criterion of the increasing or decreasing temperature. So the progress of subordination in superior biological organisms is only a morphological token of a greater co-operation obtained than would be possible with a less degree of subordination or with a still more primordial mechanical tie. But the evolution does not stop at that point, and the superior biological individuals, produced by such co-operative agency of organs based on subordination, in their turn unite together and form aggregations or societies of a superior style, called *dem*s.

The ties uniting together the members of these superior societies greatly vary: they may be partly more or less mechanical, like those which are characteristic of the lowest social order, but their mechanicality never reaches so far as a direct adherence (that is what Herbert Spencer means by the *discrete* character of societies as opposed to the concrete character of animals), or as any vascular membrane like those which unite together the individuals in a colony of molluscs; they may be also partly based on division of labor, but subordination here never attains that point at which the physiological autonomy of the individuals would disappear, and they become mere organs.

But, while on the further side of the sociological evolution mechanical adherence (1st degree), and subordination (2d degree), are considerably decreasing, a highly superior mode of obtaining co-operation begins here to be appreciable—viz., conscious and voluntary consensus of the members of the *dem*, or community (3d degree). I doubt whether a human or animal society can

* "Principles of Sociology," *loc. cit.*

be met with in which that specific element of conscious and voluntary consensus is wanting altogether, but it may intervene in various degrees. The more this superior element prevails over the two inferior ones (viz., mechanical aggregation and subordination), the more the co-operation obtained is conscious and voluntary, the further also a society is advanced on its evolutionary way. Hence, whenever we wish sociologically to account for a concrete phenomenon of community or aggregation, we ought to consider:—

1. The quantity of co-operation yielded.

2. The means, more or less conscious and voluntary, for obtaining consensus of individualized forces aiming at an end not personal to one of the allies.

Examples can be gathered in history and ethnology of societies not highly civilized, the members of which enjoy a freedom unknown in the most liberal European monarchies and republics in our day: such were the communities of Cossacks in Southern Russia in the 17th century, and such are, if M. Raffray* be trusted, the Abyssinian Shakos. But these people content themselves with co-operation in a degree which would appear very meagre from our civilized point of view. On the other hand, we see geographical regions—e.g., the Lower Valley of the Nile, or of the Yang-tze-Kiang and Hoang-ho—where physical conditions require from the inhabitants far more co-operation than they were able to yield freely and consciously in their state of civilization; and, in fact, those countries have always been, and are still, classical for their despotism, either political, or castal, or whatever else it may be.

I sum up in a few words:—

1. *Mechanical Constraint*, which is compatible only with the lowest stages of the individualized (biological) life.

2. *Subordination* by specialization of labor, or by political tyranny (which is only a particular case of the former), always degrading for the larger part of the individuals united, if not for them all; and

3. *Consensus* more and more conscious and voluntary.

Such are the three stages of sociological evolution, and, I think, the ratio of that progression is so easily appreciable, that I need not dwell more particularly upon it. It results that, so far as an end can be scientifically assigned to social evolution, that end can be but one: namely, anarchy—i.e., a large amount of co-operation of autonomous individuals as perfect as their biological organization allows, and that amount of co-operation yielded not by any mechanical tie, nor by any subordination, either by physiological or political constraint, but plainly and completely by their own conscious and free will in the modern psychological acceptance of these words.

Whether it please or displease the learned *Kulturträger* of whatever proclivities, the last word of the scientific theory of evolution is that very terrifying word, anarchy, so eloquently anathematized *ex cathedra* by Darwinizing sociologists and so many others.

VIII.

If we review the evolution of cosmic life in the past so far as it is observable by strictly scientific methods, we are compelled to acknowledge that a large amount of progress has been already effected in the physical, biological, and even sociological provinces, without any apparent interference of a conscious human will with cosmic matters. Speaking anthropomorphically, we can say that evolution has an aim, that its aim is progress, and that Nature attains it surely and practically without our consciously and intentionally caring much about it.

But we must not be forgetful that progress in evolution can be asserted only so far as the cosmic whole is considered, and that its way is studded with corpses of individuals, nations, and worlds, fallen because they could not stand the transformations required by the restless progress of evolution.

We can certainly assert that the law of the future society is anarchy, and that it surely shall be attained by Nature left alone. But the further progress of any particular society of the present day is by no means warranted by any immovable natural law of evolution. Theoretically, it may be a consolation

* "L'Abyssinie," par Ach. Raffray.
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for each of us to know that if we do not thrive in our life, because of our inability to stand the changes asked for by evolution, somebody else shall thrive certainly; but practically, we are all allowed to wish that the thriving one should be ourselves.

Dr. Lange, although not a professional sociologist, teaches us that the way of progress in evolution is nothing less than rectilinear, and he even disrespectfully compares the so-much-talked-of cosmic or historical Providence to a hunter who, in order to kill a hare, discharges about one million shots in every direction. The hare is thus reached, of course, but so are many unlooked-for people also, without reckoning so much powder burnt in vain. On the other hand, Charles Darwin adduces many examples of intelligent human interference with biological matters directly arriving at an end which would take centuries to accomplish by the alternate teachings of natural evolution alone. The only caution needed for the success of such interferences is the security that our personal end does not lie out of the way of evolution. Since we see that the result of natural sociological progression is anarchy, the only question which remains to be settled refers to the methods and practical ways leading most directly to that social ideal of the future.

But is not evolution exclusive of revolution in this sense, that it flows like a majestic and peaceable stream—that it *abhorret saltum*—while revolution

seems to contain in every syllable of its terrifying name something catastrophic, and is throughout full of pang and commotion? Ask modern geologists whether such revolutionary episodes as the earthquake of Ischia or the eruption of Krakatoa are erased from the history of our earth, now that we know that its crust is formed not by cataclysm, but by evolution? Ask a mother whether her child was not painfully shaken and, perhaps, more than once in danger of death, every time it crossed one of those breakers of dentition, passage to puberty, etc., that appear like so many milestones marking the natural way of our individual evolution?

In one of his most remarkable essays, Herbert Spencer states that the very source from which every constituted government draws the best of its power is "the accumulated and organized sentiment of the past, . . . the gradually formed opinion of countless preceding generations," that even in the most Liberal countries of our days, constituted powers are far less than we commonly think controlled "by the public opinion of the living," and far more "by the public opinion of the dead." That statement points out the very reason why our social atmosphere becomes so soon impregnated with deadly miasmas, emanations from the tombs of past generations, when a refreshing breeze from the future does not purify it, blowing through a revolutionary agency.—*Contemporary Review*.

PROSPECTS OF HOME RULE.

BY E. A. FREEMAN.

THE people of the British islands have been asked their minds as to the question of Home Rule for Ireland, and they have answered with a widely different voice in different parts of those islands. The great divisions of what in legal phrase is called the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland have answered as it was perhaps natural for each of them to answer. If we take Great Britain as a whole, and hold it to have spoken by the voice of the major-

ity of the whole island, we have the answer which was almost sure to come, but which is none the less worthy of attentive study. Of the two islands lying side by side, which are held to form one united and indivisible whole, the smaller asks for a less close union, for a more independent voice in settling its own affairs, and the greater island answers that the demand of the smaller shall not be granted. But when we no longer look at the greater island as a

whole, when we look on it as made up of parts, each of which has a distinct being of its own, then the seeming answer of the greater island is seen in another light. It is not the whole of Great Britain which has refused the demand of Ireland; it is simply one part of it, the largest part certainly, we may say the dominant part, but still only one part out of three. The other two parts have, both decidedly, one all but unanimously, given their voice for the demand of Ireland. The demand of Ireland has been favorably received by those parts of Great Britain which, by their own position, are better able to understand the demand, better able to throw themselves into the position of those who make it. It has been rejected by that part of the island whose acceptance of it, on the first time of the question being asked, would have been little short of miraculous. In other words, while England has given a very decided vote against Home Rule, Scotland has accepted it by a large majority, Wales by an overwhelming majority. And we may say further that, in England, that part of the country where we expect to find most of political intelligence and independence is on the whole in favor of Home Rule, in some parts most markedly in favor of it. If London is against Mr. Gladstone, Northumberland in the wider sense is for him, Northumberland in the narrower sense is for him without an opposing voice. And to any one who looks into the real heart of the matter, the wonder will be, not that England gives a large majority against Home Rule, but that Home Rule got any English support at all. We are told that Mr. Gladstone's influence is destroyed forever. Never was there such a proof of Mr. Gladstone's unabated influence as the last election. He has not carried his point; he is, as far as England is concerned, defeated. But even in England he has the support of a considerable minority. We may feel pretty sure that any other man but Mr. Gladstone, maintaining such a cause against such opposing influences, instead of gaining a considerable minority, would not have gained so much as a hearing.

Now there are those who had thought and spoken about Mr. Gladstone's

scheme before the election took place, who had thought and spoken of the general question of Home Rule before Mr. Gladstone had put forth any scheme or had professed his acceptance of Home Rule in any form. There are those who had done so even before the question had shown itself to be the great coming question by the usual test, that of being declared by the wise men of the earth to lie beyond the bounds of practical politics. Such old-standing lookers on the subject will certainly think, and they may be tempted to speak, on their old subject now it has put on a new shape. And those to whom the subject is an old one, who have looked at it, less as an immediate party question than as a contribution to political history, may be allowed to look at it and to speak of it in their own fashion. To them it is not the first of objects to know what position this or that statesman is likely to take up in this or the next session, how near this section of this party can draw to that section of the other party, or even what measures are likely to be soon brought in, under what combinations they are likely to be carried and under what combinations they are not. It will concern them more to think what principles have gained or lost by what has lately happened, and what is likely to be the lasting result on general history of an historic incident that stands almost by itself. For the first session and the election of 1886 really are unique in history. First the Parliament, then the people, of England was asked to do what no people has ever done, what we may safely say that no other people was ever asked to do. History nowhere records that a ruling people, of its own free will, without compulsion, without the pressure of immediate danger, ever gave freedom to a subject people.* Now, casting aside constitutional fictions which only confuse the real state of things, this is what the English people was asked to do for the Irish people

* On some of these points, besides what I wrote in this Review (August, 1874), and elsewhere years ago, I said something in the *Contemporary Review* of last February. I wrote then before the election, before Mr. Gladstone's Bill was announced. I write now with the further light of six stirring months.

ple. For practically the English are a dominant, and the Irish a subject people. The legal theory indeed is very different. In that theory Great Britain and Ireland are parts of an United Kingdom, no part of which has any advantage over any other part. But, as diplomatic treaties and documents cannot alter facts, so neither can Acts of Parliament. Great Britain and Ireland are formally called an "United Kingdom," but that formal style does not make them so. The most obvious constitutional arrangements, the most familiar forms of speech, show that no real union has taken place. Ireland still bears the distinguishing badge of a province, the badge of a land subject, dependent, in some way marked off as separate from another land, the presence of a governor distinct from the central power. The existence of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland shows of itself that Great Britain and Ireland are not a really United Kingdom. So do those common forms of speech by which Englishmen every moment express their deep, though perhaps unconscious conviction that they are a ruling people, with the people of Ireland for their subjects. I must point out again that the every-day phrases, "We must govern Ireland, we must do this or that for Ireland," while no one ever says "We must govern Scotland," while no Scotsman or Irishman says "We must govern England," prove, without going any further, that the practical relations between Great Britain and Ireland are altogether different from the relations between England and Scotland, that England and Scotland do form an United Kingdom, but that Great Britain and Ireland do not. And to these familiar phrases which are now growing old, the late election has added some lesser, new, rhetorical phrases which teach exactly the same. We have heard protests against Home Rule, or against some particular form of Home Rule, as being a "disintegration of the Empire;" a "disruption of the Empire;" we have even heard Englishmen called on not to give up their "dominion," or "supremacy." Now when it comes to hard words like "disintegration," plain men are a little puzzled; they can only guess that they are high-polite for some-

thing like "splitting asunder." As for "disintegration of the Empire," the "Imperial" talk to which we have, of late, got used has for the last few months been getting taller and taller, partly as a contribution to the controversy on Home Rule, partly as a contribution to other controversies alongside of it. We have heard more than one orator speak of the United States as a "great Empire," a "great English-speaking Empire." This is of course mere thoughtless flourish; but when another orator spoke of the civil war in America as being waged by the North for "imperial unity," we might have looked for a meaning. It sounded as if "imperial unity" was opposed in a marked way to some other kind of unity. Yet as "imperial unity" was precisely the kind of unity for which the North was not fighting, one is driven to suppose that here too meaning was not thought of, but that the word "imperial" was chosen rather than the natural words "federal" or "national," simply because it contained more syllables than they did.*

Now talk of this kind is mere talk; it means nothing; it must come of simple love of big words. But when orators apply the same kind of phrases, "disintegration of the Empire," "disruption of the Empire," and the like, to Mr. Gladstone's scheme, or to any other scheme of Home Rule, it is more than mere talk; wittingly or unwittingly, the words express a truth. When we are told that to give Home Rule to Ireland would be a "disruption of the Empire," or the like, it is plain that the word "Empire" cannot be used in the sense in which it has of late become the favorite name for the Queen's dominions as a whole. For Empire, in that sense, would be in no way touched by Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule, by the restoration of Grattan's Parliament, or by anything short of making Ireland a perfectly independent kingdom or commonwealth. Nothing short of that can be any "disintegration" or "disruption" of the "Empire" in the fashionable sense. If the "Empire" was not "disintegrated" by giving Home

* On these Imperial and kindred matters, may I venture to refer to my little book, "Greater Greece and Greater Britain,"—two lectures and an essay—published last May?

Rule to Canada and New Zealand, it will not be "disintegrated" by giving Home Rule to Ireland. But the phrase, as applied to Ireland, none the less implies a truth; it implies one of the deepest political convictions of the ordinary Englishman. Let us put it into a decent and historical shape, into the words of the statute of Henry the Eighth which declared that "the Kingdom of England is an Empire." What was chiefly meant by those words was to assert that England was not the dependent of Charles the Fifth and the Pope. That assertion is now needless, unless Prince Bismarck should ever make it needful again. But the words also had another meaning, one which lives in its fulness to this day. The "Empire" then had no reference to India or Australia; it had a reference to Ireland, perhaps to some nearer lands. It meant to say that Ireland was a dependent land, a dependent kingdom, and England an Imperial kingdom over it. And so, though our laws forbid, we all believe to this day, with this addition that, in this Empire of England over Ireland every English elector is part-Emperor. It was therefore with perfect truth, with far greater truth than can be found in the commonly received babble about "Empire," that orators in the late election called on the ruling, the Imperial, nation, not to give up the Empire which King Harry asserted for himself, and which by implication he asserted for all of us. With perfect truth it was that Englishmen were told not to "disintegrate the Empire," that sometimes in plainer words they were told not to give up their own "dominion." That is, we all have an "empire," a "dominion," a "supremacy,"—an "empire," a "dominion," a "supremacy," over the subject land of Ireland. That "empire," "dominion," "supremacy," we are told not to give up. Most of us hardly need the advice. Ruling nations are not much in the habit of giving up "empire," "dominion," or "supremacy," and till lately the English nation did not seem likely to be the first to begin. The wonderful thing is that the English nation has come so near to doing so as it has, that one man has been found daring enough to propose such a surrender, and that a large

minority of the nation has been found ready to listen to him.

The plain state of the case is, that all these phrases, both the old familiar ones and the new rhetorical ones, are perfectly true. They express facts. But they express facts which are altogether inconsistent with the theory of an United Kingdom, the theory that England, Scotland, Ireland, are formed into one political whole, no part of which has any political advantage over any other; the fact being that in practice no such union exists, but that, instead of it, one part of the kingdom bears rule over another. In the more lowly and familiar phrase "we"—that is the people of England or of Great Britain—have to "govern Ireland," as "we" have to govern India or any other subject land. In the grander rhetorical phrases "we"—the same people—have an "empire" over Ireland; we hold Ireland as our province. And it is added with equal truth that "we" do not wish "our empire" to be "disintegrated;" that is, we do not wish to give up our dominion over our province. Now let it be set down at once, that there is no particular wickedness in all this. It in no way proves the English people to be worse than other people. It is simple human nature. As no people ever willingly gave up dominion, it is no special blame to the English people that they do not wish to give it up. It is rather to their praise that part of them, though not the larger part, have shown themselves ready to give it up. The one thing to be understood is that the theory of the United Kingdom is a mere theory, that, instead of an United Kingdom, there is the practical fact of "empire," the "empire" of the ruling English people over the dependent people of Ireland.

Of course I here speak of practical, not of forced dependence. The point of the whole argument is that there is practical dependence where there is formal unity. Now some measure of practical dependence cannot fail to exist wherever a more and a less powerful state are brought into close political connection, whether it be merely the connection of very close alliance, or the closer connection of a common sovereign. The world in all ages is full of ex-

amples ; the Roman Empire and its foreign allies, before its allies were finally changed into subjects, is the most instructive of all. Rome was practically mistress of a crowd of kingdoms and commonwealths with which she was nominally on terms of equal alliance. So England and Scotland from 1603 to 1707,* Great Britain and Ireland from 1782 to 1800,* were united by the tie of a common sovereign only, and the accidents of hereditary succession might have snapped this tie in the case of Scotland, just as it did in our own days in the case of Hanover. In each case the smaller country was in everything else absolutely independent of the larger ; it had its distinct administration under the common sovereign ; it had its legislature as free as that of the greater country. Yet it is certain that Scotland in the one case, Ireland in the other case, was so far dependent as this. In all external affairs, the common sovereign was certain to consult the interests of the greater country first ; he was certain to follow the advice of his Parliament and his ministers in the greater country. If the interests of the greater and the lesser country clashed, the lesser had no choice but either to submit or to try the chances of resistance. It must be so in all such cases ; the smaller country may be perfectly independent in all its internal affairs ; but the fact of practical dependence may always come out at any moment in the department of war, peace, and alliance. Here is practical dependence in cases where the formal relation is that of equality in the shape of separate independence : the same dependence may equally exist where the formal relation is that of equality in the shape of incorporation. Or rather in this test case it may exist in a shape which is far more deeply felt and which has a far wider range. Between 1782 and 1800 Great Britain, as alone guiding the policy of the common king, could practically control the external affairs of Ireland ; but it could not legislate for the internal affairs of Ireland ; in them Ireland was as free as Great Britain. Since 1800, Great

Britain and Ireland have been formally incorporated into one United Kingdom. Ireland has thereby gained a share in the direction of the common affairs of the United Kingdom, such a share as the number and influence of her representatives in Parliament may give her. Her representatives have further gained the privilege of voting on questions which touch England or Scotland only. On the other hand, Ireland has lost all independent control over her own internal affairs : the members for England and Scotland vote on questions which touch Ireland only ; the members for Ireland may be, and often are, out-voted on purely Irish matters by the members for Great Britain. This is the natural and inevitable result of the incorporation of the separate Parliaments of a greater and a lesser state. The question comes whether the share which the lesser state gains in the common affairs of the whole is or is not counterbalanced by the loss of the power of managing its internal affairs as it chooses. The answer must depend on many circumstances ; on the size of the smaller state, on its geographical position, on its past history, on the degree of national feeling which its people keeps, and a good deal too on their political tact and sagacity. Within the range of the British Islands, a traditional Home Rule has undoubtedly worked well among some of the smaller members. The kingdom of Man and the Norman islands—that part of Normandy which remained Norman while the rest stooped to become French—have always kept their local independence. Subjects of the British Crown, with no means of influencing its external policy, subject even to the authority of the British Parliament whenever that Parliament chooses to exercise its power,* these islands have, under all ordinary circumstances, kept the management of their own affairs, and have seldom, if ever, had any complaint against their neighbor and protector. They would clearly lose by giving up their local independence, and becoming parts of the United Kingdom, with so many representatives in Parliament as might be fitting for their numbers. I

* Those years must of course be excepted in which under the Commonwealth and Protectorate, Scotland was incorporated with England.

* It is hard to see how this came about, except by the mere law of the stronger. But it is fully acknowledged as the primal law.

suspect that a man of Orkney or Shetland, who is represented in Parliament, might not wholly object to exchange his full fellowship in all the rights of the United Kingdom for such a dependence as that of Man or Jersey. What undoubtedly suits the smallest members of the group, this full independence at home, combined with, we may say plainly, subjection in international matters, may or may not suit the largest members. It is to be noted that it is the second in size among the members of the United Kingdom which most distinctly asks to be put into a relation of the same kind as that which is found to suit those small members of the geographical group which are not members of the United Kingdom. One of the changes since I wrote six months back is that it would now be untrue to say that there is no wish for anything at all like Home Rule either in Scotland or in Wales; still there is certainly no such demand for it as there is in Ireland. Here comes in the effect of differences in circumstances of many kinds between Scotland and Ireland and Wales and Ireland. Let us look specially at Scotland, as having, like Ireland, once been a distinct kingdom, which Wales never was in the same sense. It is plain on the face of things that Scotland, with a national feeling as strong, though of a different kind, as that of Ireland, with a much smaller representation than that of Ireland, has held in the Parliament of the United Kingdom a position quite different from that of Ireland. Scotland has taken her share in the common affairs of the kingdom, and the particular affairs of Scotland have for a long time past been commonly settled as Scotland has wished. This has been the result, partly of the geographical position and the past history of Scotland, but yet more of the national character of the Scottish people. One cannot say that Scotland is practically dependent; Scottish affairs may at any time be settled against the will of the Scottish people, but as a matter of fact they seldom are so settled. Irish affairs are constantly settled against the will of the Irish people; such settlement may be right or wrong, but in either case the result is that Ireland is practically a dependency. If it is proposed to give Ireland Home

Rule—never mind the nature or the wisdom of any particular scheme—the course is straightforward and consistent. If it is proposed to put Ireland in the condition of a Crown Colony, that course also is straightforward and consistent. The Irish people are either fit for self-government or they are not fit. If they are fit, they ought to have it; if they are not fit, they ought to be practically kept out of it, however delicately the work of keeping out may be done. In no case should there be such a mockery as the present state of things, in which Great Britain can always hinder Irish affairs from being settled as Ireland wishes, while the only comfort that Ireland gets back again is that she can often hinder the affairs of Great Britain from being settled at all.

To these questions Mr. Gladstone's scheme suggested an answer, by no means the only possible answer even from his own side, but one possible answer, founded on certain intelligible principles. That scheme has gone into the historic past; it is not likely ever again to be brought forward in exactly the same shape. To discuss its details, then, is mere matter of curiosity, and of many of them I do not feel myself qualified to speak one way or the other. I leave the Land Bill to be discussed by others who have stronger financial heads than mine, and I leave many practical details to those who have a practical experience which I have not. But the main outlines of the scheme are none the less worthy of remembrance as a political study, and it is still as likely as not that those main outlines may be the general shape of the Home Rule of the future. Mr. Gladstone's scheme, in its main principles, stood out as one of three possible ways of giving Ireland that control over her own affairs for which she asked. I set aside total separation, the establishment of a perfectly independent kingdom or commonwealth. Some say that Home Rule must lead to it; but as yet no one directly asks for it. At this moment separation lies beyond the range of practical politics; it is quite possible that, by carefully declaiming against it, by attributing it as an object to those who disclaim it, it may be brought within that range. The question is cer-

tainly not set aside by merely saying that we could not live with an independent state so near to us, for we contrive to live with both France and Belgium practically nearer to us. But it does matter a great deal that all geography, all past history, points to a certain connection among all the members of the great group of the British islands. The map of itself shows the whole group as forming a world apart from the world of the European mainland. Setting aside separation, then, there seem to be three possible ways of relaxing the connection without destroying it, three ways of putting an end to the state of things in which Ireland is really a dependency of Great Britain under the guise of incorporation, without breaking every political tie between the two countries. One way would be a simple return to the state of things which was from 1782 to 1800, the plan of two perfectly independent Parliaments under a common Sovereign. This plan is obvious from its simplicity; but the objections to it are equally obvious. Ireland, as has been said before, while perfectly independent in its internal affairs, would be practically dependent in all international matters. The common King of Great Britain and Ireland could not fail, in all matters of peace, war, and alliance, to act by the advice of the Ministry, Parliament, and people of Great Britain. If the advice of the Ministry, Parliament, and people of Ireland chanced, as they easily might, to be different, they would have to give way. This would be a very awkward state of things in a constitutional government, one that could be avoided only by a somewhat awkward expedient. That is to say, the foreign affairs of the two kingdoms might be put into the hands of somebody answering to the Delegations which act between Hungary and Austria, an arrangement which would hardly be thought consistent with due parliamentary control in either country. As yet, though we have heard something about "Grattan's Parliament," it can hardly be said that this scheme is before the country. But it should be borne in mind that it is a scheme perfectly possible and intelligible, that it has been thought of before and may be thought of again, that the Irish party which ac-

cepted Mr. Gladstone's scheme may, now that scheme is defeated, fall back upon something more like this as a scheme of their own. And one may be allowed to whisper very gently that it would not be altogether without precedent if those who have overthrown Mr. Gladstone's scheme should seek to outdo him by bringing forward this or some other scheme going much further than his. At any rate, be the establishment of such a scheme likely or unlikely, wise or foolish, it is one possible alternative, and, as such, it must be looked in the face.

This scheme, it will be seen, makes Ireland formally independent; it makes her really independent in internal matters; it leaves the possibility of the dependent relation coming up again at any moment in international affairs. The only way really to get rid of all dependence on the part of Ireland would be to reconstitute the whole political system of the United Kingdom according to a really federal method. The word "federal," at least its substantive "federation," has of late been used almost as freely and quite as vaguely as the word "imperial." Yet the word "federal" has a distinct meaning in political study, and it is well not to use it or any other word without exactly knowing what we mean by it. By "federal," "federation," ought to be meant, not some vague materia for a rhetorical flourish, but a definite form of government, which has existed in the past and which still exists in the present, one which may now be studied on a small scale in Switzerland and on a great scale in the United States. Now there could not be a federal relation, such as this, between Great Britain and Ireland; two members are not enough for a federation. But a federal relation between England, Scotland, Ireland, perhaps Wales, perhaps some other members, would be perfectly possible. Its different members might agree to vest certain powers in purely English, Scotch, Irish, assemblies, and to vest certain other powers in an assembly common to the whole body. The establishment of such a federation would be a very singular event in history. For federations in general have been formed by an exactly opposite process, the

union of several smaller members into a greater whole, not by the splitting of a greater whole into several smaller members. Still this relation also is perfectly conceivable, and it must therefore be looked in the face. But the inherent difficulties of the scheme are many and great, and they may not have come into the heads of some who have glibly used the words "federal" and "federation," without stopping to think what they meant. A federation of so few as three or four members would most likely be somewhat awkward in its working; but this difficulty is of small moment compared with the overwhelming preponderance of votes in the House of Representatives which must be given to the single canton of England. It would be like Thebes of old or Prussia now. The only way to establish real federal equality would be to abolish England, Scotland, and Ireland, as separate wholes, to cut up each country into several smaller cantons, and to make those cantons the constituent members of the federation. In other words, "Repeal the Union, restore the Hepharchy." A beautifully mapped out federation might be in this way devised; only are either Englishmen, Scotsmen, or Irishmen ready to wipe out thus the existence of England, Scotland, and Ireland, as distinct and substantive wholes?

Of these two plans the first in its own nature implies the absence of Irish representatives from Westminster; they have their own place in their independent Parliament at Dublin. The second in its own nature implies the presence of Irish representatives at Westminster, or at any more central place which might be chosen for the federal Parliament. One of the fiercest questions which arose over Mr. Gladstone's scheme would be at once settled by either of them in opposite ways. Yet it was wonderful that such a question could arise over Mr. Gladstone's proposal to exclude the Irish members. That is, it was in no way wonderful that many should object to Mr. Gladstone's scheme altogether, and even that they should make the exclusion of the Irish members a chief argument against it; but it was wonderful that any should profess to accept the main lines of Mr.

Gladstone's scheme, and should yet propose to get rid of this most essential feature of it. Mr. Gladstone's scheme, looked at as a political study, was a very bold one. It started from a fact; it gave that fact a prominence hitherto unfamiliar, and then tried to give it a wholly new character. Mr. Gladstone found Ireland nominally an equal part of an United Kingdom, practically a dependency of another part of that kingdom. His scheme acknowledged the fact of dependence, and put it into the strongest light. Ireland was to remain part of the Queen's dominions, part of "the Empire," if any one likes the word; it was even to remain part of the United Kingdom. But it was no longer to remain a part of the United Kingdom on the same nominal level as other parts. Its dependence was to be proclaimed; it was to keep its existing badge of dependence and to be burthened with new ones. It was to keep its Lord-Lieutenant, an officer thoroughly in place in a dependency and thoroughly out of place anywhere else. Ireland was to be shut out from all control, direct or indirect, over the external affairs of the kingdom of which it was still to form a part. It was even to be burthened with tribute. Now tribute is in no way implied in the dependent relation, but it is made possible by it; its payment may, under some circumstances, be just and reasonable. It is a monstrous wrong that Bulgaria or any other Christian land should be made to pay tribute to the Turk, because the Turk is certain to spend the money in doing all the mischief he can to his Christian subjects and dependents. But there is no injustice in a really protected state paying an acknowledgment for protection. To take an example on the tiniest scale, there is no wrong in the few hundred francs which the little commonwealth of Andorra pays to France as an acknowledgment for French protection. In this case, Great Britain was supposed to undertake a great deal of costly work of which Ireland would have the advantage, and for this Ireland was to pay. Here is nothing really unjust, if the dependent relation is allowed; but here is a very marked badge indeed of dependence. Lastly, whatever rights the dependent land was to receive were

not to be the subject of a treaty, like the Union of 1800 ; they were to be a simple grant of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and the Parliament of the United Kingdom was still to keep a reserved power over the dependent land. Never was the dependence of one land upon another more clearly set forth than the dependence of Ireland on Great Britain was in that scheme of Mr. Gladstone's which its enemies spoke of as involving the "disintegration" and "disruption of the Empire."

And yet, as has been already said, they so spoke of it with perfect truth, if what they meant was that the practical "empire" of Great Britain over Ireland was to come to an end. So it was to be by the very bill which would have made Ireland openly dependent and tributary. It might seem as if nothing could be more distasteful, almost insulting, to Irish feeling than a measure which brought down Ireland, hitherto an integral and equal part of the United Kingdom, to so low a level. And yet it was not so ; the bill was not displeasing to Ireland, but the opposite. That is to say, the bill would have taken away the shadow and given the substance ; under the form of dependence it would have given a higher measure of independence than Ireland had enjoyed at any time since the Union. It is the easiest thing in the world to say that the Irish accept Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule simply because they look on it as a means to more complete separation : it is always easy, and it often has an air of wisdom, to charge others with motives which they disclaim. The Irish say, and say with every appearance of sincerity, that they care for the management of their own affairs, and that they do not care for international affairs, the policy and "prestige" of the "British Empire," and all that kind of thing. They were therefore satisfied with a bill which would have given them all that they cared for and would have refused them only what they did not care for. Such a state of mind is neither wonderful nor unreasonable ; it is unintelligible only to those who are themselves so possessed with the Jingo swagger that they cannot understand that other people may be without it. There is no direct ground for distrusting the Irish

professions ; at the same time it is perfectly possible that, whether Irishmen at this moment look for it or not, whether they wish for it or not, Separation may be some day or other the result of Home Rule. It is only the ordinary course of human nature that it should be so ; Separation must be looked forward to as a possible thing, like any other remote chance, a chance which the rejection of the late scheme may very likely have brought nearer. And if separation comes, what then ? Then we should certainly have come to the "disintegration of the Empire" or whatever may be the plain English of those hard words. But there is the simple fact of history that the "Empire" has gone through a good many "disintegrations," and that it has commonly been the better for each of them. Complete Separation might work well or ill ; that we cannot tell for certain beforehand ; it might, whenever the question comes, be right to vote for it or to vote against it. The only thing to be insisted on is that it is to be looked at like any other political change, not as something in itself wicked or monstrous. If Ireland were politically separated from Great Britain, there is no reason to think either that the physical course of the universe would change or that the moral nature of man would suddenly become worse than it has been from the beginning.

The exclusion of Irish members from Westminster—if exclusion it is to be called when they do not want to come—followed naturally on the main principle of Mr. Gladstone's scheme. By that scheme Ireland was to be a dependency, self-governing at home, dependent abroad. In such a system Irish members can have no place in the Parliament of Great Britain. The representatives of a dependency can have no place in the assembly of the ruling country. The essence of the scheme was that Ireland was to do for herself at home and to be done for by Great Britain abroad. In such an arrangement Irish members were not wanted at Westminster ; they were not wanted to settle the particular affairs of Great Britain, neither were they wanted to settle the common affairs of the kingdom which they were ready to leave to Great Britain. It is indeed said that they have

been and may be useful in balancing parties in Great Britain. This argument is new and singular. The use of representatives has hitherto been thought to be to represent the needs of their own people, not to act as makeweights in the debates of strangers.*

Let it be remembered that I am not arguing for Mr. Gladstone's scheme, least of all for its practical details. In whose hands, for instance, the police should be is a most important practical question; but it is a question for practical statesmen to settle according to the expediency of the moment; it forms no part of my subject, the study of political constitutions in themselves. I am not even arguing for the main principles of the scheme; I am only trying to distinguish them from the main principles of other schemes. For we may be certain of one thing and of one only, namely that some scheme will have to be tried again. If any one thinks that Home Rule is thrust aside forever, he has indeed failed to read the history of the great movements of our own century or of any century. The progress made by Home Rule in this first attempt is wonderful. On that head read Sir Charles Duffy in the August number of the *Contemporary Review*. Some scheme will have to be brought forward by somebody, possibly another scheme on the same general lines as Mr. Gladstone's, possibly on the federal principle, possibly on some other. The great objection to the federal plan is that a really fair federal system would involve such a breaking up of old names and associations as Englishmen would hardly endure, and which I should suppose that Scotsmen and Irishmen would not endure either. I must myself prefer the kingdom of England to the canton of Wessex. On the other hand, while the federal scheme is under discussion, we cannot put out of sight that both in Scotland and in Wales signs of a tendency to something like Home Rule have shown themselves in a way which no one had thought of at the beginning of the year. Voices have been heard directly bearing on the

subject, and the vote itself at the late election is the most instructive of all. Its geographical aspect is, as was hinted at the beginning of this article, a lesson indeed. England has rejected the Irish demand for Home Rule, because Englishmen, as a rule, cannot throw themselves into the position which makes Irishmen seek for it. It is the hardest thing for men of a race which is wont to rule, to learn to understand the feelings of a race in any way subject or dependent. Scotland and Wales, lands assuredly not now subject or dependent, but which, as smaller nations attached to a larger, can at least conceive the possibility of subjection or dependence, better understand the Irish demand; they are better able to throw themselves into the position of the Irish in making it; they therefore give a more decided majority for Home Rule than England gives against it. From accepting the demand of Home Rule for Ireland, some at least in both countries have gone on to think of Home Rule for themselves. The cry has not been very loud, but that it should have been heard at all is the thing to be noticed. And Home Rule for Scotland and Wales could assuredly take no shape but a federal one.

Glaring as are the objections to the federal system as applied to the United Kingdom, it has certainly one advantage which will draw favor to it in many eyes. It would supply, and, as far as I can see, no other scheme would supply, a ready way out of the Ulster difficulty. That difficulty is a very real one, one which I myself insisted, six months back, as one of the many difficulties which beset the whole question all round. It is a real difficulty, but it should not be magnified beyond its true size. We must not talk of Ulster, as if all Ulster were of the same mind, or as nearly of the same mind as Leinster, Munster, and Connaught are. A great part of Ulster is of the same mind as Leinster, Munster, and Connaught. But the part of Ulster which is not of that mind has a perfect right to be thought of. It may even have as fair a claim to Home Rule as against the rest of Ireland as Ireland has to Home Rule as against the rest of the United Kingdom. And under the federal system that Home Rule might at once be given to it. Here is a point to

* Of the awkward position which some proposals would give to the Irish members, giving them votes on common affairs, but no votes on specially English or Scottish affairs, I spoke fourteen years ago in this *Review*.

be weighed; only it is not to be forgotten that there is another point to be weighed too. If the Protestants of the rest of Ireland have a right to some safeguard against the Roman Catholic majority, the Roman Catholics of these special districts of Ulster have equal rights to some safeguard against the Protestant majority. And we must remember another point, that while Ulster has a perfect right to ask for Home Rule, if it chooses, as against Leinster, Munster and Connaught, it has no right to hinder Leinster, Munster, and Connaught from getting Home Rule as against Great Britain. It may be believed that, when each country has settled down into a regular order of things, none of these dangers will be found so great as it seems. Still it is a matter to be thought over by the practical statesman. It is one of the dangers and difficulties which surround every side of the question. Whatever we do, we shall have dangers and difficulties to deal with. It is the work of statesmanship to find out what course is likely to be accompanied with the least amount of danger and difficulty. The duller eye can see what course is accompanied by the greatest amount of danger and difficulty, namely the course of doing nothing at all.

The discussion of the whole matter has been a good deal confused on all sides by the lavish use of historical parallels, those historical parallels with which everybody is so delighted when he thinks they tell his own way, and which everybody is so apt to sneer at as "antiquarian rubbish," whenever they happen to tell the other way. The truth is that in this case there are plenty of negative parallels, and none other. The whole case stands quite by itself. If the Irish people had won in warfare, or had obtained out of fear of warfare, any measure of Home Rule from Separation downward, to that there would have been plenty of parallels, old and new. But nothing ever happened at all like what Mr. Gladstone proposed. Part of a kingdom, supposed to be incorporated with the rest on equal terms, was to receive a large measure of independence, under cover of sinking to the state of a dependency. And the people concerned accepted the terms as fairly expressing

what they wished. A very unusual remedy was proposed for a very unusual state of things. We were told something about Hungary and Austria, something about the United States, something about almost every case in which two or more countries are or have been joined together on some terms short of incorporation. But in none of these cases was there to be found either an existing relation at all like the existing relations between Great Britain and Ireland, nor was the new or revived relation that was substituted at all like that which it was proposed to substitute in Ireland. Hungary and Austria were never incorporated into one constitutional state. The ancient constitution of Hungary, suppressed by violence, was restored when it was found safer to restore it, and Hungary and Austria entered into a relation not unlike that between Great Britain and Ireland at the end of the last century, but utterly unlike anything proposed by Mr. Gladstone, and just as unlike the federal system which others have thought of. Something much more to the purpose would very likely be found in the relations, not between Hungary and Austria, but between Hungary and Austria severally and the *partes annexæ* of each. The relations between Hungary and Croatia, between Austria and Dalmatia, would supply real analogies to the relations between Great Britain and Ireland, though in the case of Hungary and Croatia there is the marked difference that Croatia has an assembly of its own. And be it remembered that, whatever is wrongful, and there is plenty of it, in the policy of the "Austro-Hungarian Monarchy," consists not at all in the voluntary relations between the kingdom and the archduchy, but in the relations, by no means always voluntary, between the kingdom and the archduchy and their several *partes annexæ*. Hungary and Austria have a perfect right to unite on any terms that they please, or to separate on any terms that they please; the question is whether they have any right to drag Croatia, Dalmatia, Trent, and a crowd of other lands, with them.*

* In *The Times* of August 7th there was an article headed "Heterogeneous Austria and Hungary," founded on a report of the American Consul-General at Vienna. It is well

Sweden and Norway are united in much the same way ; but then Norway has not won freedom from Sweden, even in the sense which Hungary may be said to have won her freedom from Austria. Finland is a case of a country enjoying a full amount of Home Rule and constitutional government under a sovereign who in the rest of his dominions is despotic. But here nothing has been gained, nothing has been lost ; the old system has simply gone on under a new ruler. The Emperor of Russia stepped into the place of the King of Sweden as Grand Duke of Finland, and that was all. Poland, on the other hand, united to Russia on nearly the same terms as Finland, only with a new constitution instead of an old one, has shown how the same arrangements may succeed in one case and fail in another.* A nearer approach than any other in Europe has been the Danish grant of a constitution to Iceland, spoken of by Mr. Bryce in the House of Commons ; but even this is not quite exact. All references to federal systems are out of place ; so are all references to cases where ancient liberties have either been preserved or have been won back either peaceably or by force. A minute examination of all these cases, with their occasional slight points of analogy with Ireland, would be a curious historical study, and one by no means void of political teaching.

But it would supply no such real analogy as that between Great Britain and Ireland from 1782 to 1800 and Hungary and Austria since 1867. The case, not of a dependency, not of a

separate kingdom, but of part of a nominally united kingdom, asking for some measure of separation from the rest, is a rare one. The separation of Belgium from the Netherlands is the most like it ; still that comes more nearly to cases of the recovery of ancient rights. It is not exactly such a case, as there had never before been an united and distinct kingdom of Belgium ; but it was the same thing in principle ; it was the throwing off of a new and artificial state of things. When Sicily parted from Naples in 1848, it was yet more distinctly the falling back on ancient rights. And if the state of things to be remedied was rare, perhaps unique, the remedy proposed was yet more clearly unique. That was no argument against it, as it was no argument for it ; but it would have been better to attack and defend the measure as something avowedly unlike anything that had ever before been done in the world, than to argue for or against it from supposed parallels which have no relevance either way.

The bill of this year is dead ; but it is quite possible that its main principles are not dead ; it is quite certain that Home Rule in some shape or another is not dead. The real fear indeed is, not that Home Rule is likely to be treated as dead, but that Home Rule may be taken up, without real zeal, without real conviction, as a means of outbidding a rival party. Of all kinds of legislation, the worst is that which is undertaken with the view of "dishing" the other side.—*Fortnightly Review*.

EVIL UNSELFISHNESS.

DOGMAS are the bones of religion, and positive law is the backbone of morality. Those rather priggish though perfectly true apophthegms, now becoming rather unpopular, but hereafter

worth reading, as clearly the work of an observant man who knows the present facts and relations, but is perhaps all the better for not being troubled by any historical prejudices. For one thing, he avoids the vulgarism of using the phrase "Empire of Austria" so as to take in Hungary and its *partes annexæ*. He quotes a singular recent admission from a Hungarian source. "The dualism established between Austria and Hungary has doubtless realized

to revive, recurred to us strongly when reading, a fortnight since, the evidence given at the inquest on Mr. J. S. Lowe, the Manchester merchant, who was found dead on August 21st in the railway-carriage near Leicester. A pistol-

the political aspirations of the Magyars as far as Home Rule is concerned, but it seems to have had little effect upon the harmony or rather disharmony between the several races inhabiting the kingdom."

* I mean of course the kingdom of Poland united to Russia in 1815. Then Russia for the first time acquired really old Polish territory.

shot had been heard after the train left Bedford, with Mr. Lowe alone in his compartment, but no attention was paid to it, and the body was taken out of the carriage at Leicester quite dead, in such a position that he must have been shot by a weapon held some inches from his head, with torn coat, broken umbrella, and revolver lying on the footway outside the carriage-door. The police started a theory of murder, for which there was little evidence, except the condition of the clothes and umbrella, the fact that the pistol had not touched his skin, and the existence of a letter from Mr. Lowe, telling his wife that he had collected £1,200 in London, though no such sum was found. Of the truth of the statement in the letter there was no proof; indeed, it is certain the money was not collected on the alleged day, and though there will doubtless be a careful civil trial, in which new facts may come to light and may entirely change the aspect of the case, the balance of opinion in Manchester is that Mr. Lowe, who owed some £11,000 which he was unable to pay in proper time, killed himself to secure some heavy insurances for his creditors and his family, having first carefully arranged a little drama calculated to raise a suspicion that he had been murdered, strong enough to compel the insurance offices to pay the money. He, it is reasonably supposed, had written the letter, torn his coat, broken his umbrella, and dropped his pistol outside, all with a deliberate intent to defraud, or rather, perhaps, in his own mind, to coerce the insurance offices, which are, as a rule, not liable in the event of suicide. There will be a much more careful inquiry yet than any the Coroner could institute, and we have no intention of prejudicing the case; but as yet the published evidence at the inquest almost forces the conclusion of suicide—though, we are bound to add, the jury who heard it returned an open verdict—and if it really were one, what a wonderful psychological problem is presented for consideration? Here we have a man not only distinctly sane—unless, indeed, we accept the unhistoric supposition that every suicide is a lunatic—but rather unusually clever, who could think out a sensational drama nearly as well as Mr.

Wilkie Collins, and coolly trust his uninstructed intelligence to frame one which should mislead the trained intelligence of the police. Having determined on death, he deliberately, while, as it were, dying—for all his preparations would have been ridiculous if he had repented—worked out a colossal deception, whereby £14,000 which would have belonged to insurance offices was transferred to his creditors and family, and then slew himself, committing both crimes for the sake of other people. He may, in his own judgment, have benefited by death, for we suppose every suicide has in his mind a theory that in the grave, or in the mercy of God—which, poor man, if it exists at all, is operative here as well as there—he will find escape from the evil with which his imagination tortures him; but he could not benefit personally by the fraud, must rather have suffered from the sense that he was even in dying committing crime. He could not receive the money or keep the money, could not, in fact, benefit by it in any way, except possibly by retaining a reputation for ultimate solvency which at such a moment could hardly have pressed on him as a strong temptation. He must have been actuated mainly by the feeling for others which theologians call "altruism," and which there is a soppy kind of opinion afloat will one day, when all the dogmas have been buried, and belief is only the Hindoo *bhakti*, an attitude of mind always meritorious, whatever its object, will make the best possible substitute for a positive moral law. In this case it made no substitute at all. Mr. Lowe, on the theory placed before the Coroner, threw away his life and his rectitude from a purely, or almost purely, unselfish motive, stealing money, if he did steal it, without an idea of ever benefiting in person by the theft. Altruism, in fact, supplied a dominant motive, as if cultivated, we agree with the fanatics of the theory, it usually or very often would do, but rather concealed from the man who felt the motive than revealed to him, the immorality of the resulting act.

The presumption that every criminal is an egotist—a presumption which completely dominated so keen an ob-

server as Charles Reade—is so fixed in the British mind that a clever counsel could, we imagine, by presenting ably the idea we have presented roughly, greatly perplex the average British jurymen. Mr. Lowe, he would say, could not have been at once bad and good, a self-murderer and a fraudulent breaker of bargains, and a man careful in his very despair of his creditors and his family. Such a character is impossible out of a story-book, and as murder is not shut out by the evidence, though no murderer is visible, murdered poor Mr. Lowe must have been. Yet, though suicide for others' sake is uncommon, and it is unusual to break the Eighth Commandment knowingly in the act of dying, a little reflection would teach the jurymen that criminality for the sake of others is by no means unfrequent. Half the adulteries committed in the world have altruism for a leading motive. Not a year passes without a case or two of murder committed by a mother, sometimes even by a father, upon children in order that they, entering sinless upon another world, may escape the miseries the parent has endured, or, it may be, has fancied to exist, in this. Every corporation which has tolerated crime has had in it men who perpetrated the crimes solely for the sake of others. In the too celebrated Sheffield case, Broadhead may have identified himself with the saw-grinders till his identity was almost lost; yet it is certain that he ordered no execution for his own advantage, and benefited personally by no crime, while his action, as we remarked at the time, was but a repetition of the action of many a Churchman of the Middle Ages, or later. Ravaiillac hoped nothing for himself from the death of Henri Quatre, and Orsini blew up an innocent multitude solely for the sake of men whose consequent enfranchisement he could never hope to witness. Unselfishness, in fact, with him was a passion leading to direct defiance of the moral law, as no doubt it has also led with some of the nobler Nihilists, who have occasionally been guilty not only of assassination, but of the mean offence of theft, in order that other Russians might benefit by their use of resources

so obtained. Many of the patriots and terrorists of history have been criminals led to crime by altruistic feeling. Indeed, actuaries say that the crime attributed to Mr. Lowe, specially strange as it is because committed in the moment before death, is by no means unique, and that many a reported case of "heart-disease" might be fought by the insurers as suicide committed to make a family secure, if it were not so inconvenient and impolitic to make the public suspect the insurance offices of litigiousness. The truth is, unselfishness is only self-suppression, and though self-suppression is so rare that the world perforce admires it, its value as a working motive of morality really depends upon its object. An Indian Yogi suppresses self to perfection, and is only a brute after all. The object may be bad or indifferent, or the product, as in the wonderful case of the penitential nuns, whose self-suppression lasts through life, and seems to common men incredible or insane, the result of an illusion. The pursuit of nobleness for oneself, though in some sort a selfishness, is a far safer guide; and obedience to a law from above, if only you can get one, safer still. Christ, in that lofty teaching of altruism in which he seems to say that it contained the whole law, prefaced it with a command that is really the most tremendous modification of the subsequent precept, reducing it sometimes and in special cases, as when the community inflicts punishment, to a shadow. In practice, altruism is very apt, man being unable to love all men equally, to become devotion to those who are near, and this may almost as easily develop crime as virtue. "These fathers of families," said the French statesman, "are capable of anything," and certainly they are very often capable of preferring their children to an obedience to the inflexible moral law. "My child was being robbed," says Lady Mason, "so to protect him I forged a will." The idea which to so many men, including most of the new Radicals, seems so superior to Christianity, is after all a very flabby one, giving but little help in action, and that little only when interpreted by a less uncertain motive of human conduct.—*Spectator*.

RURAL TUSCANY.

BY LEOPOLD KATSCHER.

AMONG the countries which are the most interesting and celebrated for their agriculture, Tuscany occupies the foremost rank. By reason of the fertility of its soil, the number and nature of its population, and the quality of its products, this highly-favored land has often attracted the attention and called forth the praise of political economists. As regards the outer aspect of the country, Tuscany has been endowed by Nature with extraordinary multiformity. Few districts of so small an extent have been so unevenly formed. In the north and east are the Apennines, in the interior the narrow valleys and innumerable wooded hills, and in the west and south extensive plains and marshes—three regions which, as regards their exterior, have very little in common. With regard to production, organization of labor, and manners and ideas of the several populations, they are likewise essentially different. It will be interesting, therefore, to examine the agricultural physiognomy of each of these three regions, and afterward to point out the influence it has exercised on the ethnographical nature of their respective inhabitants.

I.—*The Mountain Region.*

The summits of the Apennines are covered with snow during the greater part of the year, and firs, pines, and larches grow on their uppermost slopes. Further down are huge forests of aspen, beech, and chestnut trees. To the mountaineer the chestnut tree is an object of supreme importance, as it is useful both for timber and vines. Besides, in many districts its fruit, which is partly roasted and partly made into *polenta*, forms one of the chief sources of nourishment. Oaks and cork trees are among the principal products of these regions. The swine, vast numbers of which are kept by the great landed proprietors, are fed upon the acorns. The inhabitants of these higher regions are mostly large landed proprietors. The introduction of mining, and the erection of iron-works in several mountain districts, have

caused immense injury to the forests, because, for want of coal, it was necessary to consume vegetable fuel for industrial operations. This necessitated replanting, and, although great pains have been taken to repair the havoc which has been done, the attempt has not succeeded.

The contracts for getting wood are not unlike the system of joint tenure, of which we shall have occasion to speak later on. The contract is a mutual one between the owner of the wood on the one hand and the workmen on the other, the latter of whom have to fell and cut the timber, and construct charcoal piles for burning it. Thousands of people spend the whole of the year in the forest, in the winter occupied with the wood, and in the summer with the preparation of the charcoal, in which they earn daily from two shillings to half-a-crown.

The further we descend, the more land we find under cultivation—more of human labor and less of unsophisticated nature. In the middle portions of the mountain there is more agricultural wealth, more industry, and consequently there are more well-to-do people, and, as there is no limit to the partition of the soil, more small landowners and cultivators. Most of the inhabitants possess a small dwelling and a piece of arable land; and although it is often not much larger than an acre, it is an object of the tenderest solicitude, on which no expense is spared. It is a touching sight to behold these tiny, modest patches, which even Arthur Young, that most ardent upholder of a large landed proprietary, could not regard without admiration. He tells us that the passion for farming is so strong and irresistible that it has sufficed to surmount every obstacle, and to clothe even the rocks with verdure. But this can only be done, he adds, when the rock is the property of the cultivator. Secure him the undisputed possession of a bare stone, and he will convert it into a garden. It was in the Cevennes that Young observed this; and it is the same

in all mountain regions where there are small proprietors, as, for instance, in Wurtemberg and Lombardy; but nowhere is it seen to the same extent as in Tuscany. In all that concerns his small enclosure, the peasant will exert himself to the uttermost, and will submit to any privations. These small farms are continually on the increase. They take in a portion of the forest lands year by year, and contribute toward the clearing of the woods.

The hills contain valuable mineral wealth. We find there quarries and mines which were known and explored in the time of the ancients, which lay idle during the first centuries of the Middle Ages, were resumed under the Medici, and again discontinued; and finally, in modern times, have come to be appreciated as they deserve. There we find the marble of Carrara and Scarravezza, the slate of Pomezzana, and the precious stones of Cardoso. Then there are the metals—argentiferous lead, ore of iron, zinc and antimony, and even mercury mines. Only few of these treasures are now brought to light, but every year new undertakings are being formed with Italian and foreign capital for procuring them. The paper manufacture likewise thrives in these regions; there are about sixty factories, which carry on a large wholesale export trade, and new ones are continually springing up. Numerous streams provide the various industries with impelling power, almost free of cost. All these, it will be seen, are excellent conditions for the prosperity of the country, the elevation of the people, and the progress of enlightenment.

The industries using hydraulic power indirectly afford advantages to the small cultivator. It has its constantly recurring stoppages as well as its regular annual *saison morte*; and the mining and factory operative devotes these seasons to agricultural pursuits, in which all his family take part, inasmuch as the cultivation of their field is with them an affair of state, an honor, and a luxury. The wife frequently wields the spade and scythe, the children collect and carry the manure, each according to his strength and ability furnishing his contingent of zeal and application.

It is a common saying that a small

landed proprietary attracts less capital than a large one. In Tuscany this may be understood in a less absolute sense. There the peasant spends a great part of his wages either in enlarging or in beautifying his estate. Everything else is held in subordination to this. Instead of investing his money in savings banks, the peasant confides it to the fertile earth. The relatively high rate of wages, consequently, is favorable to a small proprietary, which makes the laborer active, industrious, and indefatigable. These are the blessed results of the fortunate alliance of agricultural and industrial labor, which steam is about to drive altogether out of Europe.

II.—*The Hills and Valleys.*

In the interior of the land we have a totally different aspect of nature, a different people, and different agricultural and industrial arrangements. The environs of Florence, Siena, the valley of the Arno, and the Nievole and Chiana valleys, form the heart of Tuscany. There the agricultural institutions, customs, and contracts are most characteristic. Few districts are so naturally fertile and, at the same time, so enriched by human industry and economy. We see there thousands of enclosures covered with the olive and the vine, in the middle of which is a house built of bricks and limestone, lime-washed either yellow or pure white, in which the family reside. The land is divided into innumerable parcels, and every enclosure forms a square, which, as a rule, is encompassed by poplar or mulberry trees. The olives and vines are scattered here and there about the field. The fields are sown with corn and vegetables, and thus, thanks to the prodigal bounteousness of Nature, the same soil brings forth wheat, wine, and oil.

But, however fertile the soil of Tuscany may be, it is mainly indebted to the hand of man for the rich harvest it yields, to his industry, his indomitable labor, his intelligence and thrift. Its hills and valleys, now so full of gladness, were once wasted by roaring torrents, carrying with them in their headlong course not only the soil, but the detritus of rocks, and, in consequence of the floods, culture was continually rendered more difficult and ungrateful.

But the peasantry were taught wisdom by sad experience, and, their faculty of invention having once been awakened, they were not long in devising a remedy against these devastations. Not only did they change the current of the streams, but they so disciplined and subdued them as to transform them into beneficent agents. They built massive walls, they excavated dykes, laid drains, and, in short, applied all the remedies which the state of engineering science, as it existed previous to the time of the Medici, placed within their reach. This immense labyrinth of protective bulwarks and dams, it is true, swallowed up a large amount of capital, but Tuscany was then probably the richest country in Europe, and all the profit which the inhabitants derived from industry and commerce was literally invested in the land.

But although the amount of capital thus invested is so considerable, the physical labor of the Tuscan peasant is anything but light. He profits, no doubt, by the institutions of his ancestors, but he must not only be careful to preserve them intact, he must continually endeavor to improve them. The least want of vigilance on his part might cause the ruin of the entire fabric of hydraulic appliances. Besides, the peasant has a great many other calamities to contend against. The Tuscan wines are the best in Italy, and both the people and the Government have ever made a point of maintaining and increasing their reputation; but the grape disease has for a long time diminished their quantity and deteriorated their quality, the consequence of which is, they have become so dear that only well-to-do people can afford to enjoy them. The olive-tree, also, which forms another valuable resource of the Tuscan peasant, has been threatened with danger for a number of years, which Léonce de Lavergne ascribes to the cooling of the temperature caused by the clearing of the forests, and to the violence of the north winds. Doubts are still entertained respecting the correctness of this view, but Peruzzi and Beaulieu confirm it, and we also incline to the same opinion. On the other hand, it may be regarded as some compensation for this evil that the mulberry-tree, which for-

merly was little cultivated in Tuscany, is vastly on the increase, and this, by promoting the production of silk, furnishes another source of labor and income to the agricultural and industrial population employed in the manipulation of this valuable textile material.

The interior of Tuscany is the classical land of the *métayage*, or reciprocal tenure, to which we have already alluded. Small proprietors who cultivate their own land are scarcer there than in the mountains, and the few there are can hardly be considered prosperous. We also find a certain number of small proprietors who hold their lands in virtue of an inheritable lease (*emphyteusis*), or, as it is there called, *contratto di livello*. This kind of fief was formerly very common, and was encouraged by succeeding Governments with a view of checking the territorial enlargement of estates in mortmain. These *livellari*, as such landholders are called, stand in a very precarious position. The minute and uncertain issues of the inferior tillage of the South impose a difficult task upon the peasant, who has neither money nor credit, and who, moreover, requires the produce of the harvest to supply the necessities of life for himself and his family.

The harvest frequently proves a failure for years in succession, so that the *livellaro* is either driven to desperate expedients, or falls a prey to destitution. In the mountains, where field labor forms only part of the income, and his wages enable the peasant to wait for a favorable harvest, the case is otherwise. But, besides these poor peasants whose sole occupation is agriculture, there is another and a more fortunate class, consisting of those small owners who do not cultivate their own land. As a rule, they are either tradespeople or small merchants carrying on business in towns, who have invested their savings in the purchase of a plot of land, which they let out on the half-produce system. The middle class of Florence prefer this method of investing their money to any other, as they have no confidence in anything but real estate.

The half-profit system—*métayage*, or *messeria*—has been in vogue in Tuscany for several centuries. It arose out of the *colonia parziaria* of the ancient Ro-

man Empire. The land was parcelled out for State purposes into a multitude of small plots, and handed over to agricultural families, who received a certain share of the produce, and whose interest it consequently was to make it as productive as possible. The *colonia parziaria* and the *meszeria* formerly existed in several European countries, but have now almost disappeared. The latter still preserves a lingering existence in some of the southern districts we have named, but is fast dying out there. It is in Tuscany, as we have already said, that it has taken the deepest root, and where it flourishes most.

The plot of land cultivated by a family on the *meszeria* system is called a *podere*. As a rule, several *poderi* form a *fattoria*, in the centre of which there is a building containing a warehouse for the produce; rooms for the preparation of oil, flax, wine, and brandy; and the dwelling of the manager (*fattore*). In this way from five or six to sixty or eighty, but more generally about twenty, *poderi* are connected. As a single *podere* consists of from five to twenty acres, a *fattoria* may, as a rule, comprise from 100 to 250 acres.

The *meszeria* contract is made for a year, and is terminated by giving three months' notice; but such terminations are very rare, as the contracting parties generally remain associated all their lives. The fundamental principle—equal division of products—is generally kept up, but in many places the contract contains a clause which sometimes binds the peasant to defray the entire cost of some particular branch of the farm, and at other times secures to the owner the whole of the crops belonging to some other branch. The cost of the seed is generally on joint account, and the purchase of the cattle, which, according to ancient tradition, devolves entirely upon the owner, is, in many places, equally incumbent on the farmer. All the wages of labor are paid by the farmer, and extraordinary expenses only are defrayed by the owner.

The head of the family which farms a *podere* is called a *cappoccio*, and the wife a *massaja*. The husband superintends the field labor, and the wife looks after the stable and the poultry-yard. The children assist in the work, and on leav-

ing the parental roof, either to get married or to engage in some other occupation, they receive a "partnership portion." All business is transacted in the name of the *cappoccio*, who is in close communication with the landowner, or *padrone*, and *fattore*, or manager.

Down to a recent period the relations between the owner of the land and his partner were exceedingly simple and patriarchal. An account current was kept, showing a balance sometimes in favor of the one, and sometimes in favor of the other. The *padrone* was the banker, no matter whether he had to make advances to the farmer, or simply to act as the custodian of his money. On neither side was the balance subject to interest. The farmer, who disdained to invest his money in anything but real estate, willingly handed over his savings to the landowner, in return for which he received advances whenever he stood in need of them. The settlements were annual. When one of these joint-farmers died, and left a wife and young children behind him, the family were scarcely ever deprived of the farm; they were allowed to carry it on with the aid of hired farm-laborers (*garzoni*), the owner defraying all the necessary expenses, besides supporting the family and crediting his account with the outlay, which the sons, when grown up, paid off by instalments.

This simple and honest dealing is in great danger of disappearing, partly because the farmer is often unable to repay what he owes to the landlord, and partly also because he is getting more enlightened, and prefers to invest his savings in a way that will bring him interest. Frequent quarrels also now occur in regard to matters connected with the economy of the farm, the farmer, for instance, often opposing the introduction of innovations. In this way, one nail after another is continually being driven into the coffin of the joint farming system. As already shown, the equitable apportionment of the expenses and the profits is not now adhered to with the same regularity as formerly, for not only is the farmer saddled with more labor and more expenses, but he is unable to calculate, as formerly, upon receiving advances from the *padrone*. The system is partly de-

generating and partly losing ground, and, as in the district of Lucca, for example, it is being gradually supplanted by a kind of natural tenure, between which and a rent-charge the distance is not very great.

Another circumstance, also, which is contributing to the change that is taking place in agricultural economy is this, that for years back large estates have been constantly springing up where corn and cattle are produced in immense quantities.

Not only is the classical tradition of the *mezzeria* fast disappearing, but the cohesion which formerly existed among the rural population is gradually giving way. Formerly it was no uncommon thing to see several families banding themselves together for farming on joint account, a sight which is seldom seen nowadays. Neither do we see the widows and orphans of the peasantry remaining on the farm, as they used to do. The bond which formerly existed between families of associated farmers, is in process of being broken, also, by the two new classes which are continually increasing in number, viz. the farm-servants (*garzoni*), and the agricultural laborers (*pigionali*).

The hills and valleys of Tuscany are densely populated. Every family counts, on an average, five or six children, and if more than half the children that are born did not die in infancy, the population would be enormous. This density of population is easily accounted for. As already shown, the excellent Tuscan agriculture requires great care and perseverance, and demands the constant attention of the whole family, be it ever so numerous, without affording much leisure. Besides keeping the dams and drains in proper repair, there are an immense number of farm duties which require successively to be performed throughout the year, so that a farm of fifteen to twenty acres is sufficient to keep a family in constant occupation. But the intervals of repose are likewise profitably employed, as the men generally occupy them in some handicraft, such as masonry, joiner's work, etc., and the women in the pursuit of domestic industries. There the latter still play an important part, and create a certain de-

gree of well-to-do comfort. The most important branch of domestic industry is the straw hat manufacture. Who is there that is not acquainted with those elegant covers for the head, the so-called "Florentine straw hats?" Even as early as 1812, Lullin de Chateauvieux, an author then residing there, estimated the production at £145,000 to £150,000, since which time these figures have more than quintupled. In recent years the exports have averaged £375,000, and the home consumption amounts at least to as large a sum. The wages of labor absorb 80 per cent. of the price, so that in this article alone the domestic workpeople earn about £600,000 per annum. Generally, the workwoman purchases the raw material herself, and sells the ready-made hats to a dealer, in the same way as the domestic flower-makers sell their flowers ready-made. In this way she can easily earn from seventeen to twenty-two pence a day, and this, be it remarked, is only a subsidiary occupation. The greater part of the straw goods is exported to England and America. A large English house has established itself in Prato which employs several thousand hands in this kind of work the whole year through.

Since the cultivation of the mulberry tree became general in Tuscany, the breeding of silkworms, the winding and weaving of the silk, and all the other manipulations necessary to the manufacture of this valuable textile material form a copious source of income for the women and girls in the country districts. Flax and hemp are likewise woven and spun in the cottages. More than thirty million pounds of flax and a hundred million pounds of hemp are annually produced there. As there are only three mechanical spinning factories occupied with these materials, the manufacture is almost exclusively confined to private hands, and the people have consequently much greater facilities for adding to their income, than in Bohemia, for instance, where mechanical industry is much more widely extended. Every family makes its own clothes. A country girl, working in hemp and flax, earns, it is true, only about threepence a day; but, under the circumstances existing there, considering the fewness of the

wants of an agricultural laborer, and the temperance he carries into all the relations of life, this comparatively small resource is not a thing to be despised.

But nothing is eternal. Even this state of things is undergoing a change. Many large establishments for the manufacture of textile fabrics have already sprung up, against which it is impossible for domestic industry to compete much longer. Thus, impelled by the irresistible spirit of the age, social and industrial transformations combine to alter the position, and to modify the agrarian contracts, of the rural population.

III.—*The Maremmes.*

The third region of Tuscany consists of those wide plains which extend from the south to the sea and the Roman frontier. They are called Maremmes (from the Latin word *maritima*), and present the appearance of an immense desert. The ground is intersected by large undulating elevations. Nature, here left to herself, presents only impenetrable pine, oak, and cork-tree forests, interrupted either by ponds and marshes, or by large open spaces. Further, immense prairies, partly under water, which serve as pasture grounds for sheep, horses, and cattle. These animals, which roam about the desert in a semi-wild state, are under the care of some hundreds of shepherds, who spend only the winter among them—this season being the least dangerous, as we shall presently see—while in summer they migrate northward toward the mountains. It is seldom that the herds belong to the owners of the land; as a rule, they are the property of foreigners who contract with them for the right of pasturage.

The climate of the Maremmes, as far as the weather is concerned, is one of the finest in Italy. The heat of summer, as well as the cold of winter, is tempered by the situation of the coast, and a shower of rain suffices to cause the magnificent grass for the cattle to spring up out of the earth as if by magic. The natural fertility of the soil is enormous. Mountain treasures also exist in abundance. The Maremmes may justly lay claim to be numbered among those districts which Nature has

most munificently endowed with mineral wealth. Some data in reference to this subject will not be out of place here.

Already the Etruscans of ancient Italy opened out a large number of mines which were explored during the first half of the Middle Ages, and were only given up in the thirteenth century. Among the strata opened out in ancient times we may name, for example, the iron, copper, and argentiferous lead mines of Massa Maritima (formerly called Massa Metallorum), the silver veins of Montieri, and the copper mines of Campiglia and Monte Catini. In the Middle Ages Massa was in great repute on account of its copper, which was taken even to the Flanders market, and also on account of its argentiferous leads, from which nearly all the silver for the Tuscan mint was procured. Many of these mines have been restored during the present century, and especially during the last twenty years, and several new ones have been discovered and explored, as, for example, the copper beds of Caponne Vecchi and Valastucci, the coal mines of Monte Bamboli, and the argentiferous lead mines of Castellaccia. The most brilliant results are obtained in the exploration of copper at La Cava, near Monte Catini, which, for the last forty years, has been carried on by an English company, in whose hands it has developed to an enormous extent, and who export large quantities to England.

But, besides metals, the earth here yields other valuable materials which are of great service to modern industry, such, for instance, as boracic acid, which is converted into borax, and is well known to be of vast importance in the manufacture of glass and earthenware. According to Beaulieu, it was a person named Carderel who first erected several large works in Tuscany, for the production of this material, which have since been much enlarged. From 1818 to 1860 more than 40,000 tons of boracic acid were obtained, and since then its exploration has greatly increased. The entire produce is sent to England, where the demand for it is so great that three times the quantity would be insufficient to supply it. There are also a large number of sulphur beds in the Maremmes, especially at Radicondoli and Scanzano.

If, in spite of all these advantages, this province is now, or was formerly, avoided, the fault is solely to be attributed to the *malaria* so prevalent there.

In ancient times the Maremmes were undoubtedly the most flourishing part of Italy. When the land began to be cultivated by slave labor, the small farmers were driven out, the country was depopulated, and the drainage neglected. Foreign invasions also contributed toward the destruction of the plains. Thus toward the beginning of the Christian era the prosperity of the Maremmes was greatly diminished. The Middle Ages gave them the *coup de grâce*. Civil wars, condottieri, and "grim death" turned them into a desert in the fourteenth century. The fragments detached from the mountains, and the dunes formed by the sea at the mouths of rivers, caused an accumulation and an obstruction of the water, which inundated the land and turned it into a bog. From these, and from other causes which it is not our task here to investigate, but to which we may add the clearing away of the timber from the mountains, arose the deadly and pestilent miasmata and malaria.

As early as the sixteenth century efforts were made to drain the plains. The clever Italian engineers who took part in this work invented the well-known Colmatage system, now become so general. The works began under Cosmos I.: canals were dug and dams erected; but succeeding rulers left the matter in abeyance, and it was only in the latter part of the last century that it was resumed. It was seen that the amelioration must commence with the draining of the lake of Castiglione, and this was done by connecting it with the river Ombrone. By employing the colmatage in this way a series of drainages was accomplished, which rendered many a vitiated plot of land either wholly or for the greater part innocuous, and these drainages are still being continued.

If, on the one hand, the Government either undertook these labors on its own account, or subsidized them, private people, on the other, did not lag behind. On all sides they have opened up new lands, and established immense farms, many of which, especially those between the lake of Castiglione and the

river Ombrone, excite astonishment on account of their extent and judicious management. Here the small landowner is unknown; farming on a large scale is the order of the day, and testifies to the truth of what Hippolyte Passy and Paul Leroy-Beaulieu said of them—that it quickly and easily transforms neglected districts into smiling landscapes. The labor season begins on the disappearance of the malaria, that is, after the first autumn showers. Very few of the people who have the management of the farms are permanently settled there, but multitudes of laborers who spend the summer in the Apennines go there and occupy themselves with agriculture during the winter. The industrial laborers and those employed on the mountains in the numerous mines and manufactories of the Maremmes, assisted by their wives and children, get in the harvest, leaving, for the time being, their establishments for that purpose. Their daily pay, which amounts to between two and three shillings, is looked upon as a godsend; but after the harvest, the hospitals of the neighboring towns are filled with fever-stricken patients. But, generally speaking, the unhealthiness disappears in proportion as culture advances. The permanent staff employed on the various farms also increases gradually, and a great number of those who only go to the Maremmes during the cold season settle there altogether. It may be said that the increase of population and of opulence go hand in hand.

Mining and manufactures, which are a powerful aid to agriculture, have for the greater part contributed to this state of things. We have already spoken of the mineral wealth; the most important of the industrial occupations is the borax manufacture, which disposes of its whole produce to England, and the alabaster manufactories of Volterra, which furnish employment to more than 1,200 hands, and export their produce to Russia, India, China and the United States. The rise of manufactures is rapid, and is destined to alter entirely the appearance of the country, and to impress upon it a new and specific physiognomy. At the same time there is no more effectual support for agriculture than that which is furnished by large in-

dustrial operations. They people the deserts with inhabitants, and take away from them their insalubrity. They attract the immigrant by the wages they pay, and by that means create a large demand and a home market for agricultural produce, while at the same time, when needful, the staff employed in them renders great assistance in field labors. However neglected a district may be, and however much behindhand in its cultivation, no sooner does manufacturing industry make its appearance there, but its beneficent effects are immediately made manifest in increased culture and production. As regards the Maremma more especially, their future is assured, and is destined to become important. Malaria is unable to maintain its ground in the presence of industrial and agricultural civilization, and nature is being rehabilitated in all its pristine beauty and luxuriance.

IV.—*Ethnographical.*

Notwithstanding the difference in language and costume, the mountain inhabitants of most countries, in consequence of the identity of climate and occupation, appear to bear the same stamp of customs and ideas, and universally to resemble each other in the principal features of their social physiognomy. Therefore, in order to determine the national character of the people of Tuscany, we must leave the higher regions and betake ourselves to the hills and valleys, where we can best study the influence which the organization of labor exercises on the national character.

What strikes us most in the rural population of the interior of Tuscany is the uniformity of their lot, and of their lives. Elsewhere in the country there are various degrees among the peasantry; there are rich, poor, and well-to-do. But here we find no such gradations. The agricultural class is equally removed from wealth and poverty; it occupies the medium position of a modest and industrious competency. The prevalence of small holdings, and the existence of the system of joint tenure are incompatible with any other state of things. With a piece of land of such small dimensions it would be difficult to save any considerable sum, and no less

difficult to invest what might be saved in such a way as to become rich. Financial speculations are out of the question, for the peasant has neither time, nor intelligence, nor ability to enable him to engage in them. He is so wanting in enterprise, as we have already seen, that he has not even the spirit to place his money out at interest, but if he is a small holder he employs it in improving his farm, or, if he is a joint occupier, he hands it over to his *padrone*. The material stagnation, therefore, in which he is sunk is inherent in the nature of the agricultural system, and is easily explained.

But if the system has this disadvantage, that under it the peasant is unable to raise himself above a certain level, it possesses, on the other hand, the merit of affording him great security, satisfaction, and freedom from anxiety. Generation succeeds generation on the same estate. The people are neither ambitious nor troubled about the future. They live in the present, without giving themselves a thought beyond. Their physiognomy and their habits and customs bear the stamp of contentment, which neither fears to fall nor hopes to rise. They are industrious and temperate. All that they require in the way of food is wheaten bread; in the higher regions substituted by polenta of chestnuts, or maize, onions, vegetables, fruit, cheese of sheep's or goat's milk, and *minestra* (a kind of soup consisting of salt and water containing either vermicelli or oatmeal balls). Except on festive occasions they never taste animal food (except milk or cheese), and as to wine, they rarely drink it, more especially as the native wines, as we have already said, are rather dear at present. They are a little more particular as regards dress. The women, even of the humblest households, would consider themselves badly off without their silk dress, their jewelry, and their fine straw hats. As regards their morality, it may be said that they are not over straight-laced; nevertheless they are not unchaste. Their outer life is intimately bound up with the Church. The holidays furnish opportunities for meetings and amusements. In every house we meet with pictures of saints, and at the entrance to every stable there is an

image of St. Anthony. Without including Sundays, there are thirteen special festivals in the year, which are celebrated by High Mass and a total cessation from labor; and twenty-five half-holidays on which only Mass is said, and work is continued as usual. These festivals, along with the Sundays, make ninety days which are more or less devoted to religion; to which have to be added the "nine-day devotions," and the processions, which are often held even on work-day evenings. Families also assemble after meals in order to say their prayers and count their beads.

But manufacturing industry, and the alterations in the organization of agricultural labor, begin sadly to interfere with these patriarchal customs. The manufactories are unable to stand so many holidays. Another disturbing element is furnished by the continually increasing class of the *pigionali*, who have other customs, aims, and ideas; they sell their services to occupiers who are beginning to farm on a large scale, or who want to put more land under cultivation, to the State, and to municipal bodies for the furtherance of public works. The remissness of former times in matters of this kind is amply made up for now. Streets and roads are being made, canals dug, forests cleared and brought under cultivation, drains laid and waterworks erected, in accomplishing which the services of the *pigionali* are especially valuable. This class, which possesses neither stability nor cohesion, is a decomposing element in the midst of a hereditary rural population. It interferes with its habits and inclinations, and propagates pauperism and demoralization, although Peruzzi's complaints on this subject appear to us to be exaggerated. The religious customs and political views and family traditions which have hitherto prevailed, have no doubt been endangered by the sudden development of this class of laborers.

Another circumstance calculated to disturb the equality which has hitherto prevailed among the Tuscan peasantry, is furnished by a number of the joint occupiers of the valley region, who have united their savings in order to invest them in trade. They purchase corn, oil, wine, and other articles, which they sell again when there is a rise in the

prices. Enterprise, jobbing, and speculation have penetrated even into these once peaceful abodes. Peasants are becoming rich; a thing which never happened of yore. The once compact body of the agricultural population is being gradually dissolved. The first to detach themselves were the *pigionali*, with their uncertain and precarious existence, and to them succeed the trading, speculating peasants, who, as they become rich, gradually throw off their native simplicity, and rid themselves of their stagnant ideas.

The political occurrences in which Italy has played her part during the present century, have not less contributed to its material and social transformation. Many of the institutions which exercised great influence on the ethnographical physiognomy of the people have disappeared. The institution of the *Code Napoleon*, for instance, has completely altered the laws relating to inheritance, and made it more difficult to uphold the integrity of ancestral property than it was before. The relations between the people and the clergy have been modified, the functions of the latter appertaining to civil registration having devolved into secular hands, so that the rural population, although they may be more than ever attached to their priests, are much less dependent upon them. The grants of public money made to girls on the occasion of their marriage by governments and communes, and other venerable and poetical customs which have been handed down, are sacrificed to the levelling spirit of the age. Until within a very recent period things were not over bright in the country with respect to education. There were few schools, and the few there were were generally too remote to be of service; and, besides, there was no taste for learning on the part of the peasantry. Private teachers went from house to house, giving instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, at a very cheap rate (1d. to 1½d. per hour). These "teachers" were mostly hawkers, who disposed of their wares at the same time as they gave their lessons, so that we can easily imagine what the instruction they gave was worth. Now there is a large number of district schools in which instruction is given

gratis; and the parents are all the more eager to send their children there as, with the progress of manufacturing industry, a sense of the advantages of knowledge is awakened in their minds.

Let us shift the scene to the Maremmes where, as we have seen, there are neither small holdings nor economy. The great majority of the inhabitants consists of industrial workmen and agricultural laborers, and often, according to the season of the year, the functions of both are united in the same person. There we find nothing either picturesque or patriarchal. Poetical customs and old traditions have no place there. Religious sentiment is weaker, political convictions are stronger, the bond between the various classes is not nearly so firm, and the social relations are stiffer. The people dwell in villages or hamlets, and their habits are less stable. They have more independent notions. The contrasts of wealth and rank are sharper and of more frequent occurrence. The intercourse with towns is livelier. The thirst for knowledge is more ardent, and

both industrial and agricultural employers manifest a more laudable endeavor to cultivate the minds of their workpeople. They have made large sacrifices in erecting schools, for both sexes, in which reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, music, and the arts are taught. They establish savings banks and give wedding portions to the daughters of their employés.

Thus we have seen that the ethnographical condition of the Tuscan rural population is intimately connected with the agricultural and industrial physiognomy of that province. The ancient primitive relations are changing. Everywhere in Europe the same industrial and agricultural processes, the same civil laws, the same distribution of products, and the same agrarian contracts are coming into repute. As Beaulieu remarks: "The rural population, which appeared to be the most strongly fortified against the invasion of modern manners and customs, is now besieged by them on all sides."—*National Review*.

COINCIDENCES??

THE "long, long Indian day" is quickly falling. The retreating sun is darting Parthian shafts over the dusty *maidan*; and the life and movement of the cantonment, which have been dammed up during the scorching hours, are again astir. Punkahs have been stopped, and windows have been opened to admit the cool evening air. Smart soldiers, in spotless white uniform, are strolling from their barracks in search of fresh air, or perchance beer at the friendly canteen of a neighboring corps. Lawn tennis is in full swing in the club compound. The band has begun to play at the station band-stand, and the Resident's barouche and the more modest "convainces" of humbler Anglo-Indian life are trundling dustily forth with pale-faced ladies, who are going to listen to its strains and enjoy the evening coolness.

I had only lately arrived in India, in command of a draft, and had not previously done duty with the regiment in its Eastern quarters, having been for some

years on the staff, though I had had, in earlier days of my soldiering, some experience of the country. I had paid most of the regulation visits, and felt that I might face the local society, without my conscience reproaching me with any social *lâches*; so, as there was no counter-attraction, I thought I might as well spend the time before mess by following the carriages to the band-stand as in any other way.

As I sallied from my bungalow, in the coolest and lightest of garments, not unpardonably conscious that the said garments were fresh from the hands of a London artist, and therefore considerably superior to the kits of most of my brother officers, who had been obliged to supplement the ravages of the Indian climate and the Indian moth by the efforts of their *dirvees*, I hailed a brother captain, who was strolling aimlessly forth, and secured him as company, and to tell me who was who in the station fashionable circles. He was a good fellow, a peer's younger son, who, having

passed a meteoric and somewhat expensive career in the Guards, had exchanged to a line regiment, and was expiating his London misdeeds by a few years in an Indian purgatory. He was a standing difficulty wherever he dined, or whatever entertainment he assisted at, as the Indian table of precedence became hopelessly confused over the honorable prefix to his name; and whether he should be told off to a leading lady, or take charge of an undeveloped spinster, or even make one of the unattached crowd of single men who bring up the rear of every Indian procession to the dinner-table, was always a puzzling problem to be solved. Among his brother officers his accidents of birth did not confer any additional dignity, and he usually answered to the name of "Button."

There was little variety in the gathering that met our eyes at the band-stand from similar assemblages that I remembered in days "langsyne." There was the Resident's carriage, drawn by two goodish-looking Walers, with a fat Madrassee coachman in scarlet on the box, with his bare brown feet stuck out in front of him. The two scarlet-clad horsekeepers stood at the horses' heads, each armed with a *chowrie*, with which they lazily switched the flies which buzzed round their charges. Lady Winkle, the wife of Sir Rodolph Winkle, K.C.S.I., the Resident, sat quite the "Burra Mem Sahib," in a dignified attitude inside, conscious of the *éclat* conferred by the escort of two native *sowars*, who were formed up near, slouching in their ill-cleaned saddles, and still more conscious of the presence of the quiet-looking, grizzled old gentleman beside her, who was a member of the Viceroy's Council on an official tour, and whom she hardly knew whether to treat as an equal in the Indian hierarchy, or to conciliate as one whose opinion might or might not be favorable to her husband's prospects. There was the Colonel's phaeton, with two well-bred cobs, and with harness that showed a little more careful fitting and cleaning than mere native supervision could have given. T-carts, pony-carriages, wagonettes, drawn by every variety of animal, Arabs, Walers, Burmans, and filled with the wives and families of the various secretaries, doctors,

paymasters, etc., who made up our European station society. Then came the natives, in almost equal varieties. The fat Parsee, who kept the universal store for the cantonment, with his olive-colored wife and swarm of black-eyed tawny children, with gold-embroidered caps surmounting their sharp, bright-looking faces, filled to overflowing the old victoria, which had been taken as part payment of a bill left by an ex-official, whose liver had finally succumbed, and who had been invalidated home last year. *Tongas*, *juthas*, and bullock-coaches were there in every stage of decrepitude, drawn by *tattoos* and bullocks, whose very existence should have, in most instances, provoked the interference of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Add to these the usual crowd of Europeans and natives on foot, with *ayahs* and babies innumerable, of all colors, white, brown, and black, some in perambulators, and some playing embarrassingly among the legs of the crowd, and we have the scene which presented itself.

I had written my name in the Residency visitors' book, as in duty bound, and thought that this was a good opportunity to make the personal acquaintance of the great lady herself.

"Button," I said, "you know all the swells, introduce me to Mother Winkle." Thus disrespectfully, I regret, did the officers of H.M.'s regiment in garrison designate that noble person. Alas! poor worm that I was, how soon was I to be taught the real humility of my position! After we had made our way through the small crowd who were doing homage to the great lady, and Button, with his best bow, had said, "Allow me to introduce Captain Melville," I was treated to the most disdainful of inclinations—one which marked my exact position in society—and while I retired to meditate on my littleness, her ladyship turned to renew her conversation with a more important person. But my moment of compensation was at hand. The member of Council suddenly turned round and said, "Did I hear the name of Captain Melville of the —th?" I modestly replied "Yes," and he went on, "I have just come out from England, and saw the Prince before starting, and he told me to be sure to make your acquaintance, if

possible, and to give his remembrances to his old friend.

I tried to look unconscious of the change that came over Lady Winkle's face as she overheard this short colloquy. She turned, and positively beamed on me, saying—

"I had heard that you had arrived at the station, Captain Melville, and have been so anxious to make your acquaintance. Sir Rodolph and I will be so delighted if you can arrange to come and dine with us some night soon. Good gracious! what's that?"

That was the arrival on the scene of a dogcart with a tandem of ponies, driven by one of our subalterns, accompanied by another, which, after wending a devious course from barracks, had finally pulled up with the leader's forelegs in the Parsee's victoria, and the wheeler, with its ears back, showing every disposition to kick. By the exertions of the *syces*, however, and a liberal use of explanatory language from the ambitious driver, the complicated knot was untied, and order restored. The boys got out and joined in the chaffing crowd, which had collected to watch their approach. Among the ring of natives who had gathered round, my attention was much attracted by the appearance of a striking-looking old man, with fiercely twisted-up mustache, and long gray beard, who had pushed to the front, and seemed to take a marked interest in the scene. He looked like an old soldier, and his high features, tall stature, and muscular development spoke of a different race from the more peaceful-looking natives of the south by whom he was surrounded. I could not see that he carried any arms; but though he did not have quite the uniform disciplined air which marks the native army nowadays, he might have been a non-commissioned officer of irregulars, or rather one of the semi-drilled and organized levies of a native ruler.

The youngest of the boys who had come in the tandem cart was one of the subalterns of my draft; a fresh, cheery youngster, the son of a very distinguished officer, who had been particularly commended to my care by his father, and who had been attached to my company accordingly. His father had been one of the heroes of the Mu-

tiny, and had made a name for himself by his fearless gallantry in action, for the devotion of his native followers, and also in no small degree for the unsparing severity with which he had meted out justice to mutineers and rebels. He was equally well known in the army as "Mackinnon the brave," or as "the avenging Colonel." As the subalterns walked about, I could not help remarking that the old native seemed to take particular notice of this boy, and followed him wherever he went. Sometimes it seemed that he got between him and the crowd, and even made a sort of half-turn backward, as if to protect him from another follower. With each movement, his expression appeared to change. When he looked at young Mackinnon, nothing could have been more benevolent and kindly; and when he turned to look behind him, he threw back his head and glared, stern, haughty, and defiant.

I knew that it was hopeless to appeal to Lady Winkle or my friend Button for any information about a casual native, so I looked for some one more familiar with the frequenters of the bazaar. The station magistrate had just cantered up after his usual hard day's office-work, and I asked him who was the old Pathan who was following young Mackinnon.

"Pathan! my dear fellow, I don't see any Pathan."

"There," I pointed. "Perhaps he is not a Pathan, but he does not belong to this part of India. That tall old man with the small red turban and long gray beard."

Again he looked, and again declared that he saw nobody in the least like my description. I thought this odd, but only concluded that the good magistrate's sight was beginning to go, and that he was too proud of his personal appearance to appear in public with spectacles on the eyes whose glance made local malefactors tremble before him. However, the band commenced "God save the Queen." The crowd began to disperse slowly. The subalterns got their tandem under way toward barracks with some difficulty. I lost sight of the old native, and Button and I started on our homeward stroll under the sunniest of smiles from Lady Winkle, and repeated invitations to come and

see her soon at the Residency, and on no account to content myself in the future with writing my name in her visitors' book.

"Very odd how that native stuck to young Mackinnon," I said to Button.

"My dear Melville, you must have made some mistake. I heard you talking about an old man with a red turban, and saw where you pointed; but, for the life of me, I could see nobody but the usual lot of idle coolies."

"Button, you know nothing about it. I believe you would hardly know the difference between a coolie and a rajah."

The usual routine of garrison life went on for several days after this, and the season was so hot that little was done beyond the most ordinary duty, which indeed came round rather heavily on all the officers who were not on leave, as there had been a smartish outbreak of fever, which some attributed to infection brought by natives from the bazaar, where there was always a certain amount of latent disease. Among others, the lad who used to drive Mackinnon about in the tandem cart was knocked over by a severe attack, and the doctors were doing all they could to patch him up sufficiently to move him to the hills and eventually to England. We were all getting rather hipped and low-spirited, and some excitement was much required to take our minds and conversation off the eternal subjects of the height of the thermometer and the doctor's daily report of the cases in hospital. It was much to our delight then that a message was received one day from Yussuf Ali, who commanded the irregular cavalry of the ruler of the native State near which we were serving, to say that a panther had been caught alive in a trap, which he would have enlarged on the *maidan* half an hour before sundown, and asking any of us, who felt inclined for a ride to join in spearing it. Even those of us who could not command the services of a sufficiently trustworthy horse for such a risky sport, could at any rate look on; and those who had horses spent the rest of the afternoon in sharpening boarspears and looking to the soundness of our saddlery. As the evening approached, the company began to gather on the *maidan*, about a mile from bar-

racks. The *maidan*, the scene of action, was a rolling plain, rather long than wide, as the cantonment of the native infantry bounded it on one side, while the other was fringed at a distance of a mile and a half by scrubby and rocky jungle. Its length stretched away for miles; and in the distance we could only dimly see, blue in the evening light, a range of rocky heights, with one white *musjid* standing out in bright relief. The grass was brown, scorched, and dry; and, but that the dust did not rise in clouds, the appearance was that of a barren sandy plain.

Several ladies had come to look on, who were perched on elephants, out of harm's way. Lady Winkle was most imposing on a huge and steady animal belonging to the heavy battery. The *sowar* escort had been dispensed with; but Sir Rodolph was there himself, with a gleam of excitement and enthusiasm in his eye, for he had been a fine rider and a bold *shikarri*, before accession of dignity and increasing years and waistband had made him withdraw from the delights of snaffle, spur, and spear, and devote his energies to administration alone. Lady Winkle was condescending enough to remember that her friendly interest had been aroused in me, and nearly fell out of the howdah in her anxiety to tell me how much she hoped I would get "first spear." As I was riding a common-place old Waler, whose ideas of pace were most limited, I did not anticipate that I should be called upon to receive a crown of laurel or its Indian equivalent from her fair and pudgy hand.

Besides the ladies and some few other mounted European onlookers, there was the usual mob of natives which is to be found at every show; but these remained at a most respectful distance from the central spot, the black cart, on which was the huge wooden trap containing the panther.

There were six sportsmen who were going to join in the chase. Yussuf Ali himself, a lithe, light, active, and very handsome Mussulman—a magnificent horseman, and perfect master of all weapons—a polished gentleman in his quiet courteous manners, and withal a brilliant and dashing soldier. Bad was it for him that he lived while the Pax

Britannica controlled India. If he had been born in the days of the old Mogul emperors, he was just the man to have carved his way to the rule of one of the great proconsulates of which so many turned into independent kingdoms. He rode a high-caste flea-bitten gray Arab, whose lean head, iron legs, thin, well-set-on tail, and muscular shape, covered by a skin which showed the tracery of veins underneath, marked the purest blood of the desert.

Almost as well mounted was young Mackinnon, who well maintained the credit of England in his firm and sporting seat and determined air. His rather ragged-looking Waler did not show the same quality as the gray Arab; but it had won several races pretty easily; and though his master carried a hog-spear for the first time, we all felt it was likely that the struggle for the honors of the day would be between him and the gallant Mussulman.

Next to him was Captain Johnson of the native infantry, one of the keenest sportsmen on our side of India, whose exploits in pursuit of great game were a constant topic of conversation and admiration. To him no kind of encounter with savage beasts could come amiss, and, under equal conditions, nobody present could have hoped to ride on more than equal terms with him. But he had only just returned from a distant sporting expedition, his own horses had not yet arrived, and he had been obliged to place his six feet two inches of bone and sinew on a friend's horse, which certainly could not carry him alongside the light weights. There remained to add to the field, Button, myself, and another of our officers, all three determined to be in at the death if possible; but so moderately provided with horse-flesh that we could hardly expect to be more than the reserve in the first attack.

The sun was rapidly sinking, and there was no time to waste; so all the spectators fell back to about a hundred yards from the cart carrying the trap, which remained black and solitary in the middle of the plain. We took up our position in line in front of the crowd, and could then see that a long rope was fastened to the trap, by pulling which a bolt would be drawn, and the side furthest from us opened. One of Yus-

suf Ali's servants ran forward, at a signal from his master, pulled the rope, and as quickly bolted back behind the shelter of the spears. I had never seen a panther enlarged before, and had expected the animal to bound forth at once, the moment the way to liberty was open. Our friend did nothing of the kind, however. He had been for two days in the trap, and was probably rather stiff, and certainly cowed and sulky. At last, after several stones had been thrown at the trap, and had rattled on its wooden sides, we could just see a long black-looking body gliding from the cart, and drawing itself sinuously along the ground. The native crowd set up a shout, and that and the familiar feeling of the ground beneath his feet made him quicken his pace. The light gleamed on his yellow sides, he looked round him to see the safest direction in which to shape his course, and bounded toward the jungle. We instinctively drew our reins tighter, grasped our boarspears firmer, pressed our legs to our horses' sides, and prepared for the gallop. The panther was half cantering, half bounding toward the friendly shelter which he had marked, and rapidly shaking off his stiffness and increasing his distance from us. We all turned to Yussuf, who was a perfect picture, as he sat with his spear held high in the air on his half-rearing horse, whose eye sparkled with the same excitement as his master's. The panther had got between three and four hundred yards' start, when Yussuf shouted "Ride!" We sat down to our work, and tore in pursuit.

As we expected, Mackinnon and Yussuf quickly shot ahead; but the stride of the Waler gave the latter the advantage, and besides, he was rather on the right, the side toward which the panther was bending, and had thus less ground to go over. Johnson was a bad third; but his cool and experienced eye had marked the panther's probable line, and his fine horsemanship enabled him to save every inch of ground, and would probably bring him up at the critical moment. The rest of us could only say that we had an excellent view of the chase, as we toiled in the rear.

Mackinnon, with his spear ready for the thrust, was rapidly gaining on the

panther, who looked over his shoulder and seemed to calculate whether he could cover the half-mile which lay between him and safety before the thundering hoofs behind him should be alongside. All at once he stopped in his gallop and crouched, almost facing his pursuer, with bristles erect and glaring eyes. The Waler's heart failed him when he found himself face to face with the defiant beast. The horse shied to one side, crossed his legs, and made a tremendous stumble on to his nose. Mackinnon, who had been leaning forward with poised spear, was thrown on to his horse's ears. The panther's spring was delivered, and I felt my heart sink. Suddenly—could I believe my eyes? I could have sworn that there was no one on the plain a moment before—there was a native at Mackinnon's horse's head, whose ready hand on the bridle had saved the Waler from falling. The panther's spring had missed in consequence, and the lad managed to regain his seat. Yussuf's ready spear passed through the spotted body as he shot past, and a minute afterward Johnson gave the *coup de grâce*. The whole was momentary, and when I joined the group, the danger and excitement were over, and the panther lay in death before the snorting horses.

"Lucky for you, my boy," I said, "that that native saved your fall. You just escaped being badly clawed."

"What native do you mean, Melville?" Mackinnon replied. "This confounded brute gave an awful peck, just as I was going to take the spear, and it was all I could do to get him on his legs again."

"Well, I'll swear there was a native standing by at the time. I could just see a red turban over your horse's shoulder, though I could not distinguish his face."

"Anyway, he can't be far off, and he is sure to come and ask for *backsheesh* for his services. He deserves something for his pluck, at any rate, in putting himself in our spotted friend's way." We looked round, but there was nobody. The shouting crowd of onlookers came up, and in the quickly closing night and the maze of turbans, red, blue, and white, that surrounded us, further search was impossible. I could not help feel-

ing certain, however, that I was right, though both Yussuf and Johnson, who had been nearer to Mackinnon than I, assured me they saw nobody. The panther was padded on one of the elephants. Lady Winkle waved us a dignified adieu as she changed the rocking howdah for her easy rolling carriage, to return to the Residency. We lighted our cigars, and slowly rode homeward, the others discussing every incident of the novel sport, while I silently pondered over Mackinnon's escape, and tried to explain its circumstances satisfactorily to myself.

Again the dull and depressing routine of barrack life. We had got through the worst of the hot weather; but the brazen sun by day and the hot winds by night still made exertion wearisome, and sleep almost impossible. We looked eagerly forward to the return from leave of some lucky brother officers, who had been bracing themselves in the hills, when some of us, at least, would be able to quit the sweltering cantonment in our turn. The happy day came at last, and Button, Mackinnon, and I were told that we might be off for a month. We were all pretty well in spite of the long grilling we had gone through; and we decided that we wanted change of scene more than change of climate, and that we would spend our time in the fresher, if not much cooler air of the jungle, and carry out a long-projected campaign against some tigers that we had heard of in a neighboring district. We had been in communication with *shikarris* for some time, in case such a chance should offer itself, so we had little to do but to start off our tents and servants, and arrange for relays of horses to carry us over the first sixty or seventy miles from the station, when we should find ourselves nearly at our shooting-ground, and continue the march with our camp, which we should then have overtaken.

Behold us at last in the saddle, at one o'clock in the morning, or rather in the middle of a starlight night. The moon has sunk below the horizon, but the Southern Cross has risen and illumines our way. The sentry on the main guard challenges as we pass, and gives his parting benediction, "Pass, friend, and all's well." We clatter through the bazaar, disturbing troops of

pariah dogs fighting and growling over the filthiest offal, and push into the silent country. How weird and beautiful it all looks! The gnarled banyan-trees throw deep shadows here and there across the road, and everything that was burned and miserable-looking under the sunlight is covered with a mystic charm by the calm quiet night. On and still on we press, past native temples, whose ghastly images look still more ghastly than by day and glare stonily. Through small hamlets, nearly riding over the inhabitants, who are wooing the cool air, and are lying asleep in the roadway, wrapped in their white cloths. Past the Tapal runner, with letter-bag on his back, jogging along the road to the distant town. His tinkling bell is the only sound that breaks the silence, and we think of its old name, "the tiger's dinner-bell," and how often, on that very road, the post-runner had been missing, and a blood-stained letter-bag had been found, the only relic to mark where the man-eating scourge of the country-side had seized his prey. Past rocks and water-courses, over open cultivated country, and through jungle woodland, till we arrived under the grim shadow of an old fort perched on a rocky eminence, where we found our first relay of horses waiting, and felt that we had covered twenty miles of our journey. What a delicious and refreshing feeling it is to drop into a cool saddle and feel a fresh horse springing gayly under you, after the experience of the last five miles of a tired hack, keeping him on his legs on a rough road, and kicking him along to keep your time! Again we press on to gain our halting-place before the sun comes out in power once more, and we do not draw rein till we arrive at the old hut, under the friendly shade of a *tope* of trees, where we intend to wait till night shades us on our onward way. Just six o'clock, and we have done forty miles—not bad going in the dark. We found our second relay of horses here, and, oh blessed sight! a small table with tea ready laid out. How good it was to sit and sip it under the leafy boughs! What would Indian wayfaring be without these *topes* at intervals along the roads, which are as well known to travellers as the wayside inns in England? Where would the European offi-

cial or sportsman pitch his camp? Where would the humble wayfarer halt during the broiling hours to cook his *chuppatti* and have his mid-day siesta? and where could a reasonably cool draught of water be found but in the well under those pleasant natural arches, impervious to the darts of even an Indian sun? We settled down to get through the day, and, indeed, had small difficulty in doing so. There were some old *charpays* in the hut, and, kicking off our boots, we collapsed into sleep, which passed the hottest hours most satisfactorily. At sundown we again got under way, and by nine o'clock saw our camp gleaming white in the moonlight before us. Bath and a light supper were most welcome, and we turned in, thinking over the campaign which we were about to commence. The jungle air felt fresh, and the jungle wind comparatively cool; but every tent-door was opened wide, and curtains rolled up, to profit by it as much as we could. Closely tucked round with mosquito-net, I heard the insects of the night hurling themselves vainly against my couch, and chuckled drowsily at their discomfiture. Our followers lay round the camp-fire, and their snores rose in chorus with the slow chewing of the bullocks, the pawing of a restless horse at his picket-rope, and the unearthly shriek of the jackal prowling near.

The camp was astir with the first faint glimmer of dawn, and when we turned out among the already half-loaded baggage-carts, we found two *shikarris* squatted on the ground near our tents, waiting to give us their report on our chances of sport. Closely wrapped in their cloths to protect them from the morning air, these jungle sages were looking with contempt on the, to them, derogatory occupations of our domestic servants.

Our best hopes were realized when we were told that two tigers had been haunting a piece of jungle about seven miles distant, and that, if we would march on that day to the neighborhood, they, the *shikarris*, would arrange to have buffaloes tied up during the following night round the likely haunts, and if one of this live bait was killed, we might hope to have a successful beat. Nothing could be more satisfac-

tory, and our march was ordered accordingly. We moved off, a most imposing procession. Two elephants, lent by the ever-kindly minister of the native State, camels, horses, bullock-carts, and a most miscellaneous assortment of followers, from the consequential belted *peon* and the grim-looking *shikarri*, with his old matchlock on his shoulder, to the lowest tag-rag of water-carriers and sweepers, completed by the inevitable native women, who followed their husbands, carrying curiously wise-looking babies on their hips, and all their worldly possessions in a bundle on their heads. Sooth to say, the three European sahibs were not the most respectable-looking of the crowd. Unshaved faces, rusty-looking *shikar* clothes, enormous and hideous sun-hats, formed an *ensemble* which might be comfortable, but was neither dignified nor becoming.

We had at last plunged into real jungle life and scenery; the quaint and picturesque cavalcade moved through a landscape in which the brilliant red blossom of the honey-tree, the rich green of the palms, and the bright emerald of the occasional paddy-fields were a beautiful mixture of color in the tender morning light. The brick-colored land and distant blue rocky hills, with the clear sky, filled up the background.

We pitched our next camp near an old and once strong, but now deserted and ruined fortress. People in England, who only know of the historic strongholds, have little idea of the number of elaborately strengthened places which have been formed in India, and which, under the strong and peaceful sway of Britain, have now lost their *raison d'être*, and are forgotten in the jungles. The one in question was an example. Two rocky and steep scarped hills about half a mile apart, connected by a bastioned line of walled fortification and a deep dry ditch. The hills, 400 to 500 feet high, with several lines of fortification upon them, and a large walled keep crowning each. The native village nestled inside the fortifications at their feet. Some old guns lay, mouldering and grass-covered, on the ramparts, whose sole warders were the troops of monkeys which little feared a stranger, and only acknowledged our

presence by loud and general chattering.

Many were the lamentations over the destruction among the village herds which the *patel* poured into our ears when he came to pay his respects; and many were the hopes expressed that the noble sahibs would slay the two tigers which haunted the neighboring jungle, and relieve the district from the fear of their ravages. Our hopes of brilliant sport rose with each tale of woe, and we waited with eager anticipations for the *shikarris'* next morning's report of the result of their preparations.

The next morning came at last, and with it the welcome news that one of the buffaloes, which had been tied up near the tigers' haunts, had been killed during the night, and that the slayer had been marked down in a ravine about a mile and a half distant, whither he had carried his prey to gorge it at his leisure, and where he was probably now sleeping off the effects of his meal.

The beaters had been already summoned from the villages, and, headed by our friend the *patel*, they began to assemble at our camp, each group, as it came in, more motley and wild in appearance than the last. Our final preparations have been made, and we start for the scene of action. Our nondescript crowd follows—some, and they the proud ones, carrying rusty matchlocks, some with spears, some with sickles or knives tied to the ends of sticks. Tom-toms, horns, pipes, were not wanting, while the professional *shikarris* strove to keep order in the array, carrying bundles of native rockets, with the important air of lictors with their fasces.

A short walk, and we neared the ravine where the tiger had been marked down. It lay by a broken rocky hill or rather cluster of hills, with trees and brushwood on their sides and pieces of dense thicket in their hollows. At the distant side of the hills the ground sloped into a broken woodland, which stretched away for miles toward a blue range of high land in the horizon.

Our beaters were taken in charge by two *shikarris*, who were to dispose them so as to be ready to sweep the ravine and hills before them, while the guns stole quietly round the outskirts to the distant side where the game was likely

to break. Then came the business of taking up our positions. We drew for stations, and my lot fell on the right of the line. Mackinnon was on the left, and Button in the centre, and we were to be placed about 150 or 200 yards apart. I clambered into a tree with my gun-bearer, and took up a safe position, while Button and Mackinnon went on to be posted by the head *shikarri*. Then came the most trying time of the day's work—waiting for the beat to commence. A seat on a knotty branch of a tree is not a comfortable position, when perfect stillness is necessary, and every individual roughness on your perch seems to work its way more and more uncompromisingly into your undefended person. The Deccan hot-weather sun blazes overhead, his beams reflected with almost original intensity from the glowing rock hard by; and the thin, half-withered foliage of the jungle-tree, which gives a good sweep for a rifle, is far from being a sufficient umbrella in point of shade. It is quaint and interesting, however, to watch the animal life in the jungle, when all is still, and its inhabitants are unconscious of observation. First, a magnificent peacock, scenting danger in the wind, comes bustling down the hill, making so much noise that I almost think he must be the tiger. He catches sight of me in the tree, and is horrified to find himself committed to so short a distance from a human stranger. He takes flight, and floats gracefully away, without a movement of his wings after two or three initial strokes. Then a mungoo rushes across the open, full of important business. He disappears into a heap of stones, and a minute or two later again shows himself, and returns to his original cairn. A rustle of leaves—a squirrel has changed his quarters, and moved his monotonous cry from one tree to another. Another rustle.

This time it is a large lizard that has left, with a flop, the stone where he has been sunning himself, and has hustled to other quarters.

Whir, whir, whir! tom, tom, tom! went suddenly the beaters' rattles and drums in the distance. The beat at last commenced. Wild shrieks and discordant yells, which might have represented every form of human agony, roused the

echoes of the hills. Bang!—there a firework was thrown into a rocky cave. Stones are being rolled down the cliffs into unapproachable thickets, and every form of Hindoo objurgation and reviling is being shouted, to induce the lurking game to move forward where the rifles are prepared to receive him. The jungle tenants were awakened in earnest. A gaunt hyæna trotted by, looking fearfully over his shoulder. An old bear, with a couple of cubs, came rolling along, and passed within a few yards, complaining loudly at being disturbed. Suddenly a huge dusky form swung slowly through the bushes, about 200 yards from me. I grasped my rifle tighter, reckless that the barrels felt almost red-hot in the sun. I thought he must come down a pass in the rocks within easy shot, and I felt certain that I could cover him, when a wretched native, who had been put in a tree some distance off as a look-out, with the strictest injunctions to silence, could not contain his excitement, and began holloaing and shouting at the top of his voice. Of course the tiger turned, and my chance was gone. He loomed as big as a bullock, a magnificent sight, as his striped side glowed red in the sunlight, while he passed to my left.

I waited for Button's rifle to speak, but heard nothing. There was almost silence for a minute, when I heard two shots in rapid succession coming from where I supposed Mackinnon to be. These were followed, after a pause, by two more. Another pause, and an English "Who-whoop!" rang through the jungle. The line of beaters came up, and told me that though one tiger had been killed, the other had sneaked off to one side and made his escape toward the distant hills. There was nothing more to wait for, and I made my way in the direction that the sound of shots came from. There lay the tiger, terrible still in death. Button had the complacent air of the man who has fired the lucky shot, while Mackinnon looked a little pale, and his gun-bearer was holding forth most volubly to the beaters who had arrived on the spot. As I appeared, Button, with equal volubility commenced to give his account of the death—

"What a sharp thing that was of

yours, old fellow, to send that *shikarri* to bring me to Mackinnon's post! I was sitting waiting for the tiger to show, when the nigger came and beckoned to me to follow him. I thought he must know all about it, so I slipped down from my tree and arrived just in time to see Mackinnon standing on that rock, and firing at the tiger within five-and-twenty yards. He must have hit the beggar, but not hard enough, for the brute was just going to spring, and I don't think Mac would have gone back to cantonments after it. I confess I felt a bit jumpy; but I took as quiet a shot as I could, and put an ounce of lead in the brute's brain and another in his throat, and turned him over. Mac had a narrow squeak. No wonder he looks a bit shaky."

"Lucky indeed you were there, Button," I said; "though I never sent to move you. But how on earth were you mad enough to leave your tree, Mackinnon? You must have thought yourself a better shot than most of us, to choose to meet a tiger on foot."

"Well, you see, Melville, after I had been sitting in the tree for some time I found there were red ants in it, or rather they found me out, and began to bite so viciously that I could stand it no longer, so I thought I would make a run for it, and try to find another perch. Just as I had got on to this rock, the tiger came charging down, and my only chance was to fire. I hit once, I know, but only enough to make him put up his bristles. My gun-bearer had not followed me, and if Button had not come up at that moment, I should have been finished off long before now. I quite gave myself up."

"Well, it was a narrow shave. But, Button, show me the *shikarri* who moved you. He has deserved well of his country, at any rate."

"Oh, I couldn't mistake him—an old fellow with a gray beard and a red turban; seemed awfully keen and excited, but was sharp enough to make no noise."

I had seen all our *shikarris* in the morning, but did not remember one answering to the description. We got all our followers together, and there were certainly no absentees, as the danger was over, and they thought that perhaps

pay-time had come. Even the fat *patel* arrived from the safe position which he had occupied far in the rear of the fray, and added his "*shabash*" to the shouts of delight of the rest of the crowd.

Still, no one with a red turban. The *shikarris* swore that there was no *lal puggri wallah* among them. Who could it be, whose opportune interference had, in all probability, saved Mackinnon from a ghastly death? All declared that they had no hand in moving the sahib from his position. But Button stuck to his story, and said there could be no mistake.

"Do you think I would have been such a d—d fool as to come down to the ground, if I had not been moved by a man who seemed to know what he was about?"

Button's gun-bearer was looked for to see if he had recognized the mysterious messenger; but he was only now coming up in rear of the crowd, and frankly acknowledged that he had been in too great a funk to quit the tree, when he thought a tiger was on foot. He had seen his master suddenly jump down, without apparent reason, and was astonished when he went away. All's well that ends well, and Mackinnon's and Button's gunbearers escaped the licking which they no doubt anticipated for not being handy at the critical moment. Indeed, one could hardly blame the poor wretches for not plunging into the jaws of danger in the reckless and apparently purposeless way that their masters had done.

While our followers were employed in slinging the tiger on a stout bamboo, to carry him home in triumph, we ensconced ourselves in a cool adjacent cave, hailed the coolie with the lunch-basket, and prepared to slake our thirst in well-earned goblets. I was puzzling over the tale of the unknown *shikarri* and his timely appearance, when Button paused in lifting his tumbler to his lips, and said—

"Melville, I believe my red-turbaned friend is first cousin to the man you vowed you saw that day's panther-spearing."

Wild as the suggestion seemed, I could not help feeling there might be a connection between the two events. Both were, at any rate, mysterious, and to

neither was there to me any satisfactory solution. I could only say—

“My dear Button, you thought that day that I was dreaming. Perhaps you dream yourself sometimes.”

No more was said, and we returned to our camp. The whole population of the village turned out to receive us—men, women, and children—all eager to see the dreaded monster, which had only been known to them as the stealthy and ruthless taker of blackmail from their herds, and which might at any time have made a *bonne bouche* of papa or mamma, or brother or sister. We felt very great and beneficent beings indeed, and promised ourselves many more moments of equal triumph before our leave was up. Alas! our hopes were soon rudely blighted. Behind the exulting and shouting crowd appeared a runner, who unrolled his turban, and produced a letter addressed to Captain Melville, with the ominous initials, O.H.M.S., on the envelope. To my disgust, it was from the adjutant.

“MY DEAR MELVILLE,—There has been an outbreak among some fanatics about 150 miles from here, and the Resident has applied for a company to be ready to be sent down to support the native police, who don't seem to be worth much. We are ordered to furnish the company, and yours is the first for detachment. The colonel, therefore, desires that you will return to headquarters at once. A *drawk* of horses has been arranged for you. Sorry to spoil your sport.”

This was disgusting; and there was nothing for it but to obey, and bid farewell to our tented freedom and sport. Why could not those wretched fanatics have controlled their spirits till the drill season, when a little mild campaigning might have been a not unwelcome interlude in our usual series of battalion and brigade parades? The journey out to our shooting-ground had been fatiguing, but at any rate we had been buoyed up against weariness, and it had been made pleasant for us by the anticipation of the fun which we hoped to have; but the journey back, with the immediate prospect of an inglorious and rather distasteful duty, was very different. We got through it, however, and reported

ourselves, to the intense delight of some of our friends, who had feared that the letter of recall might not reach us, and that they would have to go on coercion duty instead of us. Though we were held in readiness, the actual orders for our movement did not arrive till the second day after our return; but Mackinnon and I had our time fully occupied on the intervening day by parades and preparations.

Fortunately for us, there was a railway which could bring us within a few miles of the place where our services were required; and still more fortunately, we were only a small body of troops to be moved, so we were not crammed with regulation tightness into the train, but both officers and men had ample room, a matter of no small consideration toward the end of the hot weather. My company was formed up at the station about six o'clock in the evening, so that we might run the troop-train through and get into camp before morning. There they stood, in cool and easy *khaki* clothes, with greatcoats rolled, haversacks over their shoulders, and their pouches bulging with ball-ammunition, while the active sergeants were telling off the parties to load the baggage in the vans, and allotting its proper complement of men to each compartment of the carriages. All looked serviceable and workmanlike; and though the men seemed at first sight a little drawn and black under the eyes from the effects of the long hot months, they were stalwart seasoned soldiers, whose stamina was at its best.

In these days there is one great satisfaction to a soldier, and especially a regimental officer, in serving in India, that when any troops are required for service, everybody is trained, fit and ready to go. There the army is on a war-footing always, and it is not necessary to break up a brigade to furnish a battalion, nor a battalion to furnish a company. Here are no batches of reserve men or detachments of volunteers from distant garrisons turning up at the last minute, and breaking the hearts of officers and non-commissioned officers alike. Here is no confusion or uncertainty about the necessities for a campaign, and the transport which is to convey them. Everything is clearly by regulation laid down

and known, and though it may and sometimes does happen that there is a local difficulty in providing what is required, the Indian departments so well know their work that that difficulty is always quickly overcome. Add to this that the soldier in India receives in peace-time systematic training in packing loads and arranging them for whatever transport-animals are available—elephants, camels, mules, ponies, or bullocks—and it will be easily conceived how smoothly the military machine works, and how little friction or dislocation is caused by the sudden call to arms.

Mackinnon and I were the only two officers who went with the company, as the battalion was unfortunate in having some still on the sick-list. Button came to the station to see us off, and gave us his blessing, and, what was more to the purpose, put an ice-box with cooling drinks, and a luncheon-basket with dinner, into our carriage, to solace us on our journey.

We sped along through the night without *contretemps*, and arrived at our destination in the gray of the morning. Early as it was, we found the Collector of the district awaiting us, who was profoundly relieved that his hands had been strengthened, and that he might hope now to be able to restore order. The origin of the disturbances appeared to be that a fanatic Moslem, in a moment of religious frenzy, had killed a Hindoo. The murderer had been concealed by the people of his village, who, when a force of police were sent down to search and to enforce the law, had taken up arms, broken into open rebellion, and committed several deeds of violence. The native police had been defied and driven back, and the Collector and other magistrates stoned and threatened. It was now hoped that, if the police had the support of a few soldiers, it would be seen that resistance was hopeless, and that things would settle down into their usual course.

The headquarters of the rioters were rather more than twelve miles distant, and it was arranged that we should encamp for the day, and march in the evening to a village within two miles of their position, and attack them on the following morning, unless in the mean-

time they had seen the folly of their ways, ceased resistance, and given up their ringleaders and the original murderer. The Collector was very loath to proceed to extremities with them, and said that he would give them every chance of timely submission, by sending a message to tell them of the force which was now coming against them, and the serious consequences of continued resistance. I never expected that our services would be really required. Very few comparatively of the fanatics appeared to have firearms, and the arrival of a train full of white soldiers, whose number rumor would no doubt multiply infinitely, seemed likely to make the desired impression on the country-side.

We set to work to pitch our camp, and make our detachment comfortable for the day, while the Collector sent off his ultimatum.

In the course of the forenoon we were joined by a large body of native police, and between four and five our small column moved off. It was a very trying march. The men were nearly ankle-deep in dust, and dusty clouds, kicked up by every footstep, filled our eyes, ears, and mouths, and made the heat of the atmosphere even more intolerable. We made steady progress, however. The police were some hundred yards in front of my company, as the Collector, who rode with them, wished the surrender to be made, if it was made, to the civil power, and to keep the soldiers as much as possible in the background.

"Oh, Bill! what would you give for a pot of canteen porter?" said one of my men huskily to his next file, as they made their way through the gritty atmosphere.

"*Les beaux esprits se rencontrent*," said Mackinnon, equally huskily, to me; "I was just going to say that an iced whisky-and-soda would be heavenly."

We reached the edge of some cultivated ground after a time, however, and halted for a few minutes to let the men quench their thirst, and refill their water-bottles at a neighboring well. While we were thus employed, two or three faint reports of musket-shots were heard in the distance, and the police came tumbling back from the front in considerable confusion, the Collector bringing up their rear, brandishing a

white umbrella, abusing them for their conduct, and adjuring them to come back and secure their opponents. The most striking objects in the crowd were the messengers who had been sent in the morning, and who now presented themselves, each with one of his ears in his hand, which had been cut off, and sent as sole receipt and answer to the summons which they had brought.

Things began to look more serious; and, as the color-sergeant remarked, "it seemed as if there was some blood ahead of us."

The sun had sunk below the horizon, and little more could be done, as we had only moonlight to guide us on a not very well-known track. I sent a sergeant with a few men extended before us, to look out for any lurking adversaries, and we pushed on to the village where we were to bivouac, the police crowding together behind us. Our night was not too comfortable; but the men had their rations, and the Collector's *sowar*-camel came up, with ample supplies for himself, Mackinnon, and me. We hardly expected a surprise; but an inlying picket was told off, sentries posted, and the rest of us lay down in the best shelter we could find, wrapped in our greatcoats, to seek all the slumber that was possible. Tom-toms and shouting in the distance showed that the rebels remained awake for long; but even this ceased after a time, and all was still.

All were on the alert, and ready to move between four and five in the morning. Every man had his coffee, to guard against the ill effects of the morning miasma; and as the police were not to be depended upon if there was any fighting, I made all the preparations for the advance. Mackinnon took the lead with five-and-twenty men, with orders to push through the broken forest-ground, and, if possible, rush the hamlet where the rebels were collected, while I followed close in support with the rest of the company. The Collector rode with the advanced party, while the police took up a safe position in rear of the column. We half anticipated that, when it was seen that we were really in earnest, everything would be left clear before us, and that the rebels would disperse and seek safety in distant retreats.

We moved on for more than a mile in silence, when I suddenly heard an irregular fusilade opened, followed quickly by the sharp reports of English rifles. I quickened the pace of my men, cleared the belt of forest, which had impeded our view, and saw a scattered crowd of natives keeping up a smart fire as they retired on the village, which was in sight half a mile distant. Mackinnon was following them rapidly, with his men extended at short intervals, but well in hand, and kneeling and firing as they advanced. That it was not child's-play was shown by two bodies of natives lying bleeding on the ground where they had fallen, and one of our men who came limping to the rear with a bullet through his leg. The Collector's white umbrella gleamed among the skirmishers as the oriflamme of our force, and his energetic gestures responded to the defiant shouts of our enemy.

My men doubled into line, and we pressed on to support Mackinnon, who was likely to encounter a heavier fire as he neared the village. The tide of the skirmish was too quick for us, however, and Mackinnon's party had it all to themselves. We could see, a little to the right of the village, a small temple, enclosed in high stone walls and surrounded with a cactus-hedge, toward which the stream of natives seemed to be turning, and I doubled my men forward so as to outflank the right of our advanced party and cover their movements with fire. The rebels closed on the temple, and Mackinnon's men gathered to pursue them into the enclosure. Now they were alongside of the laggards. I saw Mackinnon bound over the hedge, his sword gleaming in the air, and I felt sure that it descended not harmless. The bulk of the natives had got inside the walls of the temple, and some were closing the massive gate, while the rest poured a heavy fire over our men, who tried to keep the gate open and to make their way in pursuit. It was all to no avail. The gate was closed and bolted, and Mackinnon had to fall back, under cover of the fire which we poured on the temple walls, with two more men wounded, and carrying the body of one poor corporal, shot through the head. We were checked for the moment, and as we had no artillery to blow open the

gate, it seemed possible that we might be kept at bay for an indefinite time by a handful of ill-armed natives, and possibly have to reduce them by the slow process of blockade and starvation—a thing not to be thought of, if any other expedient could be found, as it would give time and encouragement to any other malcontents who might be in the district to rise also against the civil power. What made the matter more mortifying was to find that, when we examined the village, there were only about twenty-five men in all occupying the temple, though that number fortunately included the leaders of the disturbances, and also the particular malefactors who were to be arrested. The Collector wiped his streaming brow and looked nonplussed. Mackinnon was blown and tired, and could offer no suggestion but to attack again, and try to scale the walls with stormers climbing on the shoulders of other men. I looked at the confounded place and tried to think how we were to get inside without exposing our force to unnecessary loss from the desperate men, who were sure to fight to the last.

While I was considering, the color-sergeant came up and saluted and said—

“If I might make the suggestion, sir, there are some big logs of wood lying behind us, where they have been cutting the forest. Half-a-dozen of us could easily carry one of them with a run and smash in that gate.”

The idea seemed excellent, and indeed there was no other choice. I picked out a good stout well-trimmed log, and told off the men who were to carry this extemporized battering-ram. Half the company, including all the marksmen, lay down on the crest of the little knoll behind which we were, about 200 yards from the temple, with orders to keep up a steady fire on every one who showed himself over the crest of the wall. I took the remaining half with our ram, and made for the gate at a run. Mackinnon was a little to one side of me, and rather gaining ground. I turned to call to him not to get too far in front, as I did not want the attack to be made till the gate had been smashed in, when I saw a native following him closely. “One of our police,” I thought, “who has plucked up more

courage than his comrades, and is determined to show that there is good fighting stuff in some of them.” Then it flashed on my memory that the police wore blue turbans, and this man certainly had a red one. We were covering the ground fast, however; the air was full of the noise of firing, the shouts of the defenders of the temple, and the cheers of my men, and my whole attention was given to the business of the moment.

The ram was completely successful, and the gate was shivered by its blow. We crowded through the opening, and the place was taken. One volley was fired as we entered, and it struck me that the red-turbaned native and Mackinnon, who had been foremost in the race so far, were not actually at my side as we rushed in, which was certainly fortunate for the latter, as the poor fellow who took his place fell dead before the enemy's volley. No one else was hit. Several of the defenders were killed, still struggling, by the excited soldiers, and the others threw down their arms and cried for quarter. I was only too glad to order the work of slaughter to cease, and handed the prisoners over to the Collector, who grimly remarked that their fate was probably only deferred till they fell into the hangman's hands.

To our delight, we saw the pack-animals with our tents and baggage coming up, and we were able to pitch our camp and refresh ourselves after our little brush. As we sat round our breakfast-table, discussing the events of the morning, I asked Mackinnon what happened to him when we attacked the gate.

“Well, it was a confounded piece of cheek of one of the men. Just as I was going in with you, somebody caught my arm and pulled me to one side, and I could not follow till you were all inside the walls. I wish I knew who did it? No one had any business to get in front of me.”

“It was a lucky piece of cheek for you anyhow, my lad. Poor Sergeant Walker, who took your place, was killed by the last volley. I don't think it was one of our men either—it must have been that native who was alongside of you.”

"There was no native anywhere near me, Melville. I saw nobody but the Collector here, and our own men."

"I never saw any native in the last attack," said the Collector. "I was watching our friend Melville with his tree; but I am almost certain that you had a native near you when we first began firing this morning, and he kept near you till the time when the gate was shut in your face and you had to fall back. I thought one of your servants was following you. He looked a respectable oldish man, with a gray beard."

"My servants are a deal too careful of their precious skins. None of them were anywhere handy, I'll be bound. Melville, do you know, it strikes me that this old man with the red turban seems to haunt me, according to your account, wherever I go."

"Haunt you; well, perhaps that is the real word to use."

As I spoke, the word raised a new train of thought in my mind. Could it be, in our prosaic days, and in our ordinary practical life, that a visitor from another world could have in any way interested himself in the fortunes of the very reckless and unromantic subaltern who was sitting before me concluding a copious breakfast by burrowing into the recesses of a jam-pot? Surely not; and yet, why not? Four times had I known of this mysterious native's presence, and always when a special danger seemed to menace the boy. Four times had he been seen and recognized by somebody who was not in the least predisposed to look for his appearance. If he existed in the flesh, how did he appear at points so far apart, and on occasions so dissimilar? and above all, how was it that he never could be found or identified when the occasion of his appearance was past? Mackinnon himself evidently looked upon these circumstances in the most matter-of-fact way, and no suspicion of any connected mystery had occurred to him. I felt too uncertain on every point to venture to hint at the vague ideas which had struck me, and could only hope that some day all that was now inexplicable might find a simple key.

With regard to our present duty, the need for our services had quite passed

away. The outbreak had been entirely suppressed, the ringleaders were in our power, and nothing remained to be done which could not be carried out by the police, who were now full of the most active zeal and energy. For the last two days, thick banks of clouds had gathered in the evenings over the sky, and it was probable that the monsoon would break within a week in the western district in which we found ourselves, when it would be most inadvisable to keep European soldiers under canvas without absolute necessity.

A welcome order soon came, therefore, directing our return to headquarters, and we were quickly *en route*. How delicious the burst of rain was, and how grateful the coolness which spread over the parched and torrid land, as the thunder rolled away in the distance and was succeeded by the first monsoon shower! The spirits of everybody rose, and the inmates of the hospital decreased in number, as we bade adieu to the scorching days and weary nights of the hot weather.

To make things even brighter for H. M.'s —th, a rumor came that our forces in Africa were to be reduced, that our linked battalion would be set free for foreign service, and that the beginning of the cold weather might see us on our way back to England. There is nothing to tell about the intervening time; but rumor for once proved true—our best hopes were realized, and the first troop-ship of the season received us in its kindly embrace.

Soon after we landed in the old country, I received a most pressing invitation from old General Mackinnon to come and dine with him at his snug chambers in London, where he had brought his war-worn hulk to an anchor, within easy reach of his club and the haunts of his old comrades and cronies. As he said, he wanted to thank me for all the care which I had taken of his son, and to hear, at first hand, whether his boy had proved a worthy chip of the old block.

One of my first spare evenings was devoted to the old man, who was delighted to recall the prime of his manhood and his campaigning days in discussing the doings and experiences of his son's regiment in the East, and to hear how things had changed in the

military world since the great struggles in which he took part. Our party was only the father, son, and myself. The boy bolted off to a theatre as soon as we had dined, and the old General said—

"Now, Melville, let us draw our chairs to the fire, and have a quiet smoke. I am so horridly stiff and gouty that I can't get up easily. May I trouble you to ring the bell for cheroots?"

As I rose, my eye was caught by a small and very rude sketch, hanging by the fireplace, of a native of India, in the dress of an irregular of the Mutiny time. Where had I seen any man like it, and how was it that the face and bearing seemed familiar to me? Suddenly came to my mind the occasions when I had seen, in time of danger, a native near the General's son. This was his likeness. There was the bold, soldier-like carriage of the head, which even the rude drawing could not disguise. There were the aquiline features, the fierce mustache, and the long gray beard, the small red turban, and the clothes put on with military neatness.

"Who on earth is that the picture of, General?" I said, hardly nourishing a hope that I might have some explanation of circumstances which had puzzled me so much when they occurred.

"Oh, you are looking at the picture of old Ismael Khan. It was done at Lucknow by a native artist, and really gives a very good idea of one of the finest fellows that ever sat in a saddle. He was one of my regiment in '57, and did right good service before he died."

"Do tell me about him, General. He looks a class of man that is not very common nowadays."

"You may say that, Melville," said the General, lighting a cheroot. "I have had a lot of good fellows under my command at one time or another, but old Ismael was the pick of the basket."

"He was my orderly in the cavalry regiment which I commanded before the Mutiny. He was devoted to my poor wife and the children, and when the sister of that subaltern of yours was a few months old, he used to carry her about in his arms as tenderly as the best of nurses. When the Mutiny broke out, Ismael, who was a Pathan, was faithful to his salt and refused to join

the rest of my scoundrels, who went off to Delhi. He stuck to me through all the first troubles, and when I raised an irregular regiment, I made him a *jem-madar*, and right useful I found him in licking the raw levies into shape.

"I shall never forget his death. It was in the early part of '59, when the spirit of the Mutiny was crushed, and the courage of the enemy was broken. The principal duty of the cavalry was to wear them out completely, following the disperse bands, which were still in the field, from place to place, and never ceasing to worry them till they were quite dispersed or destroyed. We had followed a body of the enemy, horse and foot, for several days, pushing them by forced marches, with few and very short halts. At last we overtook and surprised them. They broke, as usual, and bolted, and I pursued with a squadron. We did not show much mercy in those days, and those who were overtaken had short shrift.

"Most of our horses were dead beat, and I found myself with half-a-dozen men, among whom was old Ismael, close on the leader of the enemy, who had still about twenty followers with him. They got among some scattered trees, and seemed inclined to show fight. I gave the word to ride at them. They just managed to fire a straggling volley and continued their flight, but few of them got away. When I pulled up, old Ismael was not with me, and as I rode back, I found him lying gasping under a tree with a bullet through his lungs. I sent a man back to hurry up the doctor as quick as possible, and raised the old fellow's head, and took his hand and tried to stanch his wound, and cheer him with hopes of getting over it. I had little confidence in his recovery from the first, when I saw the ashen-gray color on his lips, and marked how faintly and with what difficulty he breathed.

"It is no use, sahib," he gasped; "my time has come. You have been a kind chief to me, and I have tried to follow you faithfully. Tell the mem sahib, and the children, that Ismael died a soldier's death, and blessed them when he died; and, sahib, if I find favor where I am going, remember I will still be faithful to you and yours after death."

"These were the last words he ever spoke coherently. He began to wander. His mind seemed to go back to the old days when he used to nurse the child, and he crooned an old native song he used to sing. Then, when the doctor came up, the rattle of horses' hoofs brought his fighting days to his mind. He grasped his sword and waved it, shouting loud and clear, 'Deen ! Deen !' his old battle-cry, then sank back fainting. The doctor could do nothing, and in a few minutes one of the finest soldiers in our army passed away.

"Melville, that's an old story now, but it always makes me sad to recall it. I have often thought of the promise to

be faithful after death. In the flesh or in the spirit there could be no truer soul than that of old Ismael Khan, and what he said he meant."

I need hardly say with what interest I listened to the General's tale. In return, I told him of the experiences which have been related. The old man listened with rapt attention. When I had finished, he said, "Well, Melville, such a story will, no doubt, be easily explained by most people to whom it is told ; but I don't think you and I will ever be convinced that it is a tissue of mere coincidences."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

SOME ASPECTS OF HEINE.

BY COULSON KERNAHAN.

The Spirit of the world,
Beholding the absurdity of men—
Their vaunts, their feats—let a sardonic smile
For one brief second wander o'er his lips :
That smile was Heine !

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

AMONG the poets of Germany—we might almost say of Europe—Heinrich Heine stands alone and unique. Everything he wrote is so distinctively *Hein-
esque* that a verse, a line, or even a sentence, is often enough to betray the author. In many poets this marked individuality is frequently the result of the limited compass of their singing powers. They strike always a certain key-note, with which, from long repetition, we become familiar ; but the very reverse is the case with Heine. He sweeps the whole poetic gamut in a dozen lines. A single song of his has as varied gleams of light, as swiftly-shifting sparkles of color, as a many-angled spar or diamond. His genius calls into play every emotion and mood of the mind. The poem or ballad opens with a wailing wild and weird as that of a broken heart. The lines seem to drip blood as we read them, and a strange awe holds us spellbound—when, suddenly, there flashes across the page, like a gleam of purple lightning, one of those deadly coruscations of wit with which Heine struck and stabbed at many

a reputation. Hardly has the deep thunder-roll of savage laughter died away, before there rises again the wail and cry as of the death-agony of a lost soul ; and then there is a sudden change in the music, and the lines skip and leap, ripple and run, as if to the accompaniment of dancing feet. Now he holds us in awe solemn and silent as when we stand at twilight in the cool recesses of some dim-aisled minster, and listen to the dying cadence of the organ song ; now there rises in the silence which he himself has created a wild burst of mocking and ribald laughter.

So it is with all he writes. He is a creature of moods and moments, and a dozen varying emotions pass through his mind in as many minutes, each of which he faithfully reproduces in his works. He is by turns a Greek and a Jew, a German and a Frenchman, a moralist and a libertine, a poet and a politician, a sentimentalist and a satirist. He is tossed hither and thither by his passing moods, as withered leaves are tossed by autumn winds. In his gayest mirth we catch the glitter of tear-drops, in his loudest laughter we hear a wail of despair. There are passages of Heine's full of lofty religious feeling—passages which have the deep roll of an organ touched by a master hand ; and yet, even in the noblest of these, the

sharpened ear can detect something of a sullen undertone of doubt, something of the mocking refrain of a sneering and cynical scepticism.

In some of his love songs we find in one verse a freshness cool and sweet as sea breezes wafted across fields of blossoming clover, in the next there rises an atmosphere so close and oppressive that we can almost feel the hot breath of the sensualist upon our cheek.

Heine's prose has the same strange moodiness and variability. Everything he wrote bears the stamp of his own wild genius. Each work of his is so thoroughly *Heinesque* that we feel no one but Heine could have written it; and yet, as we turn the pages, we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that the paragraph we are reading could have emanated from the same mind as the one which precedes or follows it. The weird shifting of the tableaux he presents, the chameleon-like rapidity with which his moods diversify and change, astonish and dazzle us. One moment we come upon a passage which for solemn grandeur and prophetic power might have been written by one of the seers of the Old Testament—a passage in which Heine flashes the light of his genius athwart the dark sky of existence, so that life and its enigmas seem unsolved and unriddled forever. In the next we shrink back with loathing and repugnance, as the evil smile of the unprincipled voluptuary leers out upon us. Then follows a sentence of wild doubt and scepticism, or one, perhaps, of such audacious profanity that many would regard it, not unjustly, as little short of unpardonable blasphemy; and yet, staggered and thrilled as we are, we lose sight of the too evident impiety and irreverence of the writer in our astonishment at the daring and boldness of his genius.

Fickleness and changeability mark everything Heine puts his hand to, and yet there is one quality in his work which never varies, one particular in which he never disappoints, and that is the incomparable power, beauty, and originality of his style. It is so distinctively his own that, as we have said, a verse, a line, or even a sentence is often enough to betray the author; and yet his originality never degenerates (as is

so frequently the case) into mannerism, his phrases never become stereotyped, and the same unfading freshness and charm linger over every line he wrote.

Heine is a magician, an enchanter. His pen is now an artist's pencil, with which he portrays, in a few bold strokes, a word-picture of surpassing power and beauty; now it is a conductor's baton, with which he directs a choir of invisible musicians. His poems are full of the fragrance of June roses, his songs melodious with the moonlight thrillings of the nightingale. They are the most exquisitely beautiful and musical expressions of emotional feeling in the language. They have the naive simplicity of childhood, combined with the intellectual insight and vigor of matured manhood. They exhibit the strangest example of tender and touching pathos, blended with the keenest and deadliest satire. Some of his songs have an old-world charm and glamor, alternating with Oriental richness of imagery and coloring, such as few other writers can show, and all are expressed in language which is the very essence of music and melody. "His songs are all music and feeling," says George Eliot; "they are like birds that not only enchant us with their delicious notes, but nestle against us with their soft breasts, and make us feel the agitated beating of their hearts. He indicates a whole sad history in a single quatrain; there is not an image in it, not a thought, but it is beautiful, simple, and perfect as a 'big round tear'—it is pure feeling breathed in pure music."

Nor is Heine's prose less striking than his poetry, for he is equally a master of both. No matter what the subject he is discussing—politics or poetry, love or literature, satire or sentiment—there is always the same exquisite lightness of style, the same wonderful nerve and vigor, the same flashes of electric wit and scathing sarcasm. He writes upon "Religion and Philosophy," a topic upon which few Germans could fail to be heavy and ponderous, and there is not a dull line in the book. His wit plays and sparkles about the subject, as the summer lightning illumines and irradiates the purple shadows of evening clouds; and yet, with all this, Heine is as profound in his judgment, as keen

in his insight, and as clear in his criticism as the most learned of his countrymen. We might say without exaggeration that he was almost the first witty German, for before his advent the adaptability of the language for wit was almost unknown. Humorists and satirists had not been wanting, but their sallies were of a somewhat elephantine description; and the sparkling scintillations which flashed from the pen of Heine opened up an entirely new field in German literature. It must be remembered, too, that he had for his predecessor the greatest literary master of Germany—we might almost say, of Europe—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

To judge Heine and Goethe from the same standpoint, as is not unfrequently done, is to do justice to neither. Except the fact that both were poets, they had little, or nothing, in common. Over Goethe's grave rests the serene afterglow as of the setting of a placid, clear-shining planet; the spot where Heine lies is marked only by the wild meteoric trailing of some fallen star. Goethe sits afar off on his intellectual throne almost sublime in his self-carefulness. He husbands his genius with jealous hand, invests it to the best advantage, and never wastes or squanders. He is self-poised, self-centred, and self-contained, and lived till past eighty. Heine is a prodigal and a spendthrift. He lives upon his principal. His genius is self-consuming, and he died at the comparatively early age of fifty-six. That Goethe soared among the Alpine heights of intellect, far above all other Germans of his day, few will venture to dispute; but in the sunny fields of poetry, Heine flits from flower to flower like the spirit of poesy incarnate. Goethe's voice is the voice of an infinitely wise man, his poems are beautiful as diamonds cut and polished in myriad facets, and set in chastest gold; but Heine is the living voice of Nature herself, and his songs touch and thrill us like the carol of the lark, or the perfume of the first violet.

It would seem as if Nature had intended to create in Heine a spiritual and intellectual giant, who should astonish the world by the power and daring of his genius; a being in whom she wished to display to all men the infinite and varied profusion of her resources.

As if she had, therefore, bestowed on him a double share of the qualities which go to constitute a human soul, but before she had time to knead and interweave them into one coherent unity—so that each might neutralize and counterpoise the other—some evil spirit had snatched her unfinished work from her hand, and cast it headlong into the world; and so there came into existence that rudderless, shipwrecked chaos of wild virtues and wilder vices, whom we speak of as Heinrich Heine.

To the thoughtful mind there is something inexpressibly mournful in his story. It is the story of what should have been a great and noble soul, a soul in which there existed grand intellectual and spiritual possibilities—all, alas! irretrievably dwarfed and perverted by the lack of moral principle; that all-important element without which none can be truly and really great.

And yet with all his time servingness and inconsistency, with all his meanness and paltriness, there is much that is noteworthy in the man. Between the chinks in the armor of wild cynicism and savage satire in which he thought fit to intrench himself, we hear at intervals the throbbing of a sensitive human heart; amid all the clouds of error and evil which darken his life, we catch a glimpse at times of the upward beating and starward aspiration of what were once white, heaven-born pinions, though sorely smirched and bedabbled, alas! by long trailing in earthly mud and mire.

Instability and lack of earnestness were the dominant traits of Heine's character as of his writings. His moral nature seemed utterly wanting in the element which gives tenacity of purpose. He was a democrat who loathed democracy, an imperialist who would have had all men equal, a man of deep religious feeling, and yet a sceptic of sceptics who sneered at his own noblest aspirations. He was of every opinion, and faithful to none—by turns a republican and a monarchist, a despot and a demagogue. One explanation of this is that his intellectual insight was too keen, and his critical perceptions too accurate, for him ever to be a man of one idea, which enthusiasts generally are. Theoretically Heine was a republican, but he was too acute an observer not to see

that, in spite of the frantic flag-waving and drum-beating of the communists, in spite of the frenzied cries of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity to which they gave vent, the fact still remained that these very men, who so boasted of liberty and equality, were but the slaves and puppets of some two or three ambitious schemers, who were ten times more despotic than the unfortunate monarch of whom they had disposed. On the other hand, although there was no more profound admirer of power, as incarnate in Napoleon, than Heine; although at times he expressed himself in language which showed how strongly his sympathies lay in that direction; he was yet too far-seeing to overlook the gigantic blots which disfigured the Napoleonic system of government, and consequently he turned from imperialism with the same dissatisfaction and discontent with which he had turned from republicanism. This was one of Heine's most strongly marked characteristics. He saw each side of the question, and, recognizing the faults of both, could not make up his mind which to espouse, and hence his life was passed in a chronic state of half-heartedness and vacillation. Too often, however, he solved the difficulty by accepting as his guide on the matter the dictates and promptings of his own evil nature, and this is the explanation of many of his harsh and cruel words.

The great secret of the failure and misery of Heine's life, however, is that he was a *moral coward*; a man who wilfully and despicably chose the ignoble part because he had not the manliness to suffer for the right; a man who habitually shrank from the task which duty imposed when it clashed with his own personal inclinations; a man who persistently listened to the promptings of his own evil passions, rather than to the voice of his truer and loftier nature. "Alas! mental torture is easier to be endured," he says, "than physical pain; and were I offered the alternative between a bad conscience and an aching tooth, I should prefer the former." *

* In this quotation, as in many others, the writer has availed himself (where such were to be had) of the admirable renderings given by Mr. Snodgrass in his translation of *Religion and Philosophy in Germany*, and in his *Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos of Heinrich Heine*.

Like all men of his class, Heine brought upon himself, by his cowardice and weakness, far greater suffering than that from which he shrank. His wrongdoing gave him no peace. Every duty he sought to evade came back to him with but redoubled force for the delay, every evil action recoiled upon himself. He was the most unlucky of sinners. He once said that if the sky were to shower down crownpieces, he should get only a broken pate, while others gathered the silver manna. Nor was he any happier in his selfish seeking after ease of mind, for there were few men of his time in whom the religious instinct was more strongly developed. With all his profligacy and licentiousness, there was none who in his heart of hearts knew the loveliness and dignity of purity better than he, none to whom duty and honor spoke in more imploring and beseeching language, and hence his life was one continual conflict and battle. Listen to the following beautiful poem "To a child":—

Oh, thou art like a flower,
So fair and pure thou art!
I look on thee, and while I look
There's sorrow at my heart.
I'm moved upon thy head
To lay my hands, and pray
That God may keep thee kind, and fair,
And pure as thou'rt to-day.

No heartless profligate or callous libertine could have penned these words. They come from the depth of a soul terribly marred and stained by sin and weakness, yet ever crying out with unutterable longing and yearning after the purity and truth which he had lost, and which he saw looking out at him with mournful, mute reproach from the depths of the child-eyes before him.

Strange and contradictory as such an assertion may seem, it is nevertheless a fact (in our opinion, at least) that, in spite of Heine's alternations of atheism, theism, pantheism, deism, and every *ism* in the theological dictionary, or out of it, he was yet a man who at heart was strongly and deeply imbued with religious feeling. We say *religious feeling*, not *religious principle*, for there is a wide difference between the two. There are men almost incapable of a lofty or sublime thought, who yet lead a life of saintly purity, and would scorn to do

anything mean or base; and, on the other hand, there are men who feel deeply on all religious subjects, who pray earnestly and often, and sing hymns with eyes full of genuine and heartfelt tears, and yet their actions are altogether unworthy, and their lives will not bear too close an examination. It is to the latter class—the sentimental, as Mr. Lowell would call it—that Heine belongs, and even then he is very low down in the scale. His religious feeling was combined with scepticism upon all points, not only of creed or dogma, but even of the simplest and barest belief; yet nevertheless the feeling was *there*, and remained there, and much of his scepticism was the utterance of his brain only. In Heine's writings, as in his life, he habitually followed his inclinations rather than his conscience. He was one of those men of whom his great contemporary, Jean Paul, spoke when he said that certain of the "latest *litterati* regarded themselves as flints, whose power of giving light they reckoned according to their sharp corners." If a brilliant thought occurred to Heine—no matter how unjust or blasphemous it might be, no matter whose reputation it might blast—he wrote it down, and gave it to the world, choosing to speak that which he did not believe, or which he knew to be untrue and cruel, rather than deprive himself of the pleasure of saying something clever or smart. He would attack his nearest and dearest friend, if in so doing he could display his talents to shining advantage; and he would jeer at the most sacred subject if it offered opportunity for him to exercise his too-ready wit. Has anything more audacious ever been put into words than his passage on the "Death of Deism"?

"A peculiar awe, a mysterious piety, forbids our writing more to-day. Our heart is full of shuddering compassion: it is the old Jehovah himself who is preparing for death. We have known him so well from his cradle in Egypt, where he was reared among the divine calves and crocodiles, the sacred onions, ibises, and cats. We have seen him bid farewell to these companions of his childhood, and to the obelisks and sphinxes of his native Nile, to become in Palestine a little god-king amid a poor shep-

herd people, and to inhabit a temple-palace of his own. We have seen him later coming into contact with the Assyrian-Babylonian civilization, renouncing his all-too-human passions, no longer giving vent to fierce wrath and vengeance, at least no longer thundering at every trifle. We have seen him migrate to Rome, the capital, where he abjures all national prejudice, and proclaims the celestial equality of all nations, and with such fine phrases establishes an opposition to the old Jupiter, and intrigues ceaselessly till he obtains supreme authority, and from the Capitol rules the city and the world, *urbem et orbem*. We have seen how, growing still more spiritualized, he becomes a loving father, a universal friend of man, a benefactor of the world, a philanthropist; but all this could avail him nothing!

"Hear ye not the bells resounding? Kneel down. They are bringing the sacrament to a dying god!"

These are, to all intents and purposes, the words of an atheist, but Heine was no atheist in reality, although he coquetted with atheism, as he coquetted with sins and vices which in his heart of hearts he abhorred. Despite his Hellenic tendencies, there was too much of the Jewish element in him for Heine ever to wipe out from his secret soul the inborn belief in the Jehovah-God of his fathers; and, with all his profanity and irreverence, he was deeply imbued with the old Hebrew veneration for the Bible.

"What a book!" he says in his *Memoir of Börne*. "Vast and wide as the world, rooted in the abysses of creation, and towering up beyond the blue secrets of heaven. Sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfilment, birth and death, the whole drama of humanity, are all in this book. It is the book of books—*Biblion*."

Toward the end of his life he spoke in still more decided language:—

"I owe my conversion simply to the reading of a book. A book? Yes, an old, homely-looking book, modest as nature, and natural as it is—a book which has a work-a-day and unassuming look, like the sun which warms us, like the bread which nourishes us; a book which seems to us as familiar and as full of kindly blessings as the old grandmother, who daily reads it with dear

trembling lips and with spectacles on her nose."

That Heine's respect and reverence for the Bible—"the Memoirs of God," as he once called it—did not prevent him from making its traditions a subject for his wit may readily be surmised, and there is one passage of his on the Hegelian philosophy which is so unmistakably *Heinesque* that we cannot refrain from quoting it:—

"There is the story of the forbidden tree in Paradise, and of the serpent, that little private tutoress who lectured on Hegelian philosophy six thousand years before Hegel's birth. This blue-stockinging without feet demonstrated very ingeniously how the absolute consists in the identity of being and knowing, how man becomes God through cognition, or, what is the same thing, how the God in man thereby attains self-consciousness. This formula is not so clear as the original words: When ye eat of the tree of knowledge, ye shall be as God! Mother Eve understood only one thing in the whole demonstration—that the fruit was forbidden, and because it was forbidden the good woman ate of it. But she had scarcely eaten the enticing apple before she lost her innocence, her naive ingenuousness, and discovered that she was much too naked for a person of her position, the ancestress of so many future emperors and kings, and she desired a dress. Truly but a dress of fig-leaves, because in her day no Lyonesse silk-manufacturer had yet come into the world, and because there were in Paradise no milliners and dressmakers. O Paradise! Strange, as soon as a woman attains reasoning self-consciousness, her first thought is of a new dress!"

In Heine, as he himself said, were combined the characteristics of the two races so often used to represent distinct and opposite types—the Grecian and the Jewish. He bowed the knee by turns to Jehovah and to Zeus, and when his unbelieving moods were on him, he treated the one with as scant reverence as the other. His worship of beauty was often but the worship of the senses, the pleasure-drunk and pagan adoration of outward form alone. He loved it for its mere material grace only, not for the sake of that which it symbolized.

It was to him a divinely-painted window upon which his eye was fixed in all-sufficing rapture; he did not look beyond it and above it. It was an end in itself, not a means to an end. Despite his lofty intellect and finely-fibred spirit, he was a man of strong passions, a lover of beauty in all her most sensuous and voluptuous forms. Existence was to Heine the rapturous dream of an oriental paradise, in which white-limbed houris woo and wanton mid rose-trellised bowers, where the nightingale pours forth her melody alike by day and by night. "I love those pale, elegiac countenances," he says, speaking of the Italian women, "from which great black eyes shed forth their love-pain. I love the dark tints of those proud necks; their first love was Phœbus who kissed them brown. I love even that over-ripe bust with its purple points, as if amorous birds had been pecking at it; but above all I love that genial gait, that dumb music of the body, those limbs that move in sweetest rhythm, voluptuous, pliant, with divine enticement, with indolent death-languor, and yet with ethereal grandeur, and always full of poetry." "In all ages," writes Heine, in another passage, "are to be found men in whom the capacity of enjoyment is incomplete; men with stunted senses and compunctious frames, for whom all the grapes in the garden of God are sour, who see in every paradise-apple the enticing serpent, and who seek in self-abnegation their triumph, and in suffering their sole joy. On the other hand, we find in all ages men of robust growth, natures filled with the pride of life, who fain carry their heads right haughtily; all the stars and the roses greet them with sympathetic smile; they listen delightedly to the melodies of the nightingale and Rossini; they are enamored of good fortune, and of the flesh of Titian's pictures; to their hypocritical companions to whom such things are a torment, they answer in the words of Shakespeare's character, 'Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?'"

To Heine the stern dignity of asceticism, the beauty of self-sacrifice, or the heroism of martyrdom were (in his earlier life, at all events) as incomprehensible as an unknown tongue; he can-

not even conceive of them. Life was to him the highest good ; death the bitterest evil. " Let others enjoy the thought of the loved one wreathing their tomb with flowers," he says, " and moistening it with her faithful tears. O women ! hate me ! laugh at me ! mock me ! but let me live. Life is all too merrily sweet, and the world all too lovingly confused. . . . But yet I live. Though only the shadow in a dream, still this is better than the cold, blank emptiness of death. Life is the highest of earth's good ; its bitterest evil is death. . . . But I live ! The great pulse of nature finds a response in my breast, and when I shout for joy I am answered by a thousandfold echo ; I hear a thousand nightingales. . . . The sun moves all too slowly, and I yearn to whip his fire-horses to a wilder career. But when he sinks hissing into the sea, and Night arises with her longing eye, oh ! then voluptuous joy quivers through me, and the evening breezes play about my beating heart like fondling maidens."

Poor Heine ! how terrible was the lesson which he had to learn ! how stern the chastening to which God thought fit to subject him ! One who, without bowing the head in silent awe at the solemn thought of life and its mysteries, can compare these life-enraptured, love-delirious words with those wild cries of agony rising from the " mattress-grave," where for eight long years Heine lay lingering in the tortures of a living death, must surely be something less than human.

" I have to be carried like a child. The most horrible convulsions. My right hand begins to die." " I have endured more sorrows the last three months than the Spanish Inquisition ever inflicted !" " Ah ! why must a human creature suffer so much ?" Poor Heine ! If aught of human suffering can atone for sins past, then the torture and agony which marked the close of his life might go far to expiate his sinings, many and manifold as they were ! The story of his sorrows is doubtless known to many of our readers, but as there may be some to whom it is not so familiar, we must briefly refer to it here—especially as the whole history of his life must be read in the light of those eight years. His malady was a soften-

ing of the spinal marrow, and his sufferings were fearful. He was almost blind, his back became bent and twisted, his body wasted away, as did also his legs, which at last became soft and without feeling—" like cotton," as he expressed it. Little did Heine think how prophetically he was speaking when, in the pride of life, he uttered the thought (using strangely enough the very words used by poor Frederick Robertson) that " wherever there is a great spirit pouring forth its thought—there is Golgotha." Still more striking is that other passage in which he says that " great geniuses do not belong to the particular land of their birth ; they scarcely, even, belong to this earth, *the martyr-stake of their sufferings.*"

Alfred Meissner, who visited Heine in 1849, seven years before the poet's death, speaks as follows : " Of a truth I was terrified, my heart contracted, when I saw Heine, and when he stretched out to me his white, shrunken hand. . . . This hand was nearly transparent, and of a pallor and softness of which I have perhaps never seen the like. . . . He told me of his almost uninterrupted torments, of his helplessness, and of his Job-martyrdom, which had now lasted so long. He depicted to me how he himself had become nearly like a ghost, how he looked down upon his poor broken, racked body like a spirit already departed and living in a sort of interregnum. He described how he lived in images and intuitions of the past, and how gladly he would yet compose, write, and create, and how his blind eye, his unsteady hand, and his ever new-awakening pain, erased everything from his spirit. He described his nights and their tortures, when the thought of suicide crept nearer and nearer to him, until he found strength to hurl it away from him by thinking on his beloved wife and many a work which he might yet bring to completion, and truly horrible was it, when he at last, in fearful earnest and in suppressed voice, cried out, ' Think on Günther, Bürger, Kleist, Hölderlin, Grabbe, and the wretched Lenau : some curse weighs heavy on the poets of Germany !' "

Adolph Stahr, who visited Heine in the same year, tells also of the dying poet's tortures : " During this first visit

it was that he spoke expressly of his sickness and his sufferings, to which he seldom recurred in his later conversations. 'I suffer,' he said, 'unceasing severe pain. Even my dreams are not free from it. Yesterday I hung, as John of Leyden, in a cage in the air, and my pains surrounded me like wild dream-visions.'" Another visitor, referred to by Lord Houghton in his "Last Days of Heinrich Heine," thus describes her visit to the dying poet: "He lay on a pile of mattresses, his body wasted so that it seemed no bigger than a child's under the sheet which covered him, the eyes closed, and the face altogether like the most painful and wasted *Ecce Homo* ever painted by some old German painter." The same lady tells us that he looked like "death already wasted to a shadow," when she visited him again some five years later; "On the whole I never saw any man bear such horrible pain," she says, "in so perfectly unaffected a manner. He complained of his sufferings, and was pleased to see tears in my eyes, and then at once set to work to make me laugh heartily, which pleased him just as much. He neither paraded his anguish nor tried to conceal it, or to put on any stoical airs." Despite the intensity of his sufferings, Heine yet toiled on unceasingly at his literary work, producing poems, criticisms, and articles in abundance, although he was now totally blind of one eye, and the disease had so affected the other that the lid would not remain up, and he had to raise it with his finger before he could see. The picture which his biographer gives of Heine sitting propped up with pillows on his "mattress-grave," with one hand lifting the lid of his paralyzed eye, and with the other painfully tracing large letters on a sheet of paper, is one of the most mournful and touching in the history of literature. All through his illness, down to the very day of his death, Heine's wild wit and humor never deserted him. Even his own fearful sufferings were the subjects of his ghastly jests. He told the doctor that if his nerves were exhibited at the Exhibition, they would take a gold medal for pain and torture. "Latterly he took to reading medical treatises, or rather, to having them read to him, on the nature of his disease, and

he remarked that his studies would be of use to him by-and-by, for he would give lectures in heaven, and convince his hearers how badly physicians on earth understood the treatment of softening of the spinal marrow." * Another time he said that the worms would soon have his body, but that he did not grudge them their banquet, and was only sorry he could offer them nothing but bones.

In the postscript to the "Roman-cero," five years before his death, he wrote as follows (we quote from Mr. Stigand's work): "But do I still exist! My body is so shrivelled up that barely anything remains of me now but my voice, and my bed reminds me of the vocal grave of the wizard Merlin, which lies in the forest of Broceliande in Brittany, under tall oaks whose summits flicker up into heaven like green flames. Alas! I envy thee, my colleague Merlin, those trees and their fresh motion, for no green leaf rustles over my mattress-grave in Paris, where early and late I hear only the rattle of carriages, hammering, wrangling, and piano-strumming—a grave without peace, death without the privilege of the dead. . . . My measure has long ago been taken for my coffin, also for my necrology, but I die so slowly that the process is as tiresome for myself as for my friends. Yet patience! everything has an end. You will some morning find the show shut up where the puppet-play of my humor pleased you so often."

There is another passage strikingly *Heinesque* in its wild profanity: "What avails it me," he says, "that enthusiastic youths and maidens crown my marble bust with laurel, when the withered hands of an aged nurse are pressing Spanish flies behind my ears? What avails it me that all the roses of Shiraz glow and waft incense for me? Alas! Shiraz is two thousand miles from the Rue d'Amsterdam, where, in the wearisome loneliness of my sick-room, I get no scent except it be, perhaps, the perfume of warmed towels. Alas! God's satire weighs heavily on me! The Great Author of the universe, the Aristophanes of heaven, was bent on demonstrating with crushing force to me the little

* *The Life, Work, and Opinions of Heinrich Heine*, by William Stigand.

earthly, German Aristophanes, how my wittiest sarcasms are only pitiful attempts at jesting in comparison with His, and how miserably I am beneath Him in humor, in colossal mockery."

It was on February 17, 1856, that the end came, and the "Great Author," of whom Heine spoke put the last full-stop to the story of the life of this erring and misguided, but mighty genius. Some hours before his death he was asked if he had made his peace with heaven. "Set your mind at rest," answered the dying poet, "*Dieu me pardonnera, c'est son métier.*" When the doctor told him, in reply to his inquiry, that death was approaching, he received the news calmly, and at four o'clock in the morning his sufferings ceased forever: the spirit passed peacefully away from the poor torture-racked body, and a lifeless form, transfigured (we are told) by death into almost Christ-like beauty, was all that remained on earth of one of the greatest geniuses this world has known.

Heine lies in the cemetery of Montmartre at Paris, and though no gilded column or waving bough mark his last resting-place, his sleep is none the less tranquil and serene. Years before his death he wrote the following. We use Mr. Snodgrass's excellent rendering, but it must be borne in mind that a translation, as Jean Paul says, "is always but an inverted, pale, secondary rainbow of the original splendor."

Where will end my weary journey;
What last resting-place be mine?
Under tropic palm-tree's shadow,
Under lindens by the Rhine?

Shall I be in some far desert
Laid to rest by stranger hand?
Shall I sleep upon a barren
Sea-shore, underneath the sand?

What heed I? since God's fair heaven
Will be o'er me there as here;
And the stars, like death-lamps swaying,
Through the night will shine as clear.

In the history of nearly all great men, especially men of high intellectual genius, there comes, consciously or unconsciously, a supreme moment when they stand, as it were, at the meeting of two roads, and are called upon to decide for themselves as to what shall be the rule upon which they intend thenceforth to order and frame their life. They are bidden to make choice between

pleasure and principle, between sensuality and spirituality, between self-gratification and self-respect; and as is their decision at this point of their history, so, in most cases, is the whole aim and purpose of their after-life. In attempting to form an accurate perception of the character and genius of any remarkable man, it is very important, therefore, that his own mental and intellectual attitude at the time of the crisis be taken into consideration, as well as the forming and determining circumstances of his previous life; and in the case of Heine these circumstances are of unusual weight and moment.

"In my cradle," he once said, "lay my line of life marked out for my whole life," and these words have a deep significance. To be born a Jew in Germany at the close of the eighteenth century was a calamity of which we in England in the present year of grace can hardly conceive. "The Jews throughout Germany," says Mr. Stigand in his able work on Heine, "were treated up to the time of the entry of the French as a race of Pariahs. The law took as little account of them as of wolves and foxes. Against murder, robbery, violence, and insult they had no redress. Massacres of Jews took place at various towns in Germany late in the century. At Easter-tide and other festivals the populace regarded it as their sport and their right to hunt the Jews through the streets, to break their windows with stones, and to sack their houses. In most towns they were forced to live separate from the rest of the inhabitants in their own quarter, into which they were shut with gates every night, and on Sundays they were obliged to wear a peculiar dress. No Jew dared appear on a public promenade without danger of stoning. At Frankfort twenty-five Jews only were allowed to marry in the year, in order that the accursed race might not increase too rapidly. From this abominable state of persecution . . . the Jewish population of Germany were freed at once by the entrance of the French troops; but their emancipation only lasted as long as the French rule. After the liberation of Germany and the final defeat of the French troops, they were thrust back again, in spite of royal pledges to the contrary, into the

old Pariah condition, only to be finally released from it by the Revolution of 1848." [Eight years before Heine's death.]

There is no doubt that to this wicked and relentless persecution much of the Ishmaelitish and savage moroseness of spirit which so characterized Heine was attributable, as well also as the cynical scepticism on religious subjects which he frequently manifested. It seemed, as he once said in his profane way, as if the Deity who was once "the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and was called Jehovah," but was now become "so moral, so cosmopolitan, and universal," would like "not to remember any more that He was of Palestinian origin," and "nourished a secret grudge against the poor Jews who knew Him in His first rough estate, and now put Him in mind daily in their synagogues of His former obscure national relations."

Another all-important circumstance in the early history of Heine is that when he was little better than a youth he formed a passionate attachment for his cousin Amalie; a passion which, although it appears to have been received with some encouragement at first, was unreturned. The real facts of the case are not known, but it seems probable that Heine was inconsiderately if not heartlessly treated, and it is quite certain that the wild gloom and despair into which he was plunged by his rejection did much to distort and pervert his whole moral character at the very outset of his life. In the following four lines we get a glimpse of his sufferings:—

First I thought I'd ne'er get o'er it;
Life it seemed I must forswear:
Yet I bore it, yea, I bore it—
But to ask me how, forbear.

In one of his songs he tells the whole story in three verses, the last of which is as follows:—

It is an old, old story,
And yet 'tis ever new,
And he to whom it happens,
It breaks his heart in two.

Hearts, it may be said, are not easily broken in this prosaic century, but nevertheless it is a fact that, if ever there was a case in which a heart *was* broken; if ever there was a case in which a life was blasted and ruined by hopeless love—it was in the case of Heinrich Heine.

Upon such a nature as his—passionate, moody, and sensitive, even to morbidness—it is almost impossible to over-estimate the influence such an event would have. His spirit, already soured and embittered by the persecution to which, on account of his Jewish birth, he was subjected, was shaken to its very foundation by the shock, and he lost faith in Womanhood, in Humanity, and even in God.

The supreme and critical moment in Heine's history, however, was, in our opinion, that in which he was called upon to decide whether he would accept the advice of some of his friends and allow himself, for mean, self-seeking purposes, and against his own conscientious beliefs, or rather disbeliefs, to be baptized a Christian; or whether he would act according to his sense of honor and truth, and refuse to lend himself to any such base and dishonorable lie. That Heine chose the evil part is only too well known, but bitterly indeed did he repent of it. "I often get up in the night," he said in writing to a friend on the subject of his baptism, "I often get up in the night, and stand before the glass and curse myself!" It must also be remembered, as Mr. Stigand tells us, that unless Heine went through the form of conversion to Christianity, there was absolutely no possibility of his obtaining any employment in Germany excepting as a schoolmaster or a Jew-trader. Moreover, he had been led to believe that if he should consent to the performance of the rite of baptism he would probably succeed in obtaining a Government appointment.

It cannot be sufficiently regretted that at the moment when Heine's character was put to so severe a test, not only had he no earnest belief of his own to sustain him in the trial, but his whole mind seems to have been poisoned and permeated by a spirit of cynical doubt and scepticism. To nearly every soul of high intellect there comes, sooner or later, a time when he must face and fight his doubts for himself; a time when all the warm springs of faith and trust seem to have dried up in his heart, till it becomes but a vast and hideous charnel-house, athwart the gloom of which flit no forms save the gray and grim spectres of doubt and

unbelief; and this appears to have been Heine's frame of mind when the critical moment arrived.

At such a time, and in such circumstances, when the earth seems but a monster tomb, and the sky above but a painted vault, there is one star alone in man's spiritual heaven by which he may guide his steps aright; one anchor only to which, storm-tossed and doubt-driven as he may be, he can yet cling for safety and help—the star of high principle, the anchor of unfaltering morality. But these all-important elements were entirely lacking in Heine's character; and so it came about that—unsupported as he was by any sense of high principle, unstained by any deep or earnest religious belief—it seemed to him but a small matter whether he wore the outward badge of the Jew or the Christian, and hence he was false to honor, to duty, and to conscience. To this deplorable event may be traced much of his after-misery and unrest, for it was hereby that he lost that which is one of the most terrible losses any human soul can suffer—the loss of his own self-respect and self-reverence. From this moment Heine seems to have gone steadily downhill. Regarded by the Jews as a traitor, and by the Christians as an apostate; goaded almost to madness by the persecution to which all his race were subjected; embittered and soured by the betrayal of his affections by his cousin, and with an unutterable sense of self-loathing and self-contempt burning in his soul—can it be altogether wondered at that a man like Heine, sensitive and moody to the last degree of morbidness, should thenceforth have abandoned himself in wild defiance and despair to the promptings of his own fierce spirit, and the gratification of his own evil passions and desires?

Although, when the supreme test of his character came, Heine was untrue to himself and his lofty aspirations; although he meanly and basely chose the evil part; although he determined to be guided by happiness rather than by honor, by pleasure rather than by principle, by self-seeking rather than by self-respect—yet, on the other hand, it must be remembered that in the whole range of literature there is, perhaps, no instance in which the perverting influ-

ence of unhappy associations and unfortunate surroundings is so mournfully evident as in his. And although, as we have said, he chose the evil part, yet his good angel did not, as is generally the case, desert and abandon him thenceforth, but, on the contrary, she remained by his side down to the very end of his existence, and all through his life we catch some faint flash of her redeeming presence in his spirit, all through his history we hear her mournful cry of anguish at the wreck of so noble a soul.

"A man may be as brilliant, as clever, as strong, and as broad as you please," says Professor John Stuart Blackie, "and with all this, if he is not good, he may be a paltry fellow; and even the sublime which he seems to reach in his most splendid achievements is only a brilliant sort of badness." These are strong words and stern, but they are true, and there is no more terrible example of their truth than Heine; and much as we may and do admire his genius, and love him for his nobler and more beautiful traits, this all-important defect in his character cannot be overlooked. If we have been severe in pointing out Heine's faults, it is not from any wish to be harsh or ungenerous, but because we believe that no personal attachment to an author, or admiration of his intellectual abilities should be allowed to interfere with that which must ever be the aim and object of all earnest criticism—the arriving at, and the perception of, the truth.

There are excuses to be made for Heine such as can be made for few others. Many of his failings partook more of the nature of *disease* than of *sin*, and for their explanation we must look to pathology alone. His mind was as unhealthy as his body; he was a psychological problem, and cannot be judged by the rules which we apply to ordinary mortals. As the writer of an able article in the *Century Magazine* aptly remarked, what Heine "lacked physically, mentally, and morally was *health*. His love is a frenzy, his wit is often fantastic and grotesque as a sick man's visions, his very enjoyment of nature is more like the feverish excitement of an invalid who is allowed a brief breathing-space in the sunshine, than the steady,

sober intensity of one of her life-long worshippers."

In one of Oliver Wendell Holmes' books called the "Guardian Angel," professedly a novel, but in reality a psychological study, he says that "it is by no means certain that our individual personality is the single inhabitant of these our corporeal frames;" and he goes on to tell us that "there is an experience recorded which, so far as it is received in evidence, tends to show that some who have long been dead may enjoy a kind of secondary and imperfect, yet self-conscious life, in these bodily tenements which we are in the habit of considering exclusively our own." Dr. Holmes concludes the paragraph with the following strange quotation: "This body in which we journey across the isthmus between the two oceans, is not a private carriage, but an omnibus."

The phenomena referred to are, of course, nothing more or less than manifestations of that law which, of all others, impresses the thoughtful man with the futility and presumption of any human being setting up to pronounce final judgment upon another; that law which teaches, as no other law can, the lesson of a large and loving charity—we mean the strange and mysterious law of Heredity. As, in its study, the inquirer unwinds, strand by strand, the manifold and complex lines which meet in each human soul, he falls back, staggered and breathless, at the awful mysteries hidden away in "the abysmal depths of personality;" and there is no instance within our knowledge in which so many strange and unreconcilable personalities seem to meet and combine in one human being as in that of Heine. We hear often of the "duality" of his nature, but to us it seems as if plurality were the fitter word, for at various stages in his history, traits and characteristics, of all others the most conflicting and opposite, are recognizable at one and the same moment. These, we believe, can be explained, and explained only, by the laws of Heredity; and were the requisite data forthcoming, the secret of many of his strange and unaccountable inconsistencies would lie unveiled and bare. In the present paper (both from lack of space and of sufficient data) we must content ourselves with a mere

reference to the subject; but we should like to call attention to a passage in Heine's works which seems to imply that he was not altogether unconscious of this diverse personality. "I am a Jew," he says; "I am a Christian; I am tragedy, I am comedy—Heraclitus and Democritus in one—a Greek, a Hebrew, an adorer of despotism incarnate in Napoleon, an admirer of communism embodied in Proudhon—a Latin, a Teuton, a beast, a devil, a god!"

Another point which must be remembered in the study of Heine is that of his stern literary honesty in regard to himself. His writings are the faithful mirrors of what passed through his brain, and he laid bare his most secret thoughts—thoughts, the mere presence of which in their minds the generality of people would shrink from admitting to themselves, still less revealing to others. We must add, however, by way of exception and warning, that not only did Heine faithfully confess the evil side of his character, but, like the late Lord Byron, he often went further, and made himself out to be worse than he really was. He loved to shock, to astonish, and to startle, and to effect his purpose did not shrink from libelling and blackening himself.

There were traits in Heine's character eminently noble and beautiful. His generosity, his love of children, his devotion to his wife and mother, none can gainsay. Alfred Meissner tells us that, even when in distress for money himself, Heine was always ready to help any who came to him for aid—not even excepting those who were, in many respects, his own personal enemies. Think, too, of the blinded, tortured poet, writhing in anguish on his "mattress grave," writing light and jaunty letters to his mother as though he were in almost perfect health and strength, so that her aged heart might not be wrung and torn by a knowledge of what her son was suffering. All those long eight years during which Heine lay lingering in that living death, he kept up the same loving deception. Some of the most beautiful verses he ever wrote were inscribed to his mother, and to his wife he exhibited the same untiring love and devotion.

The coarseness and indelicacy which disfigure his writings so frequently much

as we may deplore them, cannot be overlooked. Like many of his other failings, they are in part the result of his unfortunate circumstances; and it must be remembered also, as Mr. Stigand reminds us, that Heine addressed himself to a German public among whom infidelity and grossness of taste were notoriously prevalent.

"It is apparently too often a congenial task," says George Eliot in her essay on Heine, "to write severe words about the transgressions of men of genius, especially when the censor has the advantage of being himself a man of no genius, so that those transgressions seem to him quite gratuitous; he, forsooth, never lacerated anyone by his wit, or gave irresistible piquancy to a coarse allusion, and his indignation is not mitigated by any knowledge of the temptation which lies in transcendent power. We are also apt to measure what a gifted man has done by our arbitrary conception of what he might have done, rather than by a comparison of his actual doings with our own, or those of other ordinary men. We make ourselves over-zealous agents of heaven, and demand that our brother should bring usurious interest for his five talents, forgetting that it is less easy to manage five talents than two." There is a strange passage in which Heine himself refers to the accusation which had been brought against him, that he was striving to upset and destroy all faith in everything good and true, which speaks even more strongly in his own defence in the matter:—

"But thou liest, Brutus, thou liest, Cassius, and thou, too, liest, Asinus, in maintaining that my ridicule attacks those ideas which are the precious acquisition of humanity, and for which I myself have so striven and suffered. No! for the very reason that those ideas constantly hover before the poet in glorious splendor and majesty, he is the more irresistibly overcome by laughter when he sees how rudely, clumsily, and awkwardly those ideas are seized and mirrored in the contracted minds of contemporaries. . . . There are mirrors which have so rough a surface that even an Apollo reflected in them becomes a caricature, and excites our laughter.

But we laugh then only at the caricature, not at the god."

As we allow our thoughts to wander back over the life of Heine—that fearful battle-field, dark with the corpses of fair hopes and mighty aspirations, yet not all unlighted by the radiance of lofty deeds and noble words—there rises to our mind one more saying of his which we must place before the reader ere bringing this paper to a close. It is one in which we think there is a true glimpse of the man himself; one in which, for a passing moment, we can see down into the depths of his own wild heart, with its sinnings and strugglings, its aspirations and degradations: "It is not merely what we have done," he says, "not merely the posthumous fruit of our activity that entitles us to honorable recognition after death, but also *our striving itself, and especially our unsuccessful striving*—the shipwrecked, fruitless, but great-souled WILL to do!"

Poor Heine! sinning, suffering Heine! His is the saddest story in the history of literature. He has long since passed beyond the tribunal of human justice to appear before Him who can alone read aright the secrets of his strange spirit—that chaotic mixture of wild virtues and wilder vices, so lofty and sublime in the light of what *might* have been, so pitiful and paltry in the view of what *was*. And as, from the always uncertain standpoint of human vision, we try to form some slight estimate of his life and character, the strange question which, in the restless searching of his spirit, he once asked himself, rises to our mind: "Can it be possible that genius, like the pearl in the oyster, is, after all, only a splendid disease?"

Of the right answer to that question we know not; but this we do know—of this, at least, we feel sure—that, strange as it may appear at first, it is, nevertheless, a fact that this earth of ours is less indebted for light and illumination to the nimbus-like radiance cast by the saintly and spotless beings who sometimes dwell hereon, than to the wild, meteoric trailings of light left to us by such sinning, suffering, struggling spirits as poor Heinrich Heine and his like.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

WINDS OF HEAVEN.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES.

THE window rattled, the gate swung, a leaf rose, and the kitten chased it, "whoo-oo" the faintest sound in the keyhole. I looked up, and saw the feathers on a sparrow's breast ruffled for an instant. It was quiet for some time: after a while it came again with heavier purpose. The folded shutters shook; the latch of the kitchen door rattled as if some one were lifting it and dropped it; indefinite noises came from upstairs: there was a hand in the house moving everything. Another pause. The kitten was curled up on the window-ledge outside in the sunshine, just as the sleek cats curled up in the warmth at Thebes of old Egypt five or six thousand years ago; the sparrow was happy at the rose-tree; a bee was happy on a broad dandelion disk. "Soo-hoo!"—a low whistle came through the chink; a handful of rain was flung at the window; a great shadow rushed up the valley and strode the house in an instant as you would get over a stile. I put down my book and buttoned my coat. Soo-hoo! the wind was here and the cloud—soo-hoo! drawing out longer and more plaintive in the thin mouthpiece of the chink. The cloud had no more rain in it, but it shut out the sun; and all that afternoon and all that night the low plaint of the wind continued in sorrowful hopelessness, and little sounds ran about the floors and round the rooms.

Still soo-hoo all the next day and sunlessness, turning the mind, through work and conversation, to pensive notes. At even, the edge of the cloud lifted over the forest hill westward, and a yellow glow, the great beacon-fire of the sun, burned out, a conflagration at the verge of the world. In the night, awaking gently as one who is whispered to—listen! Ah! All the orchestra is at work—the keyhole, the chink, and the chimney; whoo-hooing in the keyhole, whistling shrill whew-w-w! in the chink, moaning long and deep in the chimney. Over in the field the row of pines was sighing; the wind lingered and clung to the close foliage, and each needle of the million, million leaflets

drew its tongue across the organ blast. A countless multitude of sighs made one continued distant undertone to the wild roar of the gable close at hand. Something seemed to be running with innumerable centipede feet over the mouth of the chimney, for the long deep moan, as I listened, resolved itself into a quick succession of touches, just as you might play with your finger-tips tattooing on the hollow table. In the midst of the clangor, the hearing settled down to the sighing of the pines, which drew the mind toward it, and soothed the senses to sleep.

Toward dawn, awake again—another change: the battering-ram at work now against the walls. Swinging back, the solid thickness of the wind came forward—crush! as the iron-shod ram's head hanging from its chains rushed to the tower. Crush! It sucked back again as if there had been a vacuum—a moment's silence and crush! Blow after blow—the floor heaved; the walls were ready to come together—alternate sucking back and heavy billowy advance. Crush! crash! Blow after blow, heave and batter and hoist, as if it would tear the house up by the roots. Forty miles that battering-ram wind had travelled without so much as a bough to check it till it struck the house on the hill. Thud! thud! as if it were iron, and not air. I looked from the window, and the bright morning star was shining—the sky was full of the wind and the star. As light came, the thud, thud, sunk away, and nothing remained but the whoo-hoo-hoo of the keyhole and the moan of the chimney. These did not leave us; for four days and nights the whoo-hoo-hoo-whooh never ceased a moment. Whoo-hoo! whooh! and this is the wind on the hill indoors.

Out of doors, sometimes in the morning, deep in the valley, over the tree-tops of the forest, there stays a vapor, lit up within by sunlight. A glory hovers over the oaks—a cloud of light hundreds of feet thick, the air made visible by surcharge and heaviness of sunbeams, pressed together till you can see them

in themselves and not reflected. The cloud slants down the sloping wood, till in a moment it is gone, and the beams are now focused in the depth of the narrow valley. The mirror has been tilted, and the glow has shifted; in a moment more it has vanished into space, and the dream has gone from the wood. In the arms of the wind, vast bundles of mist are borne against the hill; they widen and slip, and lengthen, drawing out; the wind works quickly with moist colors ready and a wide brush laying broadly. Color comes up in the wind; the thin mist disappears, drunk up in the grass and trees, and the air is full of blue behind the vapor. Blue sky at the far horizon—rich deep blue overhead—a dark-brown blue deep yonder in the gorge among the trees. I feel a sense of blue color as I face the strong breeze; the vibration and blow of its force answer to that hue, the sound of the swinging branches and the rush—rush in the grass is azure in its note; it is wind-blue, not the night-blue, or heaven-blue, a color of air. To see the color of the air, it needs great space like this—a vastness of concavity and hollow—an equal caldron of valley and plain under, to the dome of the sky over, for no vessel of earth and sky is too large for the air-color to fill. Thirty, forty, and more miles of eye-sweep, and beyond that the limitless expanse over the sea—the thought of the eye knows no butt, shooting on with stellar penetration into the unknown. In a small space there seems a vacuum, and nothing between you and the hedge opposite, or even across the valley; in a great space the void is filled, and the wind touches the sight like a thing tangible. The air becomes itself a cloud, and is colored—recognized as a thing suspended; something real exists between you and the horizon. Now, full of sun and now of shade, the air-cloud rests in the expanse.

It is summer, and the wind-birds top the furze; the bright stonechat, velvet-black and red and white, sits on the highest spray of the gorse, as if he were painted there. He is always in the wind on the hill, from the hail of April to August's dry glow. All the mile-long slope of the hill under me is purple-clad with heath down to the tree-filled gorge where the green boughs seem to join the

purple. The cornfields and the pastures of the plain—count them one by one till the hedges and squares close together and cannot be separated. The surface of the earth melts away as if the eyes insensibly shut and grew dreamy in gazing, as the soft clouds melt and lose their outline at the horizon. But dwelling there, the glance slowly finds and fills out something that interposes its existence between us and the further space. Too shadowy for the substance of a cloud, too delicate for outline against the sky, fainter than haze, something of which the eye has consciousness, but cannot put into a word to itself. Something is there. It is the air-cloud adhering like a summer garment to the great downs by the sea. I cannot see the substance of the hills nor their exact curve along the sky; all I can see is the air that has thickened and taken to itself form about them. The atmosphere has collected as the shadow collects in the distant corner of a room—it is the shadow of the summer wind. At times it is so soft, so little more than the air at hand, that I almost fancy I can look through the solid boundary. There is no cloud so faint; the great hills are but a thought at the horizon; I *think* them there rather than see them; if I were not thinking of them, I should scarce know there was even a haze, with so dainty a hand does the atmosphere throw its covering over the massy downs. Riding or passing quickly, perhaps you would not observe them; but stay among the heathbells and the sketch appears in the south. Up from the sea over the cornfields, through the green boughs of the forest, along the slope, comes a breath of wind, of honey-sweetened air, made more delicate by the fanning of a thousand wings.

The labor of the wind: the cymbals of the aspen clashing, from the lowest to the highest bough, each leaf twirling first forward and then backward and swinging to and fro, a double motion. Each lifts a little and falls back like a pendulum, twisting on itself; and as it rises and sinks, strikes its fellow-leaf. Striking the side of the dark pines, the wind changes their color and turns them paler. The oak leaves slide one over the other, hand above hand, laying shadow upon shadow on the white road.

In the vast net of the wide elm-tops, the drifting shadow of the cloud which the wind brings is caught for a moment. Pushing aside the stiff ranks of the wheat with both arms, the air reaches the sun-parched earth. It walks among the mowing-grass like a farmer feeling the crop with his hand one side, and opening it with his walking-stick the other. It rolls the wavelets carelessly as marbles to the shore ; the red cattle redden the pool and stand in their own color. The green caterpillar swings as he spins his thread and lengthens his cable to the tide of air, descending from the tree ; before he can slip it, the whitethroat takes him. With a thrust, the wind hurls the swallow, or the still grander traverser of air, the swift, fifty miles faster on his way ; it ruffles back the black velvet of the creepy mole peeping forth from his burrow. Apple-bloom and crab-apple bloom have been blown long since athwart the furrows over the orchard wall ; May petals and June roses scattered ; the pollen and the seeds of the meadow-grasses thrown on the threshing-floor of mother-earth in basketfuls. Thistle down and dandelion down, the brown down of the goat's-beard ; by and by the keys of the sycamores twirling aslant—the wind carries them all on its back, gossamer web and great heron's vanes—the same weight to the wind ; the drops of the waterfall blown aside sprinkle the bright green ferns. The voice of the cuckoo in his season travels drowsily on the zephyr, and the note comes to the most distant hill, and deep into the deepest wood.

The light and fire of summer are made beautiful by the air, without whose breath the glorious summer were all spoiled. Thick are the hawthorn leaves, many deep on the spray ; and beneath them there is a twisted and intertangled winding in and out of boughs, such as no curious ironwork of ancient artist could equal ; through the leaves and metal-work of boughs the soft west wind wanders at its ease. Wild wasp and tutored bee sing sideways on their course as the breeze fills their vanes ; with broad colored sails boomed out, drifts the butterfly alee. Beside a brown-coated stone in the shadowed stream, a brown trout watches for the puffs that slay the May-flies. Their ephemeral

wings were made for a more exquisite life ; they endure but one sun ; they bear not the touch of the water ; they die like a dream dropping into the river. To the amethyst in the deep ditch the wind comes ; no petal so hidden under green it cannot find ; to the blue hill-flower up by the sky ; it lifts the guilty head of the passionate poppy that has sinned in the sun for love. Sweet is the rain the wind brings to the wallflower browned in the heat, a-dry on the crumbling stone. Pleasant the sunbeams to the marigold when the wind has carried the rain away and his sun-disk glows on the bank. Acres of perfume come on the wind from the black and white of the bean-field ; the firs fill the air by the copse with perfume. I know nothing to which the wind has not some happy use. Is there a grain of dust so small the wind shall not find it out ? Ground in the mill-wheel of the centuries, the iron of the distant mountain floats like gossamer, and is drunk up as dew by leaf and living lung. A thousand miles of cloud go by from morn till night, passing overhead without a sound ; the immense packs, a mile square, succeed to each other, side by side, laid parallel, book-shape, coming up from the horizon and widening as they approach. From morn till night the silent footfalls of the ponderous vapors travel overhead, no sound, no creaking of the wheels and rattling of the chains ; it is calm at the earth, but the wind labors without an effort above, with such ease, with such power. Gray smoke hangs on the hillside where the couch-heaps are piled, a cumulus of smoke ; the wind comes, and it draws its length along like the genii from the earthen pot ; there leaps up a great red flame shaking its head ; it shines in the bright sunlight ; you can see it across the valley.

A perfect summer day with a strong south wind : a cloudless blue sky blown pale, a summer sun blown cool, deep draughts of refreshing air to man and horse, clear definition of red-tile roof and conical oast, perfect color of soft ash-green trees. In the evening, fourteen black swifts rushing together through the upper atmosphere with shrill cries, sometimes aside and on the tip of one wing, with a whirl descending, a

black trail, to the tiled ridge they dwell in. Fine weather after this.

A swooning August day, with a hot east wind, from which there is no escape, which gives no air to the chest—you breathe and are not satisfied with the inspiration; it does not fill; there is no life in the killed atmosphere. It is a vacuum of heat, and yet the strong hot wind bends the trees, and the tall firs wrestle with it as they did with Sinis, the Pine-bender, bowed down and rebounding, as if they would whirl their cones away like a catapult. Masses of air are moving by, and yet there is none to breathe. No escape in the shadow of hedge or wood, or in the darkened room; darkness excludes the heat that comes with light, but the heat of the oven-wind cannot be shut out. Some monstrous dragon of the Chinese sky pants his fiery breath upon us, and the brown grass stalks threaten to catch flame in the field. The grain of wheat that was full of juice dries hard in the ears, and water is no more good for thirst. There is not a cloud in the sky; but at night there is heavy rain, and the flowers are beaten down. There is a thunder-wind that blows at intervals when great clouds are visibly gathering

over the hayfield. It is almost a calm; but from time to time a breath comes, and a low mournful cry sounds in the hollow farmhouse—the windows and doors are open, and the men and women have gone out to make hasty help in the hay ere the storm—a mournful cry in the hollow house, as unhappy a note as if it were soaked February.

In April, six miles away in the valley, a vast cloud came down with swan-shot of hail, black as blackest smoke, overwhelming house and wood, all gone and mixed with the sky, and behind the mass there followed a white cloud sunlit dragging along the ground, like a cumulus fallen to the earth. At sunset, the sky cleared, and under the glowing rim of the sun, a golden wind drove the host of vapor before it, scattering it to the right and left. Large pieces caught and tore themselves in the trees of the forest, and one curved fragment hurled from the ridge, fell in the narrow coomb, lit up as it came down with golden sunset rays, standing out bright against the shadowed wood. Down it came slowly, as it were with outstretched arms, loath to fall, carrying the colored light of the sky to the very surface of the earth.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE FUTURE SUPREMACY OF WOMEN.

BY E. LYNN LINTON.

[Great difference of opinion exist among Conservatives upon the question of the extension of the Franchise to Women, and, according to our usual practice, we have admitted into this *Review* papers presenting the arguments of both sides. We now commend the following essay, the work of an eminent woman of letters, and an avowedly advanced Liberal, to the attention of our Conservative friends who, for the sake of an anticipated but certainly ephemeral electoral advantage, encourage a movement tending ultimately, in our opinion, to weaken the most Conservative institutions of English society by introducing the confusions of politics into the sanctity of home and family life.—EDITORS *N. R.*]

As things have hitherto been in the world, men have been the leaders and women the aides; men have been the fighters in the open and women the healers in the tents. To men has been apportioned the rough, rude, hardening

work, to women the softening and refining care of details; to men command, to women influence. To men have been given, by nature and sex, heroic qualities and the larger crimes and vices; to women gentle virtues and smaller faults, and the restraining influence which comes by the very fact of their innocence, their goodness, their purity, their unselfishness. Just as a society is demoralized where women claim the permitted license of men, just as it is hardened and coarsened where women exercise the functions of men, or have even their special virtues in excess of their own, so is it purified and refined by their sweetness, their devotion, their charm—in a word, by their feminineness, working in its assigned sphere. But that sphere is not one of

direct command over men, nor of acknowledged leadership in public affairs. It is one of wholesome restraint and accepted influence in society and the home, where the recognized virtues of women are most wanted and act with best effect. As masters in the great matters of national polity and conduct these same virtues would be, and are, as disastrous as cowardice, tender-heartedness, or delicacy on a field of battle and in the hospital tent; and he loves best the truth of life and the right ordering of affairs who opposes most strenuously their intrusion where they would be harmful and not beneficial.

Take, for instance, the two essentially feminine qualities of pity and delicacy. Excellent as restraining influences, as governing powers they would be, and are, simply destructive of all true manhood. The one mitigates the severity of pure justice, the other removes ugliness when it can, softens it when it cannot, and beautifies essential poverty with adventitious ornamentation. But where should we be if this pity, this delicacy, had the upper hand, and the nervous fears and refinements of women depressed the energies of men to a level with their own and abolished all the rude and unsightly activities? Rough and cruel and ghastly things must be done in the world, and pity for the individual must not be suffered to interfere with the general good—for the most part brought about by the sacrifice of the individual. Else must we go back to root-eating and substantial barbarism. But the individualizing faculty of women comes in to soften what cannot be prevented, and their pity restrains unnecessary excess of necessary suffering. Thus, each faculty acts as that well-worn drag without which things would go too fast, but with which, in exaggeration, things do not go at all. For example, rabies may be prevalent, but the largest proportion of the women with favorite lap-dogs are more indignant because of the discomfort of their own muzzled pets than able to appreciate the usefulness of the general law. If polled to-day, that largest proportion would vote for the abolition of the muzzle, no matter what the results to the community at large, glad to secure the freedom of their own at the expense of a princi-

ple. And what is true of lap-dogs is true of all the rest.

When these two qualities—this pity, this delicacy, born of the power of individualization possessed by women—are lost by their own hardness and coarseness, or are suffered to be unduly predominant, the work of the world fares badly. Should we ever see either this loss or this predominance—and we shall have one or the other if the future supremacy of women be established—society will have cause to regret the time when men were the authoritative leaders of life, the sole fighters and the sole law-givers, the heroes and the scavengers; and women lived in the shadow, as Marys or as Marthas, supplementing the shortcomings of the stronger sex by their own completing qualities.

In the civilization which was the well-spring of our own, not all the women of immortal name were women of highest repute. Those who were specially beautiful, like Andromache, Penelope, Nausicaa, were women who fulfilled in the home life the ideal qualities of their sex in devotion, constancy, simplicity. Those who broke the bounds, like Helen, or came to the front with abnormal gifts, like Cassandra, or were even, like Aspasia, supreme in loveliness and intellectual graces, were disastrous to others or to themselves; or their supremacy was, at the best, more beautiful than worthy of imitation. And the publicity which did not foster the best virtues of womanhood then does not foster them now. There is a sex both in morality and good taste, as there is in intellect and physique; and circumstance is to character what soil is to a plant. That strong black peat-moss in which certain hardy growths flourish, would kill others which thrive abundantly in light and sandy ground; just as robins, and linnets, and skylarks, and nightingales want different treatment from that which suits kites and eagles. Women have the key of the position they ought to fill in the greater reticence, the more sensitive modesty, which, it must be confessed, was once more universally regarded as part of their moral equipment than it is now. No man of ordinary good feeling—there are always brutes to prove the rule by exception—would hurt the purity of a modest wife

by ribald talk or obscene suggestions. A son would not retail the story of his youthful immoralities to the mother he truly honored, though he would confide in his father, seeking advice and assistance from the experience and sympathy of sex. Each would feel and respect the barrier raised by the woman's native delicacy; though each would know that these things, which were not to be taught nor told, made part of the inherent conditions of human life.

But this is just one of the lines of demarcation between the sexes which is becoming blurred and obliterated in the present moral attitude of women. For those who go in for equal rights and equal knowledge—whether they claim for themselves the freedom hitherto reserved for men only, or demand from men the same restricted purity as is essential to women—the reticence, which was once one of their sweetest charms and was so carefully respected by the average man, exists no longer; and the two sexes discuss without reserve, and on equal terms, all the foul secrets once hidden away in the back slums of human life. Boys take their mothers into their confidence, though they have their fathers to appeal to; young women talk openly of things they should blush even to think of; and at no time in history have prurency, under the name of morality, and substantial immodesty, masquerading as zeal for virtue, been so rampant as now. Nor have we in England ever touched a lower depth in certain directions. Neither Balzac nor Zola, nor yet any other unlimbered psychologist, has hurt the moral sense of the public so much as have the men and women who have ventilated unsavory subjects in the press and on the platform; getting sympathy for bogus stories; retailing impurities seasoned with falsehoods to audiences including unmarried girls and young wives among the rest; dilating on indecencies till they have lost all shame or even consciousness that they were indecent. These are the men and women who have accustomed the collective womanhood of England to the description and contemplation of things which, a generation ago, were barely known and never talked of, save by a couple of matrons in close conclave and below their breath. These

are the men and women who have idealized the prostitute on the one hand, and on the other set up Vigilance Societies, with all their private espionage and voluntary dabbling in unhallowed mud. These are the causes by which the modesties of the sex have declined, while the desire for publicity and power have increased.

It is not only because of the preponderance of women in England, and the consequent need for bread-winning on their own account, that the new school of moral Amazons has arisen. It is not because all their own specialized offices are filled that they have invaded those of men—forced into imitation because compelled to compete. The cause of the change lies deeper than that. The very virtues, such as unselfishness, patience, devotion, without which the family cannot be preserved, are dying out with the love for family life characteristic of modern times. They are repudiated by women themselves as crosses, not crowns; and the full, free, energetic individualism, with the excitement and the struggle of a man's career, seems to them infinitely higher, as well as more alluring, than the duties and pleasures of the home. They are discontented with all they have and are, desiring only that which they have not and ought not to be. In the lower classes, women prefer to be field-hands, hop-pickers, pit-brow women, or factory-hands of any kind, rather than to do house-work or look after the children. They prefer to gain rather than to save; even though their expenditure through waste, substitution, and loss goes beyond what it would be if they kept at home to mind and mend and manage for the family.

So with women of the professional classes. They want everything but what they have had; and the hitherto forbidden offices of men are those to which their ambition reaches, and will not be satisfied with less. Yet if they have disagreeable things to do in the work specially assigned to them, they complain and say "it is not woman's work;" and you may hear women of the laboring classes bemoan the hardship of having to wash the sorely-soiled clothes of the husband who perils his life daily in the mines for the support of wife and

family. If they have only the ordinary domestic work to do, they complain of its monotony, and wish for anything rather than the ordering of the dinner, the arrangement of the supplies, the overlooking of the servants, the supervision of the children. All these duties may go by the board, or be done by substitutes, so long as they may dabble in art or literature, in clerkships or in medicine, dispossessing men and asserting themselves. Just now the Higher Education of Woman is a novelty, therefore eagerly sought after; but if the sex remains what it has always been, Girton and Newnham will follow the usual course; sweet girl graduates will be as obsolete as the learned lady professors of Bologna; and the M.D.'s diploma will be no more valued than the title of Dame conferred in Charles the First's time on recognized midwives. It will be a new acquisition altogether if women develop the staying-power of men; certainly it will be a new sex if they develop the physical strength which alone will enable them to compete on equal terms.

Take the profession of a doctor, which is the most coveted of all at this moment, and for which, save in India in the zenana, or at home for children and young girls, there is no felt want, and will be no likely demand. What young woman could undertake this profession on the ordinary terms of a man's apprenticeship? How could she become the snubbed and inferior assistant of an old-established practitioner, disdainfully flinging her the least desirable and most irksome cases? How could she be the parish doctor of a rural district, riding six or eight miles across a moor at dead of night, or in the midst of a snowstorm, to visit an old farmer in a fit of drunken apoplexy, or a young wife frightened by spasms? Women who undertake the work of men must by necessity have only the soft places and bear only the lighter burdens. They must do what they can, it being useless to attempt what they cannot; and competition must therefore needs be defeat if made on equal terms, or favor and unfair apportionment if the weaker are to overcome the stronger. Whether men will submit to this, hard-pressed by competition among themselves as they already are, or whether they will close their

ranks and demand that women shall find other work, not interfering with their own, is a question which the future has to decide.

To some among us it seems that it would be wiser for women to create new industries for themselves—like the art-needlework and china-painting of modern date, to go no further—which do not cut into the old-established grooves of masculine activities, than to continue this humiliating struggle against nature itself, for the gratification of a yearning which seems to touch on disease, and to prophesy dissolution.

But most of all things the desire of women goes out to political power, and their favorite ambition is to secure their footing on the hustings and electioneering platforms. The platform life they have already adopted—with the loss of all that makes them charming in proportion to their success. They have been long trying to force open the flood-gates of political power, and to let the full tide of feminine influence rush through. And they have partially succeeded, and may soon, perhaps, wholly succeed. Among the causes of the political confusion of the time must be counted the recognized agency of women. These last two elections have been the first wherein women have been engaged as organized canvassers—that is, wherein feminine solicitations and cajoleries have taken the place of masculine argument on the one side, and of the old system of money bribes and gratuities on the other. Canvassing for others is but the step before voting, to be followed by canvassing for themselves. The franchise is the confessed aim of the women who have taken up politics as a trade, where they, too, should have their seat and say. And though not yet granted, it is perilously near. For even Conservatives, who generally oppose all Radical changes till forced to yield by popular sentiment, have gone over betimes to the side of the innovators; and of the Conservative members now in the House, more than half are claimed by the Woman Suffrage Society as friends and advocates—which is about the strangest bit of political thaumaturgy this generation has seen.

I have never disguised my own deep abhorrence for this measure, nor blinked

the almost certain mischief that it will work, if not in politics, yet in society, the home, and to women themselves. To me it is one of the most fatal mistakes men and women can make, and equally suicidal to the best interests of both. It can do no kind of good to Imperial politics, and it will do infinite harm to individuals. India, Ireland, the Colonies, will be governed neither better nor worse because unmarried women with property have each a vote. But the character and tendencies of the sex all round will be influenced to harm and loss. It will immensely increase that discontent with their natural functions and assigned offices, which, as has been said, is their most salient modern characteristic; and it will be only a stepping-stone to further encroachments. It will make them more positive, dictatorial, argumentative, than they are now; and will widen the area, while accentuating the causes, for dissension between them and men. It will increase that disastrous desire to ape men which is as a canker in the women of to-day, and will make them less and less like the ideal which the world has agreed to respect and love. It will tend to make them pronounced, hard, bold—has any one ever seen a platform woman blush?—and by familiarizing them with public life, it will still more loosen the hold of the home and weaken the already weakened ties of domesticity. A woman who can address a meeting of electors as one of themselves—soon to be one of the candidates in her own person, if the logical faculty counts for prophecy—will not be very anxious about her children's ailments, or her husband's wishes (for the restriction of the vote, and its consequences, to unmarried women, is one of the flimsiest blinds ever flung across eyes willing to be hoodwinked); and the applause of a crowd will be more seductive to a female orator of average ability and ambition than the "waxen touches," which are fast becoming poetic property only, or the manly love which in more harmonious times made the highest happiness of the sex. It will weaken the sentiments, the affections, the specialized virtues which go with womanhood; and, by opening to women man's career of public strife and passion, will breed in

them also the hardness and selfishness inseparable from public life.

It can never be too often repeated—publicity of life and action never has produced a race of virtuous and estimable women; and there seem to us abundant mental, moral, and physical causes why it never can. What has been done elsewhere for passion and emotion the public life of politics will do for sentiment, modesty, and sweetness. There is an intellectual *dévergondage* as well as a moral, and indelicacy of character does not necessarily include unchastity of person. Women who are political economists rather than Ladies Bountiful, who are logicians rather than lovers, critics not sympathizers—women who abandon their own delightful domain of sensitive perception, generous belief, kindly action, unselfish devotion, for the strife of politics and the egotistic ambition of the platform, are women who give up the substance for the shadow; who fail their assigned virtues without putting on the virile majesty of men, and who lose the tender domination which goes with love, without gaining increased respect.

One of the great arguments for the enfranchisement of women is that of the enfranchisement of laborers and servants. The vote-desiring woman feels it to be an intolerable hardship that her tenants and her coachman should have votes, while she, the landlord and the mistress, has none—she, the educated lady, where the others are uneducated boors. But, uneducated for responsible political functions as Hodge and John Thomas may be, we must not forget that they are units, for the most part influenced by others; while women of property—just as uneducated and inapt in political matters—have the direct and wide-spreading influence which comes from wealth, position, and, above all, sex. Match the ignorance of Hodge against the passionate blindness of a female partisan. Will the knowledge of German and Italian, the ability to distinguish between a Botticelli and a Carlo Dolce, the preference of Wagner over Mozart, or of Beethoven over Chopin, help in the disentanglement of the Irish Question?—the decision whether Russia is to be allowed peaceful expansion, or sternly repressed within bounds already

held too wide for the safety of European freedom?—the settlement of the exact line where the Canadian rights of fishing end and those of America begin?—or enable these well-dressed, artistic, and accomplished ladies to pronounce authoritatively on the bale or blessing of free trade, and the causes of commercial depression? To let in women voters would not, it seems to me, help in the solution of any of the political problems on which the world is still divided; and it would only tend to still further obscure men's minds by the recognition and acceptance of the influence of sex. For, frankly, what is the political power of women but that of sex? Does that power come from their clearness of judgment, their philosophic breadth of view, their previsionary acumen, their wide reasoning faculty? or does it come from that subtle, strong, mysterious charm which women, as women, have over men?

In the late canvassing parties, among whom were girls of eighteen or so, was it political prescience and ability to decide between two contending principles which gave them influence? or was it their youth, their beauty, their blandishments, their cajoleries—in a word, their sex? When the National Guards kept the ground against the insurgents, eye-witnesses saw and reported the suggestive efforts made by the women of the threatened party to defect and morally corrupt these men. No coarse bribes of money nor of place were theirs; nor would these have done half that eyes and hands and lips were able to do—are able to do at all times—and have just now done in our late electioneering contests. Our new canvassers have used their natural weapons with tremendous effect of late; and English political earnestness has descended as many steps as women have won.

Their very success shows the incapacity of women to judge of the issue of political movements. Undoubtedly the Dames of the Primrose League have been the most able and the most influential of the canvassers. But it was the Advanced Women of the Liberal Party who first set the ball rolling. They set on foot the Woman's Suffrage agitation, and in this way released the activities of

the Conservative women—ininitely the larger party in the kingdom. This the Liberal women neither foresaw nor wished—unless, indeed, they show that they possess even less and less political aptitude by working for the enfranchisement of a few unoppressed individuals, rather than for the establishment of principles vital to the general cause. Before the crusade preached by the Liberal women their Conservative sisters had been content with a little sporadic advocacy, a little personal canvassing, as a wife for her husband, etc., with the drawing-room blandishments that come into the same category as placing concert or bazaar tickets for a charity. But, fired by the Advanced Women, wholesale in the destruction of old landmarks, reckless in the abandonment of old habits, and headlong upholders of a new fashion as women are, they flung themselves into the arena; and, as was prophesied years ago by those who could foresee results, swept the board and carried all their own way. As women, too—that grandest power of all—Conservatives are more attractive than Liberals. Liberals have the enthusiasm of insurgents, the passionate fervor of iconoclasts certainly—and enthusiasm and passion are exciting—but Conservatives have the poetry, the beauty, the romance and the fitness which take men's judgment along with their admiration. Also, as a rule, they have the advantages of higher birth and better breeding. Hence, their side gained immensely in the late elections; for their real weapon, their sex, with all its charm and grace, is stronger with them than with the Liberals. So they knew; and so they utilized it.

The Advanced Liberal women are terribly in earnest. So far as sincerity goes, they have all its power; and among them are spirits directly akin to the holiest martyrs and old-time saints. One of their most cherished beliefs is, that by the admission of women to the vote—with all that this must necessarily entail—politics will be moralized. There will be no longer corrupt voting, to start with; and the chicanery of diplomacy, with the cruelty of war and free trade in drink, will be banished, like all other forms of vice, from the

world. The times when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together and a little child shall lead them will be nothing to those, say these earnest enthusiasts, when women shall have the franchise and the iniquities of men shall be smothered because outvoted by the moralities of women.

This time of supremacy, when the lives, the desires, the activities, the passions of men shall be regulated by women, is the darling dream caressed by them, as that of a compensating Future is caressed by those who have an unhappy Present. Every woman at heart a rake? No, not exactly; but every woman is at heart a tyrant, and the joy of forbidding is equal in her to that of commanding. If she had her own way, there should be no cakes and ale for those whose digestion was stronger than her own; energies which she did not share should have no outlet; nor should desires foreign to her own have their gratification. I have known a woman boast that her husband had to put the sea between her and himself if he wished to smoke; and another make a quarrel with hers because he bought two penny evening papers instead of one. Between the two extremes of the women of social position who are more shameless, more brazen, than the Phrynes and Messalinas of old, and those whose narrow allowances would take all the pith out of men, emasculate their minds and enfeeble their bodies, the future will see a bad time of it if the threatened supremacy of women is fulfilled. The old Egyptian *régime*, when the Priesthood was supreme and regulated the minutest affairs of social and political life—when the women came next, and were as the captains under this generalship—and when the men came last, subject to the women and doubly subject to the Church—will be re-enacted in those times to come, when the political and intellectual sceptre shall have passed from men and be given to women—according to the endeavor of those of the Advanced Liberals who have abandoned common-sense and gone in for fads—who have abjured working possibilities and in their place advocate unworkable theorems.

Another ground taken by the advocates for the suffrage is, that no class is considered, nor are its interests cared

for, if unrepresented in Parliament. This may be quite true, and is, taking classes as classes, separated from each other by habits, interests, associations, education. What should a millionaire know of the wants or wrongs of a pauper? How can a city magnate judge for a cottier or a mill-hand? What does a country gentleman know of the merchant-service or the load-line? But this does not hold good with women. Women are not separated from men. They live with them on exactly the same social plane, and have abundant time and space to make their wants known. Mothers, sisters, wives, daughters—men have them in all relations; and ignorance of their desires is the last thing that can be said. Nor is the selfishness, the tyranny, with which hostile women credit men, exactly proved. For, granting that a man would wish to be the master of his own wife, he would scarcely care to see his daughter brutalized by her husband; and, of the two, he would rather that his sister was happy than that she was the victim of a strange man, and miserable, as the inalienable condition of her sex for the advantage of his. But changes are not wrought in a day; and the unquestioned supremacy of men, dating from, and integral to, the rough old warrior times, had to wear itself out under the milder conditions of modern society—had to die in substance before it could be abrogated in law. Now almost everything has been done that the strictest justice demands. The Married Woman's Property Bill and the Custody of Infants Bill have removed the most crying evils of which women had to complain; and the reproach of legislative injustice and legislative neglect falls to the ground. One by one the smaller fibres and rootlets of tyranny still left in our laws are being pulled out and eradicated; and the unjust sovereignty of man over woman is one of them.

The vote, then, so much desired and so passionately fought for, will do nothing toward removing evils already removed by the free will and gift of the legislators; while it will give women a direct influence over the affairs of men in which they can have no personal part. As the larger number, they will have the preponderating power at the

elections, and men will thus be forced into the illogical position of having to undertake wars at the will of those who do not share in them; or of being forbidden to undertake them by those who, not sharing in them, do not choose that others shall. If, however, things came to that point, in all probability sentiment would be thrown to the winds, and common-sense would regain the day. For this desire for the vote is a mere sentiment among women, representing no solid advantage, and imperilling much present good; and with mischievous effects reaching far wider than the advocates of the measure either can or do foresee. Unmarried women with property and votes, with a recognized political status and accepted political influence, will not like to lose these snippets of the blue ribbon by marriage with the enemy—doubly an enemy, in that his name represents disfranchisement, and to be a wife is to cease to be a responsible and active citizen. We may take the restriction, as at present formulated, to be a mere blind—the thin end of the wedge—the hair given to the devil—what we will of synonym with the carrying of the first and most important outwork. The vote given to the unmarried woman with property will naturally follow the property, which is now by law the wife's and not the husband's. Had the Married Woman's Property Bill not passed, the wife would not have had her present *locus standi*. As things are, it would be eminently illogical, and somewhat unjust, to leave that property unrepresented because a woman had become a wife; and the blot would soon be wiped off the Statute Book. Then the lodger-suffrage would come up for discussion. In the present state of things, a really large and appreciable body of well-educated women are lodgers, as men are lodgers. A great many offices are open to women, by which they live with comfort as lodgers, but are not able to be householders. As these are the energetic portion of the sex, the agitation will begin with them; and they will complain of the injustice of being unrepresented, till they will gain their cause, like their richer sisters before them. And with the lodger-franchise will come in a race of voters

whom one can scarcely hold to be desirable as direct influences on Imperial politics. We have no class of men analogous to these women. They are not felons, and cannot be dealt with as criminals. But, surely we would not put the power of influencing the laws of England into these hands! If the Imperial politics of this grand old nation of ours—this nation once the most manly, the most reasonable, the most clean-handed of all in Europe—if her policy, home or foreign, is to be directly influenced in even an infinitesimal degree by the lodgers who haunt Regent Street and the Haymarket, we may say "Ichabod" in sorrowful truth; our glory will have departed forever. As we have just decreed—led by the Liberal faddists—we will not hear of separation, registration, distinctive rules of life, etc. for these women. As they are, so they must be, without any kind of check or segregation; and when the wide net of the franchise sweeps the social sea it will enclose these among the number, and so complete the circle of folly and evil. Women voting for wars in which they bear no part; for the application of money they do but little comparatively to earn, out-voting by their numbers the men on whom lie the actual burdens of civic life, and including among them that class which modern sentimentality calls Soiled Doves, and blunt English prostitutes, will be a sight to make glad the hearts of our enemies and detractors—nations which will rejoice when the day of our supremacy is over, and the strong brave masculine life is finally destroyed for the "monstrous regimen" of women to take its place.

To part of my objections—the harm done to the character of women by their admission into public life, the loosening of the family tie, and the induction of unsuitable persons into unfit offices—is given the one vague answer: Nature will adjust. Nature, as we have it, has not adjusted, in our sense, when it makes the Hindoo man a first-rate nurse, and the Amazonian army a capital fighting power. Man has contrived to circumvent nature in more ways than one; and when he wants a thing he knows how to abolish distinctions and destroy protests in ways which will occur to every one

who chooses to think. It is not exactly according to the self-preservative law of nature that married women, with husbands and little children to live for, should imperil their lives by riding to hounds, and run the risk of breaking their necks twice or thrice in the week, for the pleasure of jumping hedges and ditches in the hope of seeing a pack of hounds worry a fox. Nor is it quite according to the higher modesties of that second nature we call civilization and education, that they should study pathology and anatomy in company with men; nor draw from the nude together, boys and girls in a mixed multitude—nor do certain other things which yet the times allow. So that to unsex women by enactment does not seem quite so impossible as spinning ropes out of sea-sand—as the advocates of the vote would make out. We may put our feet into a hole and not be able to draw them out again; and we may walk boldly on to the quicksand with the result foreseen by our antagonistic advisers.

Surely it is a pleasant, a natural, and in its degree a wholesome, thing for men to worship women; but the cult is dangerous when carried to excess. A little of it humanizes society and softens the asperities of men; a great deal corrupts both. When women become supreme in power and influence, like the Parisian *femme de commerce*, or the Parisian *grande dame*, they are equally mischievous as regards the best virtues of society and men. In the former case they keep the shop and send away the children. And keeping the shop means keeping the man. Neither Jules nor Jack loves work *per se*; and if he can be kept like a gentleman in idleness, he prefers his leisure to labor. As Madame, on her side, prefers the quasi-publicity and excitement of life behind the counter to the claustrophobic monotony of her own four walls, she indulges her desire, gives her head, and profits by it. And one consequence of this transfer of functions is that, search the whole world round, a sharper, harder, less conscientious, less womanly woman than the French *femme de commerce* does not exist from the Equator to the Poles. Every particle of feminine softness, of sweetness, of sensibility, has been burned out of her

in the great fire and flame of competition. She is as hard as stone, more grasping than a Jew, more subtle than a Greek. She and Nature have adjusted their original differences to a nicety; and she has preserved of her sex nothing but the bodily form and the personal allurements.

In the latter, as the *grande dame*, with money to bestow and social consideration to confer, the hope of the young man with good looks and ambition—good looks and an empty pocket—lies in her favor. To have one of these fine ladies for his—patroness—is equivalent to success; and his rise in the world, with a comfortable subsistence during his years of impecuniosity, is a foregone conclusion. It is no shame to a Frenchman to be kept by a woman—wife or mistress. So much power and worship have been given to the sex, as a sex, that the subordination of a man comes in as the logical consequence; and no more humiliation is felt at this inversion of the *rôles* than our young men feel now, when they lie back in the boat, lazily steering, while the girls row in the sun and blister their hands for their pleasure—or than is felt when the mistress drives the groom and the wife the husband, and the high-hung trap comes to grief as the result. The woman is the all-important person throughout France generally; and her marriage portion is the essential element in a union which may or may not include love, but which must be founded on interest. It is partly this fact of the uncertainty of love, coupled with the indissolubility of marriage, that has made the French more liberal than strict in the matter of post-nuptial infidelities; but, more than either, it is the social standing of women which makes them able to break the laws at their will. The liberty they take for themselves they grant the men; and if they escape the bondage of matrimony and the pains of maternity by a wider cast into the open, they have at least the fairness to allow what they practise. With Englishwomen, on the contrary, the desire goes toward domination, and the secret hope of all those who are clamoring for the vote is supreme power. To see the time when the mother shall be the sole parent recognized by the law, when the line of moral freedom and

the standard of emotional strength to which men shall be reduced will be that of the chaste and virtuous woman, when women shall frame the laws by which men shall be bridled and bitted, when their virtues shall be his, and his masculine exuberance shall be shorn of its excess—to see the time when politics shall be moralized, and the reign of righteousness shall be inaugurated by feminine supremacy and masculine submission—this is the prayer of more than one female Moses, honestly believing that she is leading Israel out of Egypt.

Meanwhile, a few moral and political pagans remain faithful to the old gods. A few mean-spirited sisters still prefer

the honor of the man to their own, and would rather shine by his light than stand out in the glare of individual glory. A few would rather be the wives and mothers of heroes and men of renown, than be themselves crowned in the Capitol, and would rather love and be loved than rule and be feared. These are the women who find it pleasanter to honor than to humiliate the sex they like to feel is the stronger, the nobler, and the more enlightened. But then they are pagans; and the new school repudiates them as traitors to the cause of freedom and virtue, though they may be faithful Liberals and honest women.—*National Review*.

PANSLAVISM.

IT is natural that to the Western observer the foreign aims and influences of Pan Slavism should appear the most important part of the movement. The suspicion of conquest is suggested by the name, and the desire for it has become of late years the chief rallying point of the party. The Pan Slavist of to-day is often only a Russian chauvinist who has discovered a number of philosophical, or rather philological, excuses for his insatiable greed. But the party did not originate in a mere desire for the territory that belonged to others, nor do the best of those who now lead it regard this as their principal object.

In judging modern Russia, it must always be remembered that its civilization is not a natural outgrowth of the soil, the result of the history or the expression of the individual character of the race. It was originally imported from abroad, in such quantities and solutions as suited the taste of Peter I., and forced upon a reluctant nation by measures similar to those employed to compel the pupils of Dotheboys Hall to swallow their dose of sulphur and treacle. The reforms were decreed and enforced by an irresistible despotic power, and the deepest sentiments of the Russians were outraged when they were compelled to shave and their wives to appear in public assemblies in a dress slightly modified from that of Paris. The Czar commanded his subjects to be

free and love him under the most cruel penalties, and in this respect most of his successors have followed in his steps. In the meantime the rights that certain classes and provinces legally enjoyed, and from which a true freedom and a unique civilization might have been developed, were ruthlessly suppressed. The emperors were often men who stood on the level of the highest culture of their time. Peter I. and Catherine II. were undoubtedly possessed of genius, of a somewhat ferocious type. But they were impatient of the slow growth of nature; they wanted to eat the roasted apple on the very day after they had planted the pip, and so the civilization they imposed upon their subjects became a strait-jacket rather than a garment. They treated children as madmen, an advanced Pan Slavist would say, and so they drove them mad.

In a remarkable passage in his *Memoirs* Alexander Herzen insists on the fact that the Russian people never ceased to resent the foreign forms of thought and manners which were imposed upon them by the despotic authority of the State. From reign to reign and from generation to generation new representatives and martyrs of the national feeling arose—men who desired above all things to be Russians, to mould their own lives and the institutions of their country in accordance with their inborn nature, and not to distort them

for the purpose of bringing them into harmony with a foreign standard. We call the passage remarkable, because Herzen belonged to the St. Petersburg, or, as it is now frequently called, the European, party, and spent a great part of his early vigor in combating the Slavophiles, the predecessors of the Pan Slavists of to-day.

The war with Napoleon I. and its result did much to inspire the patriotic feelings of the Russians. For the first time since the enforced introduction of an alien culture the people felt itself a nation, and was ready to forgive the means which had led to so glorious an end. Party was reconciled to party and class to class. The great outburst of literary genius—the works of Gogol, of Pushkin, of Lermontoff, which were produced under the influence of this sentiment, will always render the last years of the reign of Alexander I. memorable in the history of mankind. A strange new hope had breathed over the country, awakening life everywhere, like the breezes that pass across the woodland in springtime. Nicolas succeeded, and a sudden frost fell on the opening blossoms.

The Slavophiles had profited more than any other party by the national awakening. The party of St. Petersburg might be forgiven, since it had forged the weapons with which the battle was fought; it was Russian hands that had won it; it was Moscow that had laid their ashes to bar the way of the Western conqueror—so the unhistoric legend ran. In Germany, the country which Russians detest, and from which they have learned the most, the Romantic School was predominant. The Emperor Alexander I. has been called "a German Romantic poet on a foreign throne," though he expressed his convictions, as the necessity of the case demanded, in edicts instead of verses. Now the healthiest instinct of the school was to insist on individuality. Every nation, as well as every man, was, according to its teachings, to endeavor to find an adequate expression for its inmost nature, not to conform itself to a hard-and-fast rule. Was not this only another form of stating the demand the Slavophiles had always made?

The Roman Catholic tendencies of

the German poets had two important effects on the thought of Russia. Later on, when Nicolas was Emperor and all hope had to be abandoned, many followers of the school of St. Petersburg, like Tschaadajeff, turned eyes full of love and longing to the Church whose arms have always been open to the heavy-laden, which has never bent her neck to any worldly power, and, though always beaten, has always been victorious. We are expressing, not our own opinions, but those that were current in Eastern Europe in the years from 1825 to 1832. The reader who has realized what the rule of Nicolas was can readily conceive what their effect must have been upon the liberal adherents of a despotism which had suddenly turned against them, who found the engine they had thought to use instinct with a life and volition of its own, which were chiefly directed against their own ideals and their own persons, and who therefore felt that, whatever house might be built upon a rock, theirs at least had been founded on the sand.

At an earlier period the religious leanings of the Romantic writers had had quite a different effect. They had led to an Orthodox revival that was only half sincere, though it must at least be absolved from any charge of theological pedantry. The national life was to be revived in all its pristine purity, and to this life the teaching of the Eastern Church had certainly belonged. Therefore, to the great surprise of the *popes*, men of culture and position began not only to be frequent at church, but exact in their religious exercises, particularly when people were present who were likely to imitate their devotions. They were indifferent to ridicule, they did not seek the praise of men, they were only anxious to set a good example. They might not themselves exactly believe the doctrines of the Church, but they thought it well that others should believe in them. Still a line must be drawn somewhere; they often confessed to the *popes*, but never invited them to dinner.

That there was a germ of truth in the movement cannot be denied. The Western civilization, which Peter I. introduced by edict, and which he and his followers enforced by all the means

which stand at the disposal of a reckless despotism, has placed Russia in the position she now occupies in Europe, but at the same time it has cleft the nation in two. A slower progress, and one that had its origin within rather than outside the country, and was modified by influences that came from below rather than above, would have been more healthy. No skill or pains can crowd the work of centuries into a few years.

On the other hand, the Slavophiles were wrong in supposing that a return to the condition of things that existed before Peter I. was possible. It would probably, on the whole, have been better that he had left matters as they were, or contented himself with small reforms, leaving the beards and the veils of his subjects alone. But there are things that, once having been done, cannot be undone. You may let an oak grow freely, or, with the necessary binding and clipping, make it cover a wall; but, if you have done the latter, and after a century or so take the wall away, you cannot expect your oak to be a stately forest tree. Both men and nations are what they are, not merely by virtue of their internal impulses, but also of their training and circumstances. Otherwise, who would not be a forest tree that covered the world with its branches?

This is exactly what the Panславists desire Russia to become. But, to drop the metaphor, it is because the school of Moscow, the Slavophiles, despair of effecting an internal reform, that their attention is so eagerly devoted to foreign policy, and they have produced the Panславists. "As we cannot become great," they seem to say, "let us at least be big; as we cannot make Russia truly Slav, let us at least bring as much of the world as we can under a semi-Slavonic yoke. The despotism, the official corruption, nay, even the reforms introduced from the West, which can no longer be altered, we are ready quietly to accept, if only we are led on to conquest; but, if you pause, we rebel."

One is obliged to put matters more sharply when stating them in writing than they ever appear in the real world, and no space is at present left us to explain the effect that the position taken up in 1848 by the Croats and the other Slav tribes that were subject to

Hungary had on the movement. To the outside world it did not appear very generous, though it seems to have filled the Slavophiles with admiration, and to have metamorphosed many of them into Panславists. Of the means by which the new doctrine has been propagated, and Societies founded for the purpose of studying the literature and antiquities of Bohemia and other provinces of Austria changed into political clubs, we must also for the present be silent. It is enough if we have succeeded in showing that there is, after all, a grain of reason in and an historical explanation, though not an excuse, for the most dangerously absurd of modern popular movements.

The school of St. Petersburg desired to render Russia European, to introduce the latest results of the thought and culture of the West into a nation which, less than two centuries ago, was as widely separated from them as China is at present. Apart from mere accidents, it suffered shipwreck on the ignorance of the peasantry, or rather on their want of training, or their inability to bridge over the great gulf that divided them from the civilization of their neighbors. In desperation, many of the younger members of the party thought it best to destroy the whole existing state of things and begin anew. These are the Nihilists.

The party of Moscow wished to revive the old life of Russia as it existed before Peter I. endeavored to approximate it to that of France, Holland, and England, to develop institutions that had long been dead, and restore a state of things that seemed so attractive, partly, at least, because it was so incompletely known. It found itself checked by the very authorities for which it pretended the greatest reverence, and by the existence of a literature that was foreign both in form and design, and yet intensely Russian in spirit. The more enthusiastic of the revivalists then turned their eyes abroad, and conceived the idea of a Slavonic Empire which would satisfy the highest aspirations of national vanity, and, at the same time, introduce into Russia a large Slavonic element, entirely untainted by the culture of the West. This was the origin of the first and noblest form of Panславism.

Fortunately for Russia there are men who have run into neither of these extremes, but who acknowledge the truth that is in both and recognize their power. Such men are contented to wait a long time for the results of their labors, to confine their action to small circles, and to further the true interests

of their countrymen, patiently, silently, and in the simplest way. It is because Russia contains so large a number of men of this class that she can disregard the irritations of the Pan Slavists and the threats of the Nihilists.—*Saturday Review*.

PETÖFI'S JOHN THE HERO.

If Runeberg may be described as the Homer of the Russian conquest of Finland, the Magyar poet Petöfi may with equal propriety be styled the Tyrtæus of the Hungarian war for independence in 1849. Attached to the staff of General Bem, with functions both literary and martial, he flooded the camps of the national forces with patriotic odes, and, suiting action to words, set them a brilliant example by his gallant bearing in the field. Nevertheless, at the fatal battle of Segesvár, which took place on the 31st July, 1849, he fell transfixed by Cossack lances, not as he would have desired, sword in hand and selling life dearly, but, owing to some cruel mischance, as an unarmed spectator and a fugitive. His remains, it is at last placed beyond doubt, repose in a vast common grave near Segesvár with those whose retreat was cut off by a turning movement made by the Russian cavalry toward the close of the engagement. Long did the Hungarian people fondly insist that their idol was not dead, but in exile with so many other worthy patriots, and predict that he would one day reappear in their midst; but hope had finally to be abandoned, and it is now an accepted fact that their great national bard, whose productions nevertheless almost equal Byron's in volume, perished at the age of twenty-six, leaving like Pushkin's ideal poet, his story broken off short.

In addition to some eight hundred lyrical effusions, Petöfi left behind him several longer poems, among which *John the Hero* and *The Apostle* hold a conspicuous place. The former of these is a strange combination of the incongruous elements of epic poetry and extravaganza, which invest it with a novel and original charm, while its local coloring is so bright and fascinating as to rivet

the attention. The pathos and human interest of the narrative make us regret its impossible episodes; but their humorous absurdity soon makes amends, and the genius of the poet obscures the fact that we are dealing with nonsense. Petöfi was of Slavonic extraction. His original name was Petrovich, i.e. *Peter-son*, which he changed to the Magyar equivalent by which he is known to fame. He was likewise a son of the people; and perhaps from one point of view we may regard *John the Hero* as a protest of low-born worth against high-flown aristocratic pretensions. For "Johnny Barleycorn"—to avoid the use of a Turanian cognomen which would grate upon the Aryan ear—is a foundling, though born to be a hero. Nature has showered her priceless gifts upon him in plenteous store; health, gigantic strength, undaunted courage, with an upright and generous mind. Accident, on the other hand, has done nothing for him; he is a foundling shepherd boy, the slave of a harsh and brutal master. One solace alone makes life endurable, the love of Iluska, or Helen, a beautiful orphan just as destitute as himself, who is the butt of a cruel stepmother's caprices. Their loves are the theme of the poet's romantic verse.

In the first canto Johnny is discovered stretched on his sheepskin as he tends his flock hard by a stream. Presently, to his great delight, Helen appears, and washes linen therein. The lover implores her to leave that occupation and come and sit beside him, so, after much hesitation, during which she expresses great dread of her stepmother's ire, the girl complies:—

Thus he coaxed the maiden from the water,
And his arms around her waist he threw;
Gave her kisses one—perchance a hundred,
He who knows all knows which of the two.

But as this charming pastime went on till "Evening tinged the rivulet with red," none will be surprised to hear that the pair were finally startled by a volley of abuse hurled from behind by the stepmother, who is incensed at the prolonged absence of Helen. A violent altercation takes place between the "hag" and the "champion bold of flocks and herds," which ends amid a duet of menace and malediction. But the worst is yet to be told. Johnny's sheep have gone astray during their guardian's amorous encounter. No more than half can be recovered. "Was it wolves or thieves who were to blame" asks the poet; but the practical result for Johnny was instant dismissal by his "wrathful master," who, moreover, pursued him, pitchfork in hand, till lack of breath bid him pause. The homeless lad must now wander forth into the world; but first the heart-breaking farewell with Helen must be faced:—

When the streamlet had become a mirror,
Where a thousand stars their fires reflect,
Johnny, in his Helen's garden standing,
How he came there scarce could recollect.

Stopping, he took forth the flute he cherished,
And the air with mournful music filled;
Seemed the dew which sprinkled grass and bushes
Tear drops by the pitying stars distilled.

Helen, meantime, awakened by the well-known accents, descends to her lover, but starts back in affright at his aspect, which is pallid "As the waning moon of Autumn's night." Well may he look pale, replies Johnny, since he may see her face no more, and "His flute its last hath warbled low" in her garden. Amid tears and embraces the unhappy pair separate, the youth likening himself to a twig driven by the tempest, the maiden bidding him remember his love whenever he sees a crushed blossom in his pathway. In the darkness of night Johnny wanders forth into the *puszta*, or Hungarian steppe; the fires lighted by the shepherds flared around him; there was a piping and a ringing of ox-bells, but he heard them not. Turning and looking at the distant village he had quitted, he heaved a weary sigh; but there were none to hear it except a flight of cranes high overhead. At length the sun rose

upon the immense flatness of the steppe, and

Not a flower was there, nor tree, nor bramble;
On the scanty grass there glittered dew;
And on one side, catching the first sunbeam,
Lay a pool. Around it rushes grew.

He wanders on with no companion but his own dark shadow; "all the steppe was by the sun illumined, only pitchy darkness in his breast." As he dined on some poor scraps of bacon, nobody saw him but the "glorious sun in heaven" and the *delibáb*, or mirage of the *puszta*. He lays his head upon a molehill, dreams that he is in Helen's arms, but awakes amid drenching rain and a terrific thunderstorm:—

Swiftly had the heavenly strife arisen,
As distress had darkened o'er his life.

The tempest quickly passes away, and is succeeded by celestial quietude as a rainbow lights the evening sky. Pursuing his aimless journey, he enters a gloomy forest, and perceives in contrast to the yellow rays of the moon a red light which, he hopes, indicates an inn. It was no inn, "but of robbers twelve the dreadful lair." Johnny boldly enters, asking a night's lodging; but is at once set upon by the inmates. His undaunted bearing, however, strikes the ruffians with amaze, and they spare his life on condition of his joining their society. Johnny simulates acquiescence; they "clinch the bargain with a drink," when all, except the Hero, become helplessly drunk. Then Johnny espies his opportunity, and, seizing a taper, he sets fire to the four corners of the thatched roof of the hut:—

And the roof became a roaring bonfire,
With a scarlet tongue which licked the sky;
Smoky grew the purple vault of heaven,
Dim the yellow moon which gleamed on high.

When morning came Johnny looked in at the blackened window, and descried the robbers' charred skeletons.

Thus far the adventures of the future hero were in accordance with mundane possibilities, but journeying onward he falls in with a body of "magnificent hussars," and their leader, struck by the resolute fire which burns in the lad's eye, enlists him as a recruit. With the natural modesty of a hero, he reveals the whole extent of his shortcomings to his newly-found patron:—

True, that to an ass I am accustomed,
For a shepherd's is my proper trade;
But I am a Magyar, born a horseman,
Saddles, horses, God for Magyars made.

Now begins the era of extravagance. The Magyar hussars are marching to attack the Turks, who have invaded the realm of France, and to reach that country they have to traverse the land of the "dog-headed Tartars," from whose cannibal designs they are rescued by the intercession of "Araby's good Sultan." Central India, with its lofty mountains, still lies betwixt them and their goal:—

Reached at length the summit of the mountains,

Such the heat they only marched at night,
Very slowly too, because their horses

On the stars kept stumbling left and right.

France is at length reached, and, in the pitched battle which ensues with the Turks, Johnny slays their pasha, and rescues the king's daughter from the clutches of the infidel. For these services he is to be rewarded with the hand of the princess; but Johnny's heart is engaged elsewhere, and in a speech delivered at a banquet given in his honor, he expounds why he cannot close with so tempting an offer. Enchanting simplicity is its characteristic feature. First he narrates his origin; he was named "Johnny Barleycorn" because he was found in a field of barley—*maize* in the original—and was picked up by a "farmer's kindly spouse," who, in spite of a churlish husband, nurtures him to manhood. Then he narrates his love for Iluska:—

When a child, a cheesecake would not tempt me
To forego a meeting with the maid;
And, when Sunday came, how gladly with her
I among the other children played.

Later on, when I became a stripling,
And my heart with love began to melt,
When I kissed her, all the world in ruins
Might have sunk and I had nothing felt.

The king hereupon changes Johnny's name. No longer Barleycorn; "*John the Hero* be it from this day," he cries, and sends him home loaded with treasure to spend the rest of his days in happiness with fair Iluska. But the Hero is shipwrecked, losing his gold in the depths of the ocean, so that when he approaches his native village (on the back of a dragon, be it said), he is obliged to console himself thus:—

Gold I bring not now, nor countless treasure,
Nothing but a true heart bring with me.
'Tis enough for Helen, lovely Helen,
Waiting for thy lover patiently.

But alas! sweet Helen is no more; worried to death by the witch of a step-mother, she already rests beneath the sod. The Hero, when informed of this terrible fact, "grasps at his heart, as if to pluck out woe by main force." But a gleam of hope illumines his soul for an instant; they may be deceiving him from mercy to his feelings; she may be only married after all, and not dead. But the woful countenance of his interlocutor instantly dispels that supposition, and he is led to the spot where Helen sleeps. Falling prostrate on the mound the Hero "embraced the cherished heap of clay;" but the sun had set in a glow of crimson "ere with tottering steps he left the tomb."

But again he turned. A tiny rosebud
Grew upon that grassy mound alone;
John the Hero plucked it and departed,
And thus murmured as he journeyed on:

"Nurtured from her dust, poor lonely rosebud,
Be my true companion where I go;
To the confines of the world I wander
Till I find the death I long to know."

Once more the Hero must wander forth, this time in search of death, and traverse a maze of weird adventure. He had two companions—the anguish of his bosom, and his sword rusted fast to its sheath by the blood of the Turks he had slain. Woe fails to kill him, he complains; he must seek release from existence by some other agency. He visits Giant-land, slays its king, and is raised by the giants to the throne instead, but grants them liberty on condition that they appear instantly at the call of his whistle. Their fidelity is put to the test when the Hero visits the land of Utter Darkness, which is the favorite resort of witches. These he surprises "in parliament assembled" around a blazing fire and caldron in the hut which is the scene of their horrid orgies. In the pitchy darkness he stumbles against their brooms, which are piled outside the hut, and which he hastens to remove in order to prevent the escape of their proprietors. Then, whistling loud and shrill, he quickly brought the giants to his side and stormed the hut:—

Then indeed there was a pretty scuffle !

All the witches rushed in haste outside,
Sought in vain their brooms—how should they
find them ?

So away in safety could not ride.

The giants meantime batter the witches
on the ground till they are as "flat as
pancakes."

And the strangest part of all the story
Was that every time a witch was killed
One dark shadow from the land was lifted,
And its gloom with twilight slowly filled.

By the time the last witch—who turned
out to be the odious stepmother—was
banged to death,

Bright became the land of Utter Darkness,
Sunlight scattered everlasting gloom ;
John the Hero made a glorious bonfire,
And consumed to ashes every broom.

We must, however, hasten to the
apotheosis which was to reward the
Hero's stout-hearted fidelity to his love.
With the rosebud at his breast, he
reaches "Boundless Ocean," beyond
which lies Fairyland. Wading through

the sea on the back of a giant, he slays
the monsters which guard its gates, and
enters this land of everlasting spring.
Kindly received by the fascinating
elves, he is on the point of betraying
Helen, when her memory rushes back
to mind, reducing him to blank despair.
But a lake in Fairyland holds the
"waters of life," and, unwitting of this,
John was about to seek death beneath
them, first casting the rosebud before
him with a tender adjuration :—

But a prodigy he views, a marvel,
Helen's form emerges where it sank ;
Mad with joy, he dashed into the water,
Bore his long-lost maiden to the bank.

The fairies gazed on Helen with deep
admiration, chose her for their queen,
and raised John to the throne as her
consort ; and

In the joyous commonwealth of fairies,
And serene in Helen's fond embrace,
To this day His Highness John the Hero
Governs Fairyland in blissfulness.

—*Saturday Review.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

RALEIGH. By Edmund Gosse, M.A., Clark
Lecturer in English Literature at Trinity
College, Cambridge. (English Worthies.
Edited by Andrew Lang.) New York : D.
Appleton & Co.

No age in European history is so fascinating,
whether to the special student or the general
reader, as the Elizabethan epoch. The culmi-
nation of one vast complication of spiritual and
material forces, and the beginning of another,
it is crowded so full of picturesque events, that
it dazzles the mind like a gorgeous romance.
Political intrigue, religious enthusiasm, inter-
national hate, and the energies of an intellect-
ual renaissance, blossoming in literature,
science, and art, and fecund in works of genius
which to-day recognizes as the most precious
heirlooms of the past, made the period one of
startling revolutions. The fibres which make
up the whole woof and warp of modern civili-
zation were then spun and twisted. The sun-
set of the old feudal chivalry enriched human
motives and manners with a twilight glow, and
the new chivalry of maritime and colonial ad-
venture filled the veins of every bold spirit
with a fierce intoxication, only to be compared
with the fervor of the Crusaders.

England's place was in the heart of this won-
derful turmoil, and she occupied a unique rela-
tion to the other powers of Europe. From
time immemorial the "British bull-dogs," as
they were known to continental peoples, had
been the most hated and feared of nations. In-
vincible courage manned this great national
fortress, hemmed in by the seas as by a moat,
and no invader had got a footing on this soil
since the time of Norman William. Her
armies had made the mainland quake and
laughed retaliation to scorn. Political genius
without rival had made her social and govern-
mental growth so solid and healthy as to be
unshaken by internal convulsions. Through
ages, when tyranny both temporal and eccle-
siastical belonged to the essential order of
things, England was in the van of every pro-
test for liberty, and king and priest fell back
baffled, time and again, before the sturdy Saxon
passion for political and personal rights. The
days of Elizabeth were the rightful outcome of
England's past. The nation had shaken itself
free from the last vestiges of religious and gov-
ernmental tyranny ; and if Englishmen sub-
mitted to the caprices of their somewhat arbi-
trary Queen with affectionate tolerance it was

because they felt in her powerful nature, beating at one with their own pulses, a passionate love for England and England's glory beside which all other human passions were feeble.

Two causes operated specially to the development of English life and history at this epoch, the national attitude of leadership in the Protestantism of Europe, and the passion for maritime adventure and colonization. Politically and religiously England was the inexorable foe of Spain, which stood as the bulwark of the Papacy. But, bitterly as the contest in council and on battlefield raged intermittently at home, it raged more savagely and without rest in those western seas which washed the shores of the virgin empire from which each sought to exclude the other. Spain had already fastened herself like an octopus on the new El Dorado, and her treasure caracks poured an inexhaustible stream of gold into the mother country, wrung from the blood and sweat of the millions in America whom she had made slaves. Religion walked hand in hand with human greed, and that ruthless instrument of Rome—the Inquisition—was allied with secular authority to make the Spanish Indies, as they were then called, the theatre of an oppression which filled England with horror and pity. Bold Englishmen with or without formal war between the two governments did not scruple to attack Spanish power in America wherever they could strike a blow. Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Raleigh and a score of other valiant navigators ravaged and burned incessantly on the Spanish main, and during a period of fifty years they sunk or captured nearly as much Spanish treasure as found its way to Madrid, vast as that sum was.

Sir Walter Raleigh filled a great place in his splendid epoch. What Shakespeare was to its poetry, what Bacon was to its science and philosophy, that he was to its statesmanship and spirit of adventure. Both incapable and disdainful of the fine-spun arts of diplomacy, which then, as now, constituted the popular ideal of the statesman's craft, the statesmanship of Raleigh was inspired by a prescient genius which could foresee events on large lines of vision, and devote itself to great results in the far future. The possibilities of giant children of the mother country, since so marvelously realized, rose clear in this one man's mind. The policy of colonization, on a system which should embody the institution of home and furnish an outlet and stimulus for all her energies, he believed to be the true ideal of English statesmanship; and for this he worked

and "toiled terribly" to the end, to his own impoverishment and the final loss of his head on the scaffold.

Sir Walter Raleigh was more than any other one example the ideal Englishman of his time, and embodied all its tendencies and aspirations in a most gallant and picturesque fashion. Soldier, statesman, sailor, courtier, fine gentleman, poet, historian, and scholar, he touched many sides of human excellence with a distinction rarely achieved by men of versatility. He was the best loved and the best hated man of his age. But behind all his virile and graceful powers he was intensely a patriot and an Englishman. English aggrandizement and glory were his life's pursuit, and keenly as he sympathized with all that was gentle and gracious in life, he could sacrifice everything, and be as ruthless as a tiger, as crafty as a fox, under the dominance of this master passion. As a courtier and a gallant, a rival for the favor of the Virgin Queen against Leicester, Hatton, Essex, and other aspirants for the Queen's affections, he held his own till Elizabeth's death; not so much on account of his personal beauty, genius, and audacity, as because Elizabeth recognized in him her own paramount feeling—a passionate patriotism which could not be quenched or corrupted.

With the death of Elizabeth, and the accession of James of Scotland, began Raleigh's swift decadence. James, a feeble, narrow-minded, fickle monarch, whose sole title to intellect was his pedantry and a certain aptness in classical scholarship, had taken an early dislike to Raleigh, to whom he attributed opposition to his own pretensions in favor of the Lady Arabella Stuart, his cousin descended through an elder branch of the Tudor line. James, too, had already committed himself to the Spanish alliance before his accession, and this policy was not only agreeable to his pacific temperament, but in sympathy with his secret liking for a religion and a nation closely associated in his mind with memories of his beautiful and ill-fated mother. Raleigh, on the other hand, among all Englishmen was notoriously the most passionate opponent of Spanish power and pretension. Through him, directly or indirectly, many of the most telling blows against Spain in America had been delivered. He had never lost an opportunity to give a lunge in a vital part with as much vigilant ferocity as a duellist fighting for life and death. Almost the first words he spoke to the new king breathed his patriotic hate.

The Spanish ambassador, who had the king's

ear, used every subtle breath to fan dislike into vindictive hate. Raleigh, frank and fearless even to indiscretion, spoke as he was wont to speak in Elizabeth's time, and occasion did not lack for malice to distort his speech into something like treason. He was implicated by Spanish intrigue in that factitious conspiracy named after Lord Cobham, and these two with others were thrown into the Tower, to await their trial. Raleigh conducted his own defence with marvellous skill, and in spite of a most ingenious web of suborned testimony established his innocence before all spectators except a packed court. The sentence of death was not, however, executed. He was remanded to the Tower, the sentence hanging over his head and liable to be carried out at any time.

Here Raleigh was confined for twelve years, though he was allowed the solace of his family. All his emoluments, yielding him some five thousand sterling a year (equal to twenty-five thousand now), had been snatched from him. Even his beautiful estate of Sherborne was threatened to be taken away and given to Carr, the king's favorite, but to the credit of Cecil, the Prime Minister, once Raleigh's friend but later his enemy, this last shame was averted. It was out of the revenue of Sherborne that the expenses of his Tower imprisonment were provided.

Broken down in body and strength Sir Walter expended his energy in literary work. He still had some friends at court, the Queen and the Prince of Wales, who often solaced him with their visits. But his freedom they could not get. The prince often said, "No man but my father would keep such a bird in a cage." His gigantic "History of the World" appeared volume by volume, beside numerous poems, works on trade, commerce, statecraft, etc. It was Ben Jonson, "rare old Ben," who supervised the publication of many of his volumes. The Tower cell was the favorite rendezvous of many of the most distinguished men of the land. Probably Shakespeare visited him here, but Bacon, once his friend, acted toward him with that cold enmity which ever marked the philosopher's attitude toward those who did not bask in the royal smile.

At last Raleigh was provisionally set free from confinement. To this end the king's avarice had been appealed to. On a previous voyage to Guiana, Raleigh had been led to believe in rich gold mines not far from the mouth of the Orinoco. He was now to lead an expedition to discover and work these mines,

though he himself was obliged to furnish much of the means for the outfit, the money from the sale of Sherborne going to this end. We need not linger long over this ill-fated expedition. Two of his ships were lost; his son was killed, the mines were a myth, and some of Raleigh's men, out of sheer despair, attacked and sacked a Spanish settlement. His doom was sealed. He knew that in laying his course homeward he sailed straight to the axe and the block.

Two days after landing he was thrown into the Tower, and about three months after he was told one night that he was to be executed—during which time a royal commission had reaffirmed his old sentence—the next day but one. After his wife had seen him for the last time the night prior to the fatal day, the composed and undaunted prisoner wrote these farewell lines as his own elegy:

"Even such is Time that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust
My God shall raise me up, I trust."

The most magnificent half hour of his life was on the scaffold. Dressed with sombre magnificence, his long locks carefully curled and scented, he spoke to the great crowd for half an hour and thrilled them with his lofty eloquence in defending his own patriotism and sincerity. When the fatal moment arrived he called the headsmen to show him the axe, saying to the sheriff as he felt the edge with a smile, "'Tis a sharp medicine, but one that will cure me of all my diseases." The headsmen trembled with grief and asked his pardon. He was completely unnerved and failed to strike at the signal made by his victim. Raleigh's voice rang out clear as a trumpet, as if he were encouraging some timid follower on the battlefield, "What dost fear, man? Strike, man, I tell thee, strike."

So died one of England's greatest men, to whom modern England owes a great debt. He was the father of England's system of colonization. He more than any other man crippled Spain in America, and enabled England to get her permanent foothold. He spent £100,000 in his maritime expeditions. Lavish with his blood and money, and the lives of his friends and followers, he wrought great things for England both as soldier and naval commander, specially in the latter capacity. As a

typical man of a great age he stands alone in a time prolific with great men.

Mr. Gosse has confined himself to writing the life of Raleigh the man, nor has he attempted to give a picture of the age except as a background for his hero. Yet no proper history of Raleigh could be written without making an adequate study of the whole period. This the limits of Mr. Gosse's purpose has prohibited. Within these limits he has given us a very fascinating and discriminating biography, though we think that many students will differ with him in his estimate of some of the phases of Raleigh's character.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

This charming juvenile story adds another laurel to a lady who has worthily won high honors in more serious and pretentious fiction. Originally published in *St. Nicholas*, it is scarcely too much to say of it that it is one of the most interesting child's stories which have appeared during recent years. Like all very clever works of this kind, too, bigger people than the youngsters will find pleasure in reading it. The story is of a boy, the son of the younger son of an English earl, who had married an American wife and been cast off by his father for his *misalliance*. By the death of the elder sons without children the little boy becomes Lord Fauntleroy, the heir to a great title and great estates. The little American boy is taken to England and placed in his new surroundings. His beauty, childish fearlessness, his goodness and unselfish nature at once endear him to the proud, cynical, tyrannical old earl, who is delightfully disappointed in finding in the American-bred child everything to touch his heart and gratify his pride. The pathos of the story is the revolution made in the nature of the haughty and bitter old man, who had always been hated even by his own children, by the love, trust, and sweetness of the child, who came at the last to teach him that he had a heart.

The story is charmingly told, and none but a practised literary artist, whose sympathies, too, were deeply in her work, could have used her material with such simple, yet telling, effect. The moral of the story, if it is desirable to dig a moral out of an agreeable story, is that the true secret of good breeding and fine manners lies in a kindly, gentle and considerate nature. This is the reason, the old Earl of Dorincourt is obliged to confess to himself, that his little

grandchild, who had been brought up in the daily companionship of Americans of an inferior class, rough and common in their ways, should possess all the gracious sweetness of one reared among the best-bred people. Such a story as "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is worth a cartload of the rubbish which often goes under the name of juvenile literature, and bears the imprint of reputable publishing houses. It can hardly fail to make the name of Mrs. Burnett a delight among a great throng of readers whose plaudits should be little less pleasant to her than the approval of those who judge her by her novels written for a mature public.

THE TWO SPIES, NATHAN HALE AND JOHN ANDRÉ. By Benson J. Lossing, LL.D. Illustrated with pen-and-ink sketches by H. Rosa. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Mr. Lossing's industry in gathering and arranging historic *ana* bearing on the American Revolution has given him some small share of literary notoriety. His "Field Book of the Revolution," a most interesting miscellany of illustrations, anecdotes, descriptions, and historic facts dug out of quaint old rubbish heaps of forgotten books and newspapers, was very favorably received and widely read. As the fruit of antiquarian research, pursued *con amore* with enthusiasm for long years, it was worthy of all the reputation it achieved. No sincere labor of this kind can be said to be altogether wasted, though one might think the time could be better spent. But Mr. Lossing could hardly be criticised for doing that which lay within him to do, and not doing something of a more dignified and intellectual kind. The same author has compiled several books of a similar order since, but none so good as the "Field Book." His latest work, now before us, consists of two sketches, one of Captain Nathan Hale, an American spy, captured and executed by the British; the other of Major John André, who died to expiate his share in that conspiracy which so nearly changed the outcome of the Revolutionary War through the treason of General Arnold. Mr. Lossing has collected all the facts and anecdotes bearing on the lives of these two unfortunate men, both of whom merit the admiration and pity of posterity, with his usual thoroughness; and those who care to know all about André, even to the number of silk stockings which usually went to his wardrobe, can have their curiosity gratified. None of the matter printed is novel, but it is brought together into a compact bird's-

eye view, so to speak. To the many who like to read historical *ana*, such books as these are always welcome. The publishers have done a very handsome piece of book-making, letterpress engraving, and binding.

CHRONICLES OF THE COACH. CHARING CROSS TO ILFRACOMBE. By John Denison Champ-
lin, Jr. Illustrated by Edward L. Chichester. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Champlin, who accompanied Mr. Andrew Carnegie in the latter's well-known coaching tour through England and Scotland, has given us some of the fruits of his experience and observation in a vivacious itinerary. Mr. Carnegie's own story of his coaching tours has been well told, but after all there seems to have been something left for Mr. Champlin, who appears to have been a sort of secretary to Mr. Carnegie, to say, well worth reading. The route taken on this journey was through Southern England, a region embracing the most picturesque and interesting portions of the kingdom, alike in themselves and their historic fascination.

The tradition and history which make this route so full of fascination are pleasantly sketched, and the bits of description and off-hand photographs of men and manners are fresh and racy. As each member of the coaching party is made to have an individuality of his own, and the story is conducted largely through the medium of dialogue, the plan enables the author to give a lightness and vivacity to the subject, otherwise difficult to attain. The illustrations are good, and the book neatly manufactured. On the whole we have seen few books more calculated to entertain one for half-hour readings at a time.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

In a new book, at present in the press, the Rev. H. R. Haweis will deal with the life and work of Jesus in the light of modern historical criticism and archaeological research. The work will be in five volumes, distributed as follows: Vol. i., to be ready in November, is the *Story of the Four*, and deals with the sources of the Gospel narratives. Vol. ii., *The Picture of Jesus*, contains scenes from the life of Christ. Vol. iii., *The Picture of Paul*, contains scenes from the life of Paul. Vol. iv., *The Conquering Cross*, contains a sketch of the

progress of the Christian Church from Nero to Constantine. Vol. v., *The Light of the Nations* (Asia, Africa, Europe), is designed as an introduction to the whole, containing a *résumé* of the principal religions of the world before Christ. The work will be published by Burnet & Co., of Buckingham Street, Strand, and the volumes will appear at intervals of about two months.

THE Naturforschende Gesellschaft in Bern will celebrate this winter the hundredth year of its existence. It was founded in December 1786 by Pfarrer Samuel Wytténbach and a small circle of scientific friends. It expanded in 1815 into the Bernische Naturforschende Gesellschaft, out of which the now extensive and prosperous Swiss society was subsequently developed.

THE Polish poet Kraszewsky is alarmingly ill. He has been taken from Bad Schinznach in Aargau to Rapperswil, on the Lake of Zürich, the well-known centre of the Polish colony of exiles in Switzerland.

DR. J. J. JUSSERAND has been at work lately in the British Museum, revising his *History of English Literature*, which he has already brought down to near the end of the eighteenth century. He means to rewrite the first two chapters, which he began six years ago. He will finish with Browning, of whom he is a strong admirer. He has got some fresh and interesting details about Hobbes and other writers from the archives of the French Foreign Office. The book will be in two volumes, instead of one, as originally intended. Its progress has been seriously interfered with by the large amount of fresh work put on the bureau of which Dr. Jusserand is *chef* in the Foreign Office. Tunis alone was assigned to him after Gambetta sent him to report on that country. Then Tonquin, Madagascar, and a few other trifles, were added as a kind of honorary distinction. They leave only occasional half-hours for English literature.

THE death of Fridolin Hoffmann, for some time editor of the *Basler Nachrichten*, is announced from Cologne. He was a Rhineland by birth, and studied theology at Bonn. After leaving the university, in 1869, he became editor of the Liberal Catholic *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, and afterward of the *Rheinische Merkur*—the present *Deutschen Merkur* and organ of the German Old Catholics. He gained some popularity as a novelist, but his chief lit-

erary work is the *Geschichte der Inquisition* (2 vols., 1878). Hoffmann was a man of wide scientific culture, full of humor and kindliness.

THE twenty-ninth anniversary of the death of Auguste Comte was celebrated recently in Paris. In the morning, an address was delivered by Dr. J. H. Bridges at Comte's tomb in the cemetery of Père-Lachaise; in the afternoon another address was delivered by M. Pierre Lafitte upon "The Meaning of Positivism," in Comte's house, 10 rue Monsieur-le-Prince; and in the evening there was a dinner, at which about 150 persons were present.

THE Greek literary society, the Sylogos, had arranged for a congress in Constantinople, and invitations had been sent out to the literary and scientific societies of all nations likely to be interested, inviting them to send delegates. The Porte, however, to the surprise of the Sylogos and the chagrin of the Greek population, has prohibited the meeting. No cause has been given. It was especially stated that no political themes were to be touched upon at the congress.

WOMEN'S colleges at the older universities have thriven more this year than at any previous period, and the increasing number of students has created a necessity for greater accommodation. At Girton twenty-six new sets of chambers are to be provided out of the Gamble bequest; while at Oxford there is talk of a hostel to be specially appropriated to the use of students from the Cheltenham Ladies' College.

PROF. SIR MONIER WILLIAMS has just returned from travelling in Germany and Switzerland, and is not likely to leave England again for Vienna to be personally present at the International Congress of Orientalists this month. He has obtained the co-operation of two well-known Sanskritists—one at Jena and the other at Strasbourg—who will be his *collaborateurs* in bringing out the second edition of his Sanskrit-English Dictionary published by the University of Oxford.

DR. HEINRICH VIEHOFF, the Rector of the Realschule at Trier, well known as a literary historian, and especially as a commentator upon Goethe and Schiller, has died in that city in his eighty-third year.

THE circle of Old Catholic scholars in the University of Bonn has suffered another loss by the death of Dr. Andreas Menzel, the senior

of the Catholic theological faculty, at the age of seventy-one.

A FEW days ago a new work by the present Pope appeared in all the Italian bookshops, "Inscriptiones et Carmina Leonis XIII. Pontificis Maximi." It consists mainly of poems and verses in Latin in praise of the Virgin Mary. As the booksellers, however, fixed the price of the little volume at will, the Pope has stopped its further sale, and has ordered that copies shall be given gratis to the clergy and the poor schools. It is said that Leo XIII. before publishing the work submitted it to a number of eminent classical scholars in order that the Latin style might be as flawless as possible.

MISCELLANY.

DEMOCRACY AND MANNERS.—In our social life, good manners give more pleasure than good morals or kind actions. A man possessing all the cardinal virtues meets with a much less warm welcome than an agreeable scapegrace. Even the ponderously moral Dr. Johnson chose his principal friends from the latter class. Topham, Beauclerk, Savage, Boswell, and Hervey, his nearest friends, were all men whose characters it would be difficult for an epitaph-writer to whitewash. Lord Chesterfield, in one of his letters to his son, aptly illustrates the superiority of the *dulce* to the *utile* when he tells him that he will be more likely to make a friend of a man whom he has injured by gracefully refusing a favor, than of him whom he has insulted by granting one ungracefully. Will democracy, then, destroy good manners? The political aims of the working-classes are eminently practical, and their lives sordid. This is inevitable. Mean surroundings, anxiety to make both ends meet, want of time, and want of money, combine to make it difficult for the working-class, as a class, to attain to any degree of refinement. This incapacity of working people to become refined is frequently used as an argument in favor of the theory that democracy and culture are opposed. It proceeds upon the mistaken assumption that, under a democracy, there can be no aristocracy. Yet there always will be an aristocracy. The want of a suitable term compels me to use the term aristocracy, although that word in common speech implies superiority in point of birth. But under a democracy there will always be an aristocracy,

although differently composed, of more numerous elements, and of more movable structure than the present one. Granting that under democracy there will be an aristocracy, the question arises as to the number of those who will form it, and the elements of which it will be composed. Curiously enough the existing upper class has been in a measure created and kept alive by two principles which seem, at first sight, incapable of bringing about a common result. One of these is freedom of trade and contract; the other, the law of entail and settlement. Freedom of trade and contract has enabled men of property to utterly swamp the smaller class of capitalists, and the law of entail and settlement has artificially disabled spendthrifts from permanently alienating property from their families. The inevitable consequence has been that large fortunes have become more common, and smaller ones more rare. Now, one of the first principles of democracies is to endeavor as far as possible to equalize the fortunes of citizens. This they have attempted to do abroad and in ancient times in several ways. One method adopted is to prevent the accumulation of large fortunes by passing agrarian laws which limit the amount of real property that an individual may possess; another is to levy a graduated income-tax; and a third is the compulsory subdivision of a man's real and personal property at his death. The two former means are negative and are checks upon accumulation, the third is positive and compels dispersion. One prevents large fortunes being accumulated, the other divides them when accumulated. But the main qualification hitherto for a leader of society is birth. No matter how ill-educated, immoral, or ill-mannered a man may be, if he is the head of an ancient family and the owner of the estate, he will at once be welcomed into the ranks of the upper class. Time was when birth was essential for holding high office in war and peace. The employment of gunpowder, which gave to the foot-soldier a superiority over the knight, dissipated forever the belief that only men of birth could be men of bravery. And the wide extension of the suffrage has shown that the art of government can be mastered as well by a plebeian as by a patrician. But a man is still held to have a right to rule over manners by virtue of his descent. We have stripped the nobility of almost all their other privileges, but we have left them a social precedence. There is a sort of tacit assumption that good manners can be kept alive by the preservation of a sacred caste

to whom alone can be transmitted its delicate traditions. This delusion as to the natural superiority of the manners of the aristocratical class has been fostered by the genius of our language, which takes most of its terms of praise from the attributes of the nobility, and most of its terms of contempt from the attributes of the people. All great political and religious ideas have sprung from the people. The nobility have adopted them despite of their humble origin. But the empire of manners has always been in the hands of a minority, and from the nature of things this must always be so. They alone have the time, the money, and the disposition. The upper class adopt a new fashion; the middle classes, and after a long time even the lower classes, follow their example. It is, therefore, of the highest importance to a country that its social leaders should be carefully selected. From their judgments there is no appeal. If good society means, as it ought to mean, a society of persons of superior manners and intelligence, the possession of these qualities should be the only test of admittance into it. The principle *carrière ouverte aux talents* has been applied with the greatest success to the army, politics, and trade; why should it not be successful when applied to good manners? It is competition which calls forth all that is best in mankind, and enlightened self-interest under a democracy would dictate politeness as a means of propitiating others. Many persons seem to imagine that democracy will extinguish hereditary fortunes, and that the youth and manhood of the race will be spent in a dull round of professional and manual labor; and that, when a man has obtained the means of enjoyment and leisure for literary and social amusements, he will have lost the taste for them, and that when he had the taste, he would not have the time. But this is not the aim of the intelligent democrat. All he wishes to bring about is a proximate equality of incomes. Great fortunes are prejudicial to good manners in another way. They prevent frequent and unconstrained intercourse, so necessary for forming agreeable manners, and for this reason. Rich men as a rule set the tone of the society around them. They naturally give expensive, and therefore formal, entertainments, and the result follows that families of moderate or small fortunes are driven away from society altogether, or limit their entertainments to one occasional dinner or dance. The formality, too, of these entertainments acts as a check upon freedom of intercourse, and the

pleasure derived from it. Many, therefore, who could afford to go to and give entertainments, and whose manners and talents would be advantageous to society, shun it, and content themselves with unrestrained bachelor gatherings. With the disappearance of a plutocracy, with its costly and cumbrous machinery, conditions of society would become simpler, and so a larger number of persons could enter into it. In addition to this, the principle of democracy would of course lead to the abolition of all hereditary titles, and this again would be beneficial to manners by doing away with the propensity to copy the manners of persons of rank whether they are worthy of imitation or not. Although, therefore, the aim of democracies in splitting up large fortunes and in abolishing hereditary titles is not intended directly to improve our manners, yet indirectly it will do so. Democracies further attempt directly to improve the manners of the people. They interfere in the private life of citizens more than aristocracies. They regulate the disposition of a citizen's time and money. They raise more by taxation from the people, returning it to them in a form in which all may partake. They have discovered the great secret how luxuries and refining influences, once to be obtained only by the rich, can be shared by all alike—by taking a small sum from the pocket of every ratepayer, and by expending the sum total in the purchase of what is beautiful to the eye and improving to the mind.—*Eastward-Ho.*

MUHAMMADAN EDUCATION.—The demand on the part of the Muhammadans for special schools is very ill-advised, but the question of special scholarships stands on a very different basis. The two principal causes which handicap Muhammadans in the race against Hindus are their comparative poverty as a class and their system of religious training, which requires the teaching of the mosque to precede that of the school. The latter cause sends them to school late, the former takes them away early. It is not that the Muhammadan boy is duller than the Hindu boy; but he does not begin so soon, and he has not caught up his rival by the time the earlier educational honors are distributed. It is justifiable, therefore, for the Government to create special scholarships for Muhammadans at three stages of the course of education: first, to enable them to continue in English teaching schools the instruction begun in *pathshalas*; secondly,

to carry them from the school to the college; and, thirdly, to help them to continue their studies beyond the First Arts Examination and qualify themselves for University degrees. Such a measure would, in fact, be more than justifiable. It is the bounden duty of the Government to adopt it; for it is not too much to say that here lies the kernel of the whole question. As far as primary education goes Muhammadans are well enough off. The proportion of Muhammadans to the total population of Bengal is 31·21 per cent., and the proportion of boys of that religion to every hundred boys educated in primary schools is 24, the percentages being 16 for upper primary schools, and 32 for lower primary schools. When it is considered that a very large part of the Mussulman population consists of the lower class Muhammadans of Eastern Bengal, who were forced to accept the Koran at the point of the sword, and have never risen from the very lowest ranks of life, it must be admitted that these figures leave nothing to be desired. But the higher we go in the educational scale the smaller becomes the percentage of the Muhammadans, until, when collegiate education is reached, we find that in every hundred college students there are only 4·6 of the Mussulman faith. It is thus in the matter of higher education alone that assistance is required, and the most suitable form in which this assistance can be given is undoubtedly that of special scholarships. Another demand very generally made on the Government by the spokesmen of the Muhammadan cause is that the medium of instruction to their sons should be, even in Lower Bengal, the Hindustani language. This is a reasonable request wherever the proportion of Mussulmans in the population is very large; but where they form only a small fraction of the inhabitants of the district, it is difficult to see how the concession could be granted without the establishment of special schools. It must be remembered that, although mainly for sentimental reasons, Muhammadans throughout Bengal desire to have their children taught in Hindustani, their real vernacular, at any rate among the lower classes, in all districts where Hindus are in a majority, is Bengali; and little good would be done by pretending to recognize as a Mussulman vernacular a language only used by the higher classes, and by no means invariably even by them. We think, therefore, that Hindustani should be the medium of instruction only in places exclusively inhabited by

Muhammadans, or where Muhammadans largely predominate. The last point to be noticed is the demand for a special standard of examination, and this can be very briefly disposed of. No Mussulman who has the real welfare of his people at heart would ask for such a thing. It would be a humiliating confession of inferiority, and the very purpose sought to be served would be frustrated. The letters "B.A.," "M.A.," etc., are not valuable in themselves, but for what they indicate, viz., that the educational attainments of the degree-holder have reached a certain high standard. If that standard were lowered in the case of Muhammadans, an invidious distinction would at once be drawn between Muhammadan and Hindu degree-holders, and a seal would be set on Muhammadan inferiority. The Mussulman must strive to reach the standard he has not yet attained, and all help should be given to him in the honorable struggle. The abandonment of that struggle, with a plea for exceptional indulgence, can bring nothing but dishonor, and if the plea were successful the result would be barren of all good to the Muhammadan cause.—*Calcutta Englishman*.

THE VIOLET—THE NAPOLEONIC EMBLEM.—The *Temps* of August 16 has an article giving an account of the manner in which the violet became the emblem of the Imperial party in France. The facts are gathered from a small pamphlet published in the year 1815, bearing the following lengthy title:—"Defence of the French People against their Accusers, French as well as Foreign, Supported by Evidence from the Correspondence of the ex-Monarch, followed by the Anecdote which caused the Violet to Become a Rallying Sign, by the Author of 'Précis Historique sur Napoléon.'" The story is as follows:—Three days before departing for the Island of Elba, Bonaparte was walking in the gardens of Fontainebleau accompanied by the Duc de Bassano and General Bertrand; the Emperor was still uncertain whether he should offer resistance, or betake himself into exile in peace. The Duc de Bassano was endeavoring to show him that it was now no time for drawing back. Greatly impressed by the objections of his secretary, Napoleon continued to walk up and down in silence; he had no reply to make, and he was seeking something to distract his attention from the embarrassment of his position. Suddenly he saw near him a pretty child of three

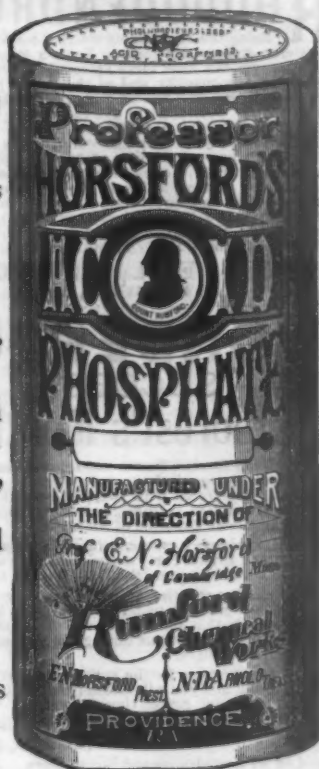
or four years of age who was plucking violets, of which he had already made a little bunch. "My dear," said the Emperor, "will you give me your nosegay?" "Certainly, sire," replied the lad, handing it to him with infinite grace. Bonaparte took the flowers, kissed the child (whom he recognized as the son of a man employed about the château), and continued his walk. "Well, gentlemen," he said to his courtiers after a few minutes' silence, "what do you think of that child? This chance meeting seems to me like a piece of secret advice warning me for the future to imitate this modest flower; yes, gentlemen, henceforward violets shall be the emblem of my desires." "Sire," answered Bertrand, "for the glory of your Majesty, I like to think that the feeling will last no longer than the little flower which inspired you with it." The Emperor did not heed him, but withdrew to his private rooms. On the following day he was seen walking in the garden with a small bunch of violets in his buttonhole. Having reached a bed where they were planted, he commenced to pick some more of the flowers, which just there happened to be rather scarce. A certain Choudieu, a grenadier of the Guard then on sentry duty, said, "In another year, sire, you will have less difficulty in plucking them, they will be thicker then." Napoleon looked at him in astonishment. "What!" he exclaimed, "do you suppose I shall be here again in a year's time?" "Perhaps sooner," was the reply; "at least we hope so." "But do you not know, soldier, that I am leaving for the Island of Elba the day after to-morrow?" "Your Majesty will suffer the storm to pass." "Are your comrades of the same opinion?" "Almost all." "Let them *think* so, then, but not *say* so. When your sentry duty is over, go and find Bertrand; he will give you twenty napoleons, but keep the secret." Choudieu having returned to the guard-room remarked to his comrades how, for the last two or three days, the Emperor had been walking about with a bunch of violets. "Well," said he, "for the future when we are talking between ourselves we must always call him Father Violet." So from that day the troops in their barrack and at their mess always referred to Napoleon as Father Violet. The secret insensibly reached the public, and when violets were in season the adherents of the Emperor wore a bunch in their buttonholes or carried one in their hands. This is how they recognized one another.

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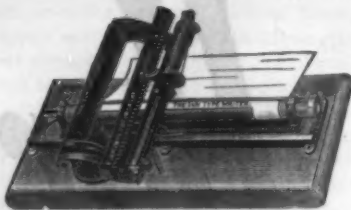
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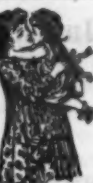
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PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE RAILWAYS OF THE WORLD.—According to statistics recently published in a German journal on the railway enterprise of the world, the aggregate mileage to the end of 1884 was 290,750 miles. Europe claimed of this total 117,694 miles; Asia, 12,757; Africa, 4,075; America, 148,738, and Australia, 7,486 miles. Not less than 60 per cent. of the whole mileage of the world is in English-speaking countries. Australia has the largest amount of railway accommodation in proportion to population, and the United States and Canada come next. The cost of constructing the universal system is estimated at £4,800,000,000. The highest expenditure was in Great Britain, where it amounted to £41,168 per mile, as compared with £24,797 in Belgium, £24,928 in France, £21,041 in Germany, (State railway,) £20,885 in Austria, £16,449 in Russia, and £12,650 in the United States.

LIGHTING LIBERTY'S STATUE.—Gen. Charles P. Stone, who until the Government took charge was the engineer in charge of the Bartholdi Statue, after much investigation recommended a system of electric lighting for the unique lighthouse, and his recommendation has been approved by the Government officers. The apparatus to provide the light consists of 1 dynamo complete, 13 duplex arc lamps, and 14 50-candle power incandescent lamps. The torch will contain five lamps of 30,000-candle power, the light from which is to be thrown upward. It is predicted that the lights will so illuminate passing clouds that they will be visible 100 miles or more. Four lights of 6,000-candle power each go at the foot of the statue, for its illumination. Incandescent lamps fixed in the diadem on the figure's head will lend the appearance of jewels.

SCOTT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—It is proposed to place a marble medallion of large size in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, as a memorial to Sir Walter Scott. The medallion, which is to be the work of Sir John

Steell, is to cost £157, and it will scarcely be credited that the fees to the Dean and Chapter for the site amount to the scandalously large sum of £101.

THRASHING BY ELECTRICITY.—A novel application of electric power has just been made on the estate of the Marquis of Salisbury, at Hatfield. A Gramme machine, driven by water power half a mile distant, has been attached to a thrashing machine, and the result is stated to be highly successful, a regular, rapid and noiseless power being obtained, together with a great saving of cost. To effect a temporary stoppage of the machine, if necessary, it has been arranged that the current from the leads can be turned from the Gramme machine into a cluster of Swan lamps, so that a short break in the operations does not necessitate any communication with the source of power or stoppage of regular working, while at the same time it gives warning to the men when the current is running.

CROSSING THE OCEAN IN A DAY.—An order for iron plates was given to a rolling mill here yesterday, says a Pittsburg, Pa., dispatch, by John Dougherty, of Mount Union, Pa., for use in an experiment which is expected to revolutionize travel by water. The plates are to be used by Mr. Dougherty in constructing the folding paddles for a patent rapid transit steamboat, which he is about to build on the Alleghany River. When completed the boat will make a trial trip to New Orleans, to prove the practicability of Mr. Dougherty's idea.

The boat is to be 33 feet wide, 165 feet long on the water line, and 175 or 180 feet long on deck, and will be built entirely of wood. Its weight, without the engine, will be about 45 tons, and, when it has the engine and 250 passengers on board, its draft will be less than six inches. On each side of it will be two folding paddles, sinking deep into the water. The paddles will be open when going forward, so that they may move the largest possible

body of water, but the change to the backward motion will, by the agency of springs, close the paddles, and thus reduce the resistance to a minimum. There will also be under the centre of the vessel two propelling poles, which are intended to drive the vessel through shoal water by striking the bottom of the river. Mr. Dougherty calculates that his patent will so greatly increase the speed of traffic on the river that he will be able to make the trip from Pittsburg to New Orleans and back in a week, the time now taken by the fastest boats to make the round trip to Cincinnati. He is confident that he will be able to reduce the time occupied in crossing the Atlantic by the shortest route, that from Southampton to Halifax, to 24 hours, and that from New York to Calcutta to 10 days.

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A LITTLE WORLD.—Within the Metropolitan Police District of London there are 687 square miles, and about 4,900,000 inhabitants. It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edinburgh, and more Welshmen than Cardiff. It has 1000 ships and 9000 sailors in its port every day. It has a birth every four minutes, a death every six minutes, and in its 7000 miles of streets more accidents every day than occur on all the oceans put together. It

opens an average of twenty-eight miles of new streets, and builds 9000 new houses every year. It has over 200,000 habitual criminals. Its beer shops and gin houses, if placed continuously side by side, would extend a distance of seventy-five miles. Its influence with all parts of the world is represented by an annual delivery in its postal districts of 250,000,000 letters.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publishers will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

Raleigh. By EDMUND GOSSE. 16mo, cloth, 248 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, 75 cents.

The Two Spies. By HENSON J. LOSSING. Small 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 169 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$2.00.

Little Tu'penny. By S. BARING GOULD. 16mo, paper, 159 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, 25 cents.

Little Lord Fauntleroy. By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. 8vo, cloth, 209 pages. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Price, \$2.00.

Chronicle of the Coach. By JOHN DENISON CHAMPLIN. 12mo, cloth, 298 pages. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Price, \$2.00.

Jo's Boys. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. 12mo, cloth, 365 pages. Boston: Roberts Bros. Price, \$1.50.

How to Strengthen the Memory. By M. L. HOLBROOK, M.D. 12mo, cloth, red edges, 152 pages. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co. Price, \$1.00.

Lady Valworth's Diamonds. By the DUCHESS. 16mo, cloth and paper, 319 pages. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper, 25 cents.

A House Party. By OUIDA. 16mo, cloth and paper, 387 pages. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 40 cents.

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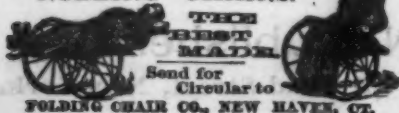
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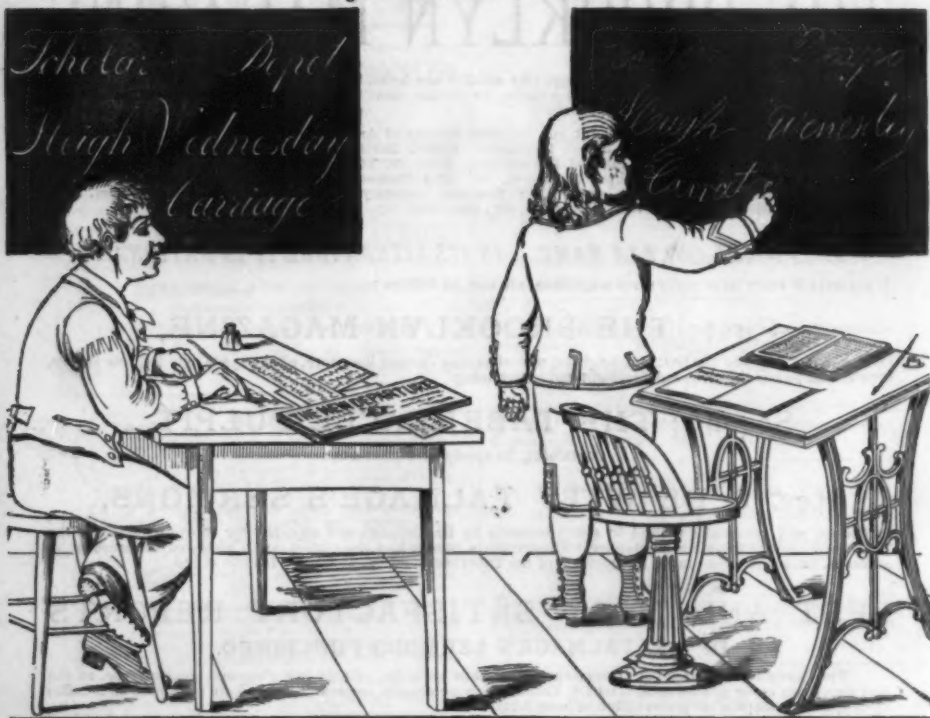
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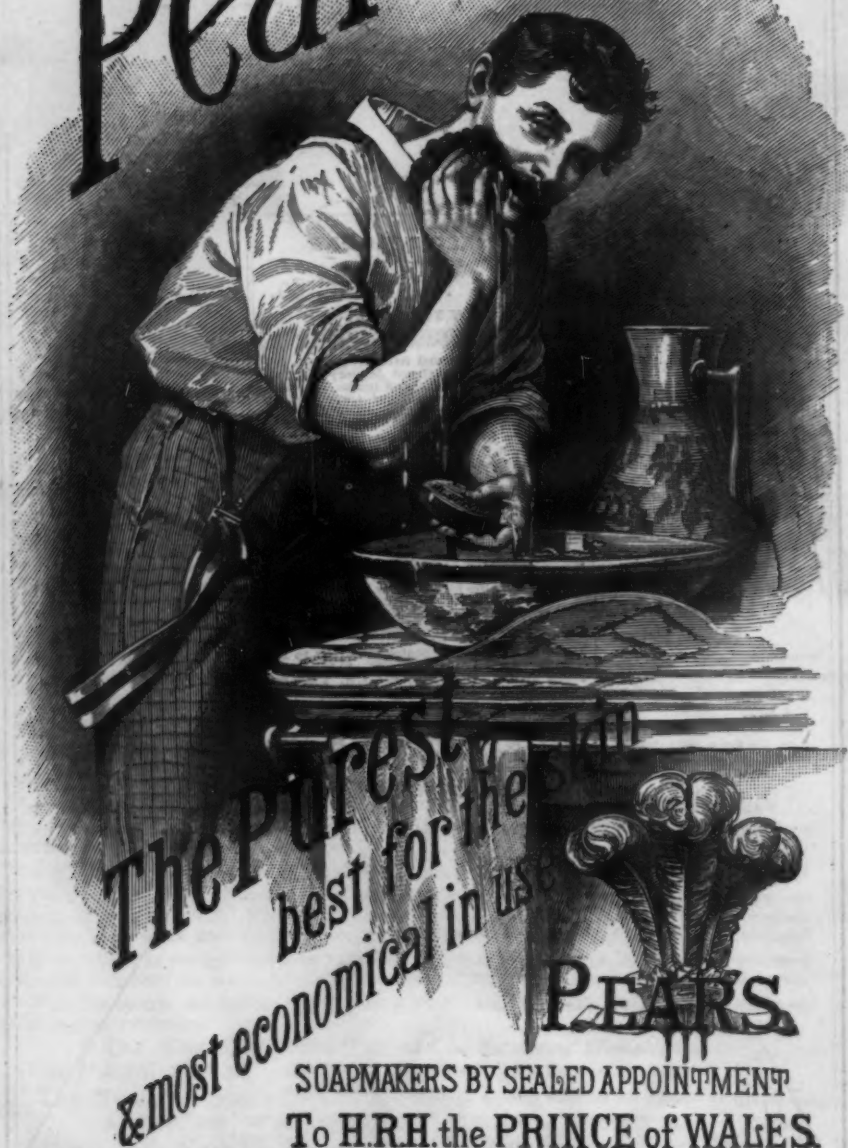
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One of the favorably known merchants of New York—one who has been planted and rooted for a long time in the same place—is Mr. J. H. Johnston, jeweler, of No. 150 Bowery, New York, where he has been established over thirty years.

Mr. Johnston has one of the cosiest suburban homes in the vicinity of New York, situated at Mott Haven, just across the Harlem River, in the northern part of the city. His wife is a most estimable lady, and is known as a writer of marked ability. Those who see her now, in the enjoyment of excellent health, would hardly suppose that four years ago she was an invalid wavering between the love of life and a constant prospect of death. To one of our correspondents, who visited her, Mrs. Johnston said:

"When I went to Washington to attend the inauguration of President Garfield, I was exposed in stormy weather and caught a severe cold. It settled on my lungs, producing serious results, among which were an obstinate cough and sharp pains in my lungs. Mr. Johnston became alarmed, and took me to Florida the following winter. I was, by this time, unable to sit up for a moment, and was with great difficulty conveyed to the steamer, overhearing the remark from a bystander, as I was being transferred from the carriage to my berth, 'There goes another to be brought back in a box.' The sunny days partially restored my health, but on the approach of winter again my cough increased and strength vanished. My appetite was entirely gone. I swallowed food in daily decreasing quantities and from a sense of duty only. Still, I fought the idea that I had entered on the decline that ends in death.

"I had heard of Compound Oxygen, and I determined to investigate it. My husband and I went to Philadelphia to learn its merits at headquarters. Dr. Starkey examined me, and told me what I already realized, namely, that my case was a serious one, and that unless the hemorrhages were checked I would not live over three months. I was deeply impressed with his earnestness. I tried the Compound Oxygen at once and found a prompt benefit. This increased daily, and the cure eventually proved permanent. I was inspired with an enthusiasm for life to which I had long been a stranger. The weary, nervous depression to which I had yielded gave way to sunshine and hope; the pain in my lungs gradually faded away and the severe aches in my side no longer afflicted me; my sleep, before restless, became even and quiet; shortness of breath was succeeded by a facility for using the full breathing-power of my lungs; my capricious appetite became a natural one and I began once more to enjoy life. Though I believe myself cured, I exercise care in avoiding exposure to colds. I always keep the Compound Oxygen in the house, and take it on the slightest provocation. It always acts beneficially.

"I ascribe my cure to Compound Oxygen alone, as I took no other medicine and the weather prevented any out-of-door exercise. However, I never used it according to directions, but in sudden attacks of congestion or threatened pneumonia, have taken it not as it could be inhaled every few minutes, until relieved from the pain and suffocation, and when able to live in the sunshine, took the Compound only before retiring. I really believe it is the remedy for all lung diseases, and you are at liberty to use my name in recommending it."

THE MYSTERY OF HUMAN MECHANISM.

How often do physicians find upon a second visit, that the medicines they had left, or the prescription they had ordered, had either failed to effect the desired change, or produced an unlooked-for result. Over and over again the most skillful and learned in the medical profession are made to pause and ponder at the obstinate resistance of the malady to yield to the proffered remedy, or at the surprising and almost opposite effect to what was desired or expected; thus proving that the human system is no mere machine, to be taken apart, cleaned, repaired, readjusted, and restored to complete running order. To the educated and well developed mind this fact needs no demonstration. Yet it is surprising how many, when they send for a doctor, do so with the idea that if they tell him "I feel all out of sorts," "I think my liver is out of order," "I have a pain in my heart," "I feel as if I would suffocate," or, "I have a misery in my back," "Now, doctor, won't you give me some medicine to cure me and make me well again?" As well might the owner of a factory go to some machinist, or send for him to come to his counting-room, and there tell him, "Sir, there seems something wrong with the machinery," or, "The engines don't work right," or, "There seems something wrong with the boiler, won't you send up something that will make it all right again, or will you tell me what to send for and what to do, and then my mill can go right on?" What would be the machinist's reply? "Why, you fool, I can't tell you what to do till I see what is the matter. It may be a loose pulley in the machinery. It may be a broken bolt or broken key in the piston-rod. It may be the fault of the pump, or one of a thousand other things; and I must examine: I must see what is the matter before I can tell what should be necessary to be done." If the doctor could act the part of a machinist—could take out the heart as he would take off the force-pump, unscrew the cylinder, take out the piston, open and examine the valves, wipe out all the chambers, put in new screws, renew the packing, oil the journals, redress the valves, then, when he put it together again, he could say with confidence as he would go away, "There, when you start that pump or heart again, it will work all right." Smart indeed, and justly famous, would be the jeweler who could take up a useless watch, look on its face, feel its dead stillness, or listen with its close to his ear the wondrous tick of its escapement, and without opening it, and without using his eyeglass to peer into its movements, say off-hand and at once, "Your watch has a worn pinion, or has dust among the cogs and in the ratchet-wheel. All that is wanted is a little cleaning out, and it will run all right."

Why is it that so much more is expected of a physician to heal the parts of human mechanism, that he has never seen, and cannot see until after the death of the patient, than of a machinist, who has fashioned the engine?

And how ready are we to grumble at our doctor if we do not get well, and become restored to health as rapidly as we desired. Is he not the true physician, then, who says, "I cannot look into your body, and discern clearly the exact condition of each affected organ. Such and such organs appear to be affected. I will endeavor to assist nature, by giving it an extra supply of the needed material elements to take the place of the diseased atoms and expel them." Such is the effect of true, pure, and simple revitalizing agents. They do not and will not aggravate the body, but their essential attribute is to render aid to all efforts of nature to eliminate discordant elements, and never to retard nature's work. Such is the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

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